Feb. 17, 1992

THE NEW YORKER

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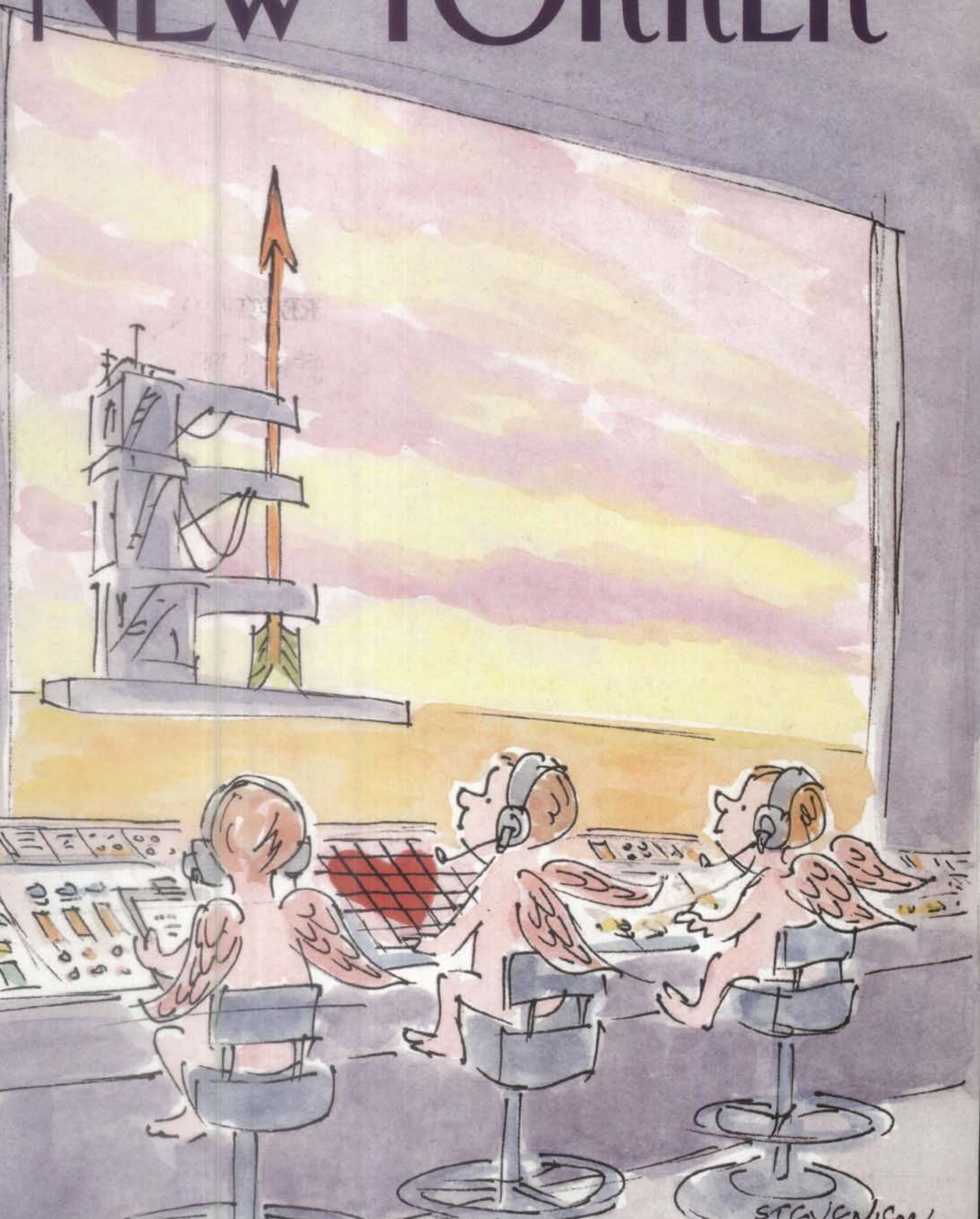

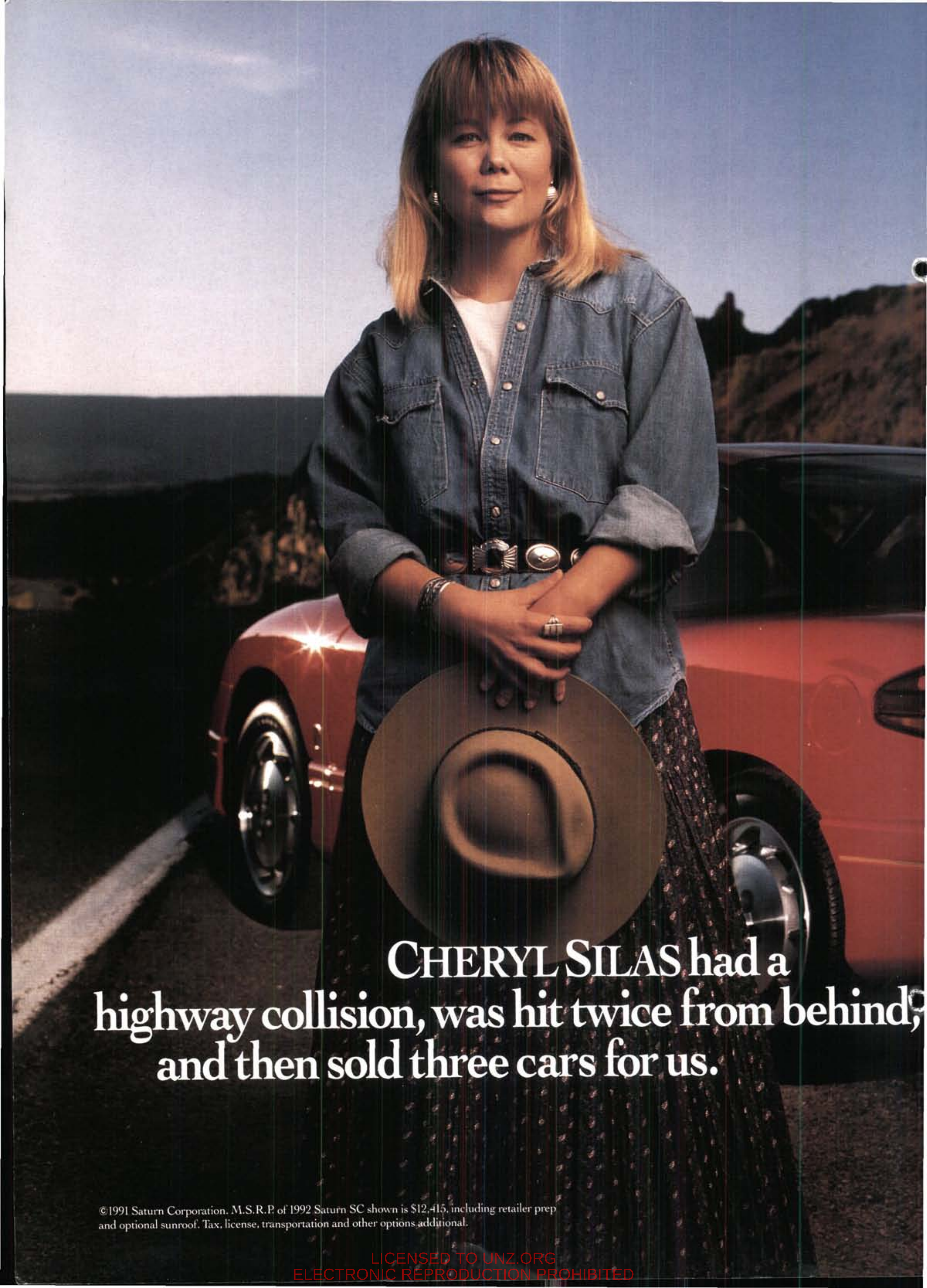
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and then sold three cars for us.

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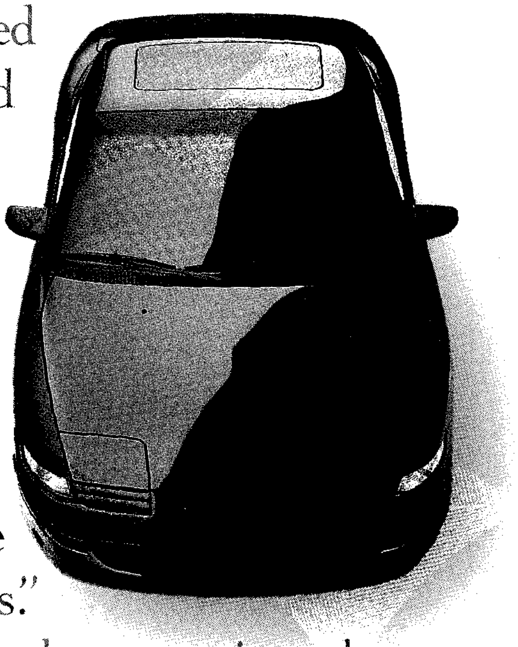

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A few days later, Officer Boylan came into the showroom and ordered a grey sedan for himself. Then a buddy of his, also a policeman, did the same. And shortly thereafter, Cheryl's brother, more than a little happy that he still had a sister, and needing a new car himself, bought yet another Saturn in Illinois.

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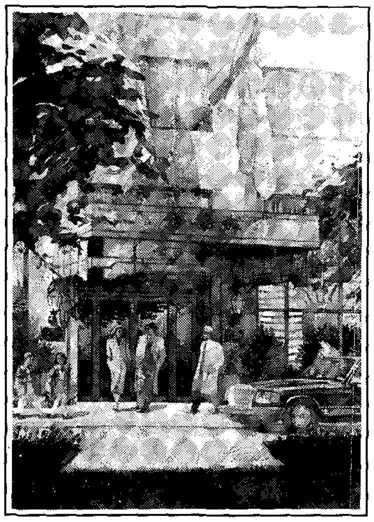

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

HOW many times have you walked out of a movie muttering, "Would have been better with fifteen or twenty minutes trimmed off"? The theatre, God knows, has its share of ham fat, too, but it may mean something that a high proportion of recent openings are refreshingly brief. "Creditors," the play by Strindberg at CSC, comes in at ninety minutes. "Julie Halston's Lifetime of Comedy," the collected dispatches of a woman ideally suited to star in the next revival of "Auntie Mame" or "Wonderful Town," lasts an hour and twenty minutes. "The Bud E. Luv Show," Robert Vickers' Las Vegas-lounge-act spoof (on hiatus till March at the Blue Angel), crosses the finish line after exactly an hour. And William Gaskill's production of "The Comedy of Errors," from Theatre for a New Audience, goes dark after an hour and thirty-five minutes. Although the Shakespeare is the longest of the four, its brevity is nevertheless the most surprising. "Bud E." and "Julie" are essentially one-person shows and "Creditors" is one of Strindberg's tautest works, so you don't expect long evenings. Mr. Gaskill's "The Comedy of Errors," however, maintains a traditional five-act structure. The director has cut the text quite ruthlessly (with this early and comparatively weak Shakespearean text, what dab hand would not?) and has kept the action moving along. And, like his colleagues in concision, he has eliminated intermission.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Ascension Day—The Working Theatre presents a play by Michael Henry Brown about the 1831 slave rebellion led by Nat Turner. Directed by L. Kenneth Richardson. Preview on Feb. 11. Opens Feb. 12 at 8. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 279-4200.)

Circle Repertory Company—The third play of the season is **THE BALTIMORE WALTZ**, by Paula Vogel. The cast, directed by Anne Bogart, consists of Cherry Jones, Joe Mantello, and Richard Thompson. Opens Feb. 11 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Cowboy in His Underwear (A Dark Journey)—A play written and directed by Adam Oliensis, which is presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. Jake Daehler and Alice Haining are featured. Previews Feb. 14-16. Opens Feb. 17 at 8. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 886-1889.)

Crazy for You—A new musical that incorporates nineteen Gershwin songs and has a book by Ken Ludwig. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson lead the cast; Mike Ockrent directed. Previews through Feb. 18. Opens Feb. 19 at 6:15. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Death and the Maiden—A drama by the Chilean playwright Ariel Dorfman that stars Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman. Mike Nichols directed. Previews begin Feb. 18. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Grandchild of Kings—The first installment in Harold Prince's two-part adaptation of the autobiographies of Sean O'Casey. Presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre. Previews through Feb. 16 at 3. Opens Feb. 16 at 7. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-7900.)

Lady Bracknell's Confinement and **The Party**—A double bill presented by the Vineyard Theatre. The first is a comedy by Paul Doust which concerns one of the characters from "The Importance of Being Earnest," and the second is Ellen McLaughlin's adaptation of three Virginia Woolf stories. Preview on Feb. 11. Opens Feb. 12 at 8. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

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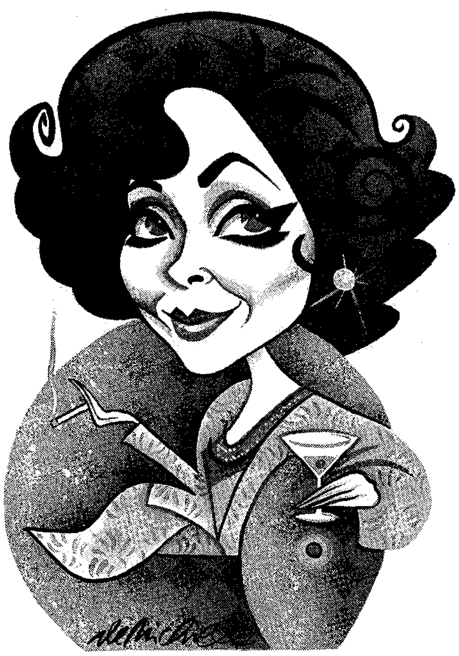

Joan Collins in "Private Lives"

A Life in the Theatre—F. Murray Abraham and Anthony Fusco star in a revival of David Mamet's 1977 play about actors. Kevin Dowling directed. In previews. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

The Most Happy Fella—A revival of Frank Loesser's 1956 musical comedy, with Spiro Malas and Sophie Hayden. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez, the production originated at the Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, Connecticut. Previews Feb. 11-12. Opens Feb. 13 at 6:45. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Private Lives—Joan Collins is Amanda and Simon Jones is Elyot in this revival of the 1930 Noël Coward comedy, which Arvin Brown directed. In previews. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Search and Destroy—Griffin Dunne has the lead in this dark comedy by Howard Korder, which had its première at California's South Coast Rep, in 1990. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Substance of Fire—Jon Robin Baitz's play, which ran at Playwrights Horizons last spring, moves to Lincoln Center. The cast once again comprises Patrick Breen, Sarah Jessica Parker, Ron Rifkin, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Beau Jest—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Boesman & Lena—This revival of Athol Fugard's spellbinding play is more openly emotional than most other stagings have been. Keith David and Lynne Thigpen are the intrepid Cape Coloureds and Tsepo Mokone is the black African, whom the couple shelter at considerable risk. All three perform splendidly, under Mr. Fugard's direction. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/92.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Catskills on Broadway—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Chess—Tim Rice has revised the book and lyrics for this revival of the musical, which has a score by Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. (Master, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. 663-8893. Closes Feb. 23.)

Cinderella—The Riverside Shakespeare Company presents an English pantomime version of the fairy tale. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

The Comedy of Errors—A production of Shakespeare's comedy, directed by William Gaskill and presented by Theatre for a New Audience. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Creditors—Zach Grenier, Caroline Lagerfelt, and Nestor Serrano in August Strindberg's 1889 play. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Dancing at Lughnasa—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Down the Flats—A play by Tony Kavanagh, which is set in Dublin. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Finkel's Follies—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

From the Mississippi Delta—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

The Home Show Pieces—Four short plays written and directed by, and featuring (in three of the four works), David Greenspan. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Feb. 16.)

Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother—An adaptation of a novella by Gabriel García Márquez; directed by Jorge Alí Triana. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous-English-translation sets are available. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO** and Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Julie Halston's Lifetime of Comedy—For up-to-the-minute coverage of what it is like to be "divorced, over thirty, and hormonally imbalanced," you can't do better than the wit and wisdom of this multi-talented actress-comedienne-sage. She's a little like Joan Rivers, a little like Joan Collins, and a little like St. Joan. Also a little like ZaSu Pitts. Among our favorite moments in this autobiographical show are the story of events leading up to Miss Halston's tragic divorce, the visit to the breast doctor, and the ritual reading and textual analysis of the *Times* wedding announcements. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. Starting Feb. 18, Christine Baranski, Brian Kerwin, and Joanne Camp replace Ms. Smith, Mr. Heald, and Ms. Hart. (7/8/91) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

A Little Hotel on the Side—The National Actors Theatre production of Georges Feydeau's "Hotel Paradiso" (in the John Mortimer translation) is neither so entertaining or well presented that you would actually send anyone to see it nor so terrible that you would pity anyone who had procured a ticket. Your move. (2/10/92) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes March 1.)

Making Book—A comedy by Janet Reed about textbook publishing. With Daniel Ahearn, Catherine Curtin, Claudia Fielding, Allison Janney, and, in a cameo role, Percy Granger. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes March 1.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 23.)

Park Your Car in Harvard Yard—Jason Robards, white-bearded and padded to portliness, plays a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 23.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all appealing in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Sight Unseen—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Tubes—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

The Visit—Jane Alexander is impressive as a rich, vindictive old woman who returns to her native town, in Switzerland, to wreak vengeance on the man who once betrayed her, and Harris Yulin performs well, too, as her victim. But under the suffocating direction of Edwin Sherin, Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play seems bleaker than it actually is. (2/3/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes March 1.)

Willie & Esther—A play by James Graham Bronson. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

A Woman Without a Name—The Signature Theatre Company's production of a drama by Romulus Linney, adapted from his novel "Slowly by Thy Hand Unfurled." (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 262-1647. Closes Feb. 16.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting **AFTER THE DANCING IN JERICHO**, a comedy by P. J. Barry, which is about two high-school friends reunited after thirty-five years. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Feb. 23.)

LONG RUNS

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE KANDER & EBB MUSICAL: A musical revue, with Karen Ziémba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.). . . **BREAKING LEGS:** The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Karen Valentine, Ronald Maccone, and Nick Wyman. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its

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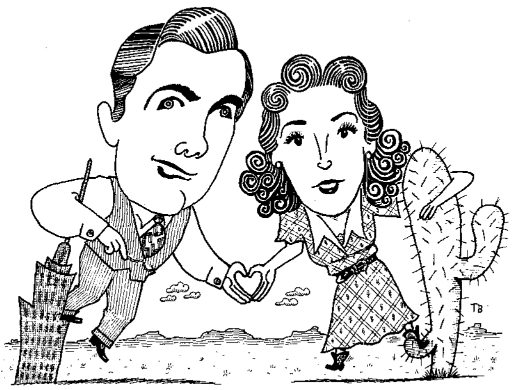
THE THEATRE–Cont'd

effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-two in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PAGEANT:** A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show *is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-*6200.). . . **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SONG OF SINGAPORE:** A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.). . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)



Harry Groener and Jodi Benson in "Crazy for You"

DANCE

WHEN Daniel Levans was growing up, in the late nineteen-fifties, he wanted to become a lot of things. He would have loved to be a major-league ballplayer (his dad once played in the minor leagues), or to be a steelworker and toe the girders of skyscrapers, or to be a fireman and rescue people, or to be a doctor and heal them. As it happened, he became a ballet dancer, starting out as a little kid with enormous ears, feet, and hands, and growing up to become, with American Ballet Theatre, the definitive Billy the Kid and the Transgressor in "Undertow" of the nineteen-seventies. As co-director of U.S. Terpsichore with Richard Thomas—a teacher whom Mr. Levans had long regarded as a mentor—he was also considered a choreographer of quiet authority and unusual tact. (His role as Arnold, the hot-tempered choreographer in "The Turning Point," was an insider joke.) But after four operations on his chronically ailing knee sidelined him in 1975, his life took a few unexpected turns. He choreographed on a free-lance basis, directed some small shows, and went to Seoul for a year and a half to head up a ballet company there. Then, one day in 1987, he found himself in Miami, sitting with his friend Edward Villella at a café. "I was crying in my beer to Eddie," Mr. Levans told us during a recent conversation. "He said, 'What do you want to do?' " Just then, two police officers sat down next to us, and I pointed to them and said, 'That.' "

For the next three years or so, Mr. Levans lived as a cop in Dade County. It wasn't easy. His colleagues kidded him mercilessly about his dancer's background, he hated the three-mile runs that training involved, and he saw people killed right in front of him (a child among them). Then, last year, he was offered the chance to direct and choreograph "Amphigorey," a musical-theatre work based on stories by Edward Gorey. He turned in his badge and came back to New York.

We caught up with Mr. Levans during a recent rehearsal (the show will open at the American Music Theatre Festival, in Philadelphia, on April 1), and we asked him what effect his experience as a police officer might have had on his attitude toward the stage. "Things strike my eye differently now," he said. "When I go to the theatre, I can look at the action and really observe everything that happens, both the total composition and the details, like arm movements. What I have to remember is that I'm looking not for spontaneous trouble but for spontaneous consistency."

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Feb. 11 at 8: "Mother Goose," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Seven by Five plus Two," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,' " and "Glass Pieces.". . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "Apollo," "Calcium Light Night," "*Quiet City," and "Glass Pieces.*". . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "Mother Goose," "Calcium Light Night," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: "Apollo," "Monumentum Pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 1: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Delight of the Muses," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Glass Pieces.". . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,' " and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "Mother Goose," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 23.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement. Feb. 11 at 7:30, Feb. 15 at 8, and Feb. 16 at 2: "New Moon," "Killer-of-Enemies," and "Intensities of Space, and Wind.". . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "Lords of Persia," "Black Lake," and "Cantilever Two.". . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8 and Feb. 16 at 7:30: "Intensities of Space, and Wind," "God the Reveller," and "Cantilever Two.". . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: "Intensities of Space, and Wind," "Black Lake," and "Cantilever Two.". . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "Lords of Persia" and "Killer-of-Enemies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

KENNETH KING—Presenting seven solo works: "The Tallulah Deconstruction," "Sam Says," "Patrick's Fourth Dansing Dance," "Ask Mr. Snail," "Who's Kidding Whom," "Word Raid," and "Foreign Flic." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 13-15 at 8 and Feb. 16 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

WHAT clinched it was hearing their song on a Gap commercial—that's when we knew that Primal Scream had arrived. Since the clothier's ads take aim at the twentywhatever's soul, we reasoned, choosing this band to push their product was practically an ordainment. Primal Scream, who'll be at the Ritz on February 14, are a curious group: their guiding force, singer-songwriter Bobby Gillespie, dresses like a late-sixties Rolling Stone and professes undying love for the Stooges and Sid Vicious, yet the group's new record, "Screamadelica," is a collection of leisurely acid-house grooves punctuated by gospel choruses, sampled voices, bluesy guitar riffs, and horn lines. In other words, this band is all over the place.

It wasn't always: when Gillespie, a former drummer for the Jesus and Mary Chain, started the group, in Glasgow in the mid-eighties, they were just another Byrds- and Stones-driven garage-rock outfit. Then Gillespie discovered house music and Ecstasy, and had an epiphany: rock is dead; disco, soul, and funk live. Enter "Screamadelica," which garnered raves first in the U.K. and then here, and put the band in the vanguard of the indie scene (in spirit, that is; they've signed with a major). We have mixed feelings about the record. Gillespie's vocals lack charisma, and sometimes the band's hybridization comes off sounding like music made by committee. At other times, however, the pieces fall into place with a weird logic all their own. Songs like "Come Together" and "Loaded" are like mystical sixties love anthems updated for club kids; no wonder the band makes for such great Gap commercials.

Now picture them in three-piece suits.

These Indians are on their way to becoming the white men's idea of gentlemen. They have been enrolled in a special school where they will have their hair cut short, will be allowed to speak only English, will be denied visits home for five years. The idea is, they will stay in school until they are "civilized." An honorable notion, maybe, in the 1890s when the Carlisle School for Indians was established. But by the 1930s, after the Carlisle model had been copied at many reservation boarding schools, it was clear that "killing the Indian and saving the man" was not doing the tribes any good. The noble experiment was abandoned. Native Americans who lived through it help tell the story.

Watch *In the White Man's Image* on *The American Experience,* hosted by David McCullough.

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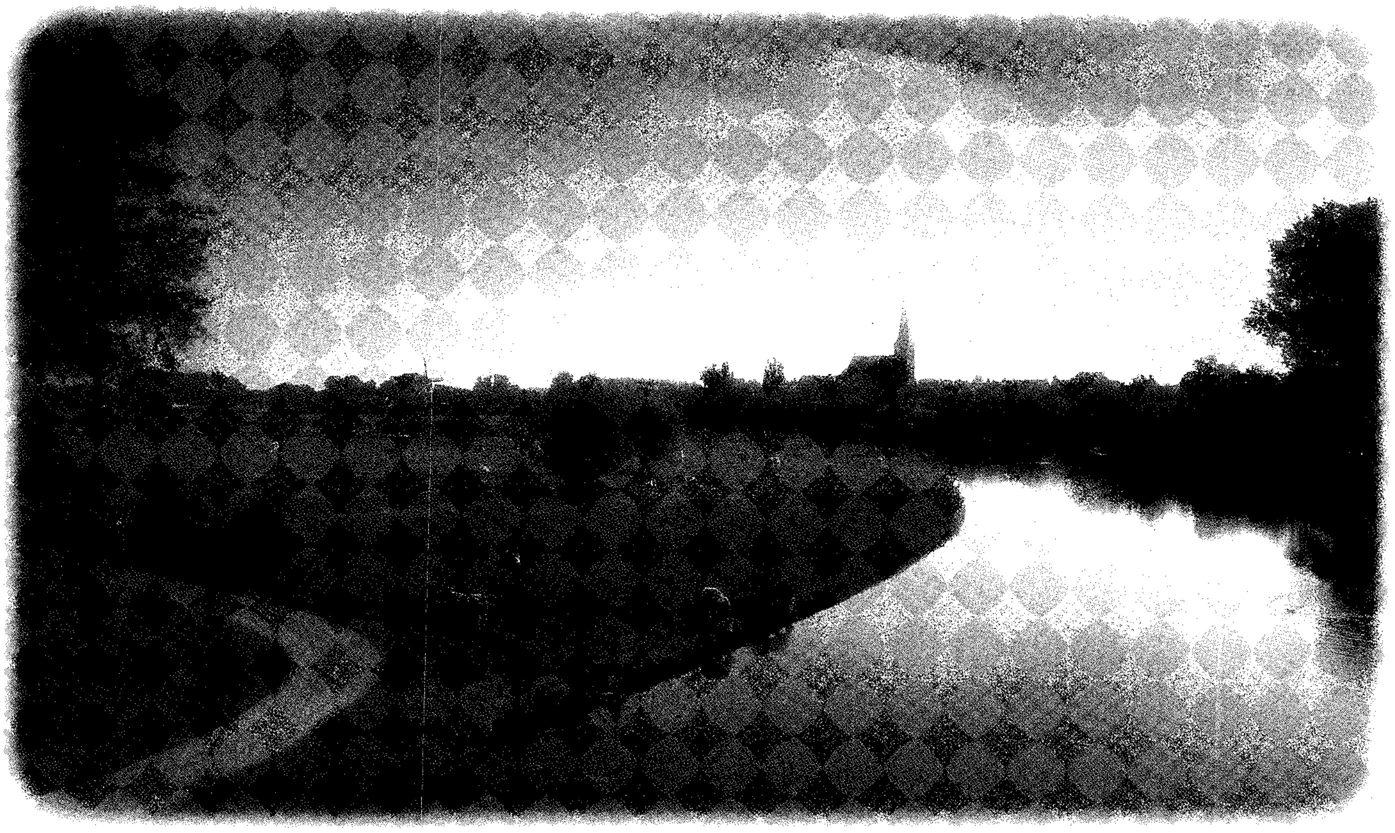

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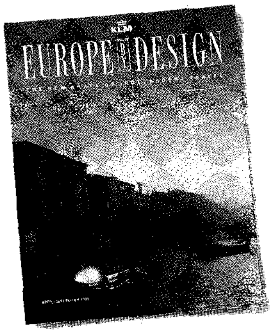

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(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—On Feb. 15, **DAVID STALLER** will end his visit to the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Mr. Staller's subjects here are "Noël and Cole," as in Coward and Porter. The late show on Feb. 14-15 is "Americans Abroad," an assemblage of material by American composers living in London. **IRIS WILLIAMS** begins work on Feb. 18. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The club's Brazilian festival marches on, with **LENY ANDRADE** Feb. 11-15, and **JOYCE** beginning Feb. 18. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The free passes to this club could pave most of Greenwich Village—and they often do. The Bitter End was all abuzz in the seventies, when it was a stopping point for the sort of singers whose records you can now order from television: Gordon Lightfoot, Melissa Manchester, Neil Sedaka.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? **DIANNE REEVES** is on hand Feb. 11-16, and **DIANE SCHUUR** begins work on Feb. 18. Ms. Schuur, a Seattle-based pianist and singer, has been gaining ground in jazz circles since the early eighties, and has won two Grammys. She's a versatile musician, comfortable in jazz, blues, R. & B., and pop. In performance, she infuses everything she plays with a strong rhythmic pulse, and she likes to connect with her audience, offering uplift, romantic advice, and sassy innuendo. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club tends to be the site of a lot of music industry bashes. If you have trouble getting tickets to the early show, it's usually because some record company has bought the place out. The atmosphere here, as a result, can be a bit weird: the record company types have to have fun because their own artists are onstage, but they can't have too much fun because their bosses aré watching. The later shows, though they're not as well attended and though they tend to rumble off into the small hours, are much looser in spirit. **DAVID BROMBERG** performs Feb. 12-16. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. A trio consisting of **KIRK LIGHTSEY, MARCUS BELGRAVE,** and **CECIL MC BEE** is here through Feb. 15; the **JOHN HICKS** trio appears on Feb. 16; and a trio led by pianist **STEPHEN SCOTT** begins a week-long gig on Feb. 17. Music from ten. Dining.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times*. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is not Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Spin Doctors at Wetlands

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** through Feb. 15. The quartet, which has been doing its fastidious swinging for more than thirty years and which has more than four hundred pieces in its repertoire, tends to play in big halls these days, so its annual layovers in this intimate space are to be treasured. On Feb. 18, **JOSÉ FELICIANO** begins a two-week engagement. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from eight Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A recently inaugurated club that promises to "feature only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." This concept may not appeal to New York blues artists, but it affords local blues aficionados a chance to hear what they've been missing. Greenville, Mississippi, bluesman **ROOSEVELT (BOOBA) BARNES,** who recently relocated to the Windy City, dishes up the music Feb. 11-15. Music after nine. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a good spot for jazz. The fine, deep-voiced blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** leads a trio Feb. 11-16. Queen Esther Marrow, a gospel, jazz, and blues vocalist, will be here Feb. 18-23. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, with a one-o'clock show on Fridays and Saturdays.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block straight out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **MOSE ALLISON'S** trio claims Feb. 11-16; **GIL SCOTT-HERON** leads an outfit beginning Feb. 18. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

JUDYS', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine. Shows at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Jazz and blues singer **TESS MARSALIS** holds forth on Sundays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid-back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street. **BIG DIPPER,** which will be here on Feb. 14, is a smart, Boston-based garage-rock outfit that may or may not have already passed its prime. In concert, the singer's mugging can be a bit off-putting, but as a songwriter he's done some more impressive work. The band split with their label, Epic, sometime last year; after a brief hiatus, they're making a fresh start, with a new rhythm section and a clutch of new tunes. **DON BYRON** comes in on Feb. 16; **COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS** is here on Feb. 17. Music after nine.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's an eclectic menu, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various found pop numbers. Sets from ten on weeknights, and from midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and music lair for the tasselled-loafers set. For the next three weeks the stage belongs to singer-actress **ELLEN GREENE,** who is paying tribute to the late Howard Ashman. Mr. Ashman, along with Alan Menken, wrote the musical "Little Shop of Horrors"—Ms. Greene starred in both the stage and movie versions—and the score for Disney's "Beauty and the Beast." "Little Shop" devotées, rest assured: "Suddenly Seymour" *is* on the song list. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

L'OMNIBUS DE MAXIM'S, 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988)—A don't-clap-just-rattle-your-jewelry kind of place, where patrons eat pasta from deep dishes and, occasionally, dip French fries into silver gravy boats filled with ketchup. Singer/wacky guy **MARK NADLER** is the current attraction here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—**ROSEMARY CLOONEY,** who can often be found here at this time of year, is in the midst of a run. Clooney has had two lives in show biz: the first peaked in the early fifties, with a string of hit recordings and a starring role in "White Christmas"; the second began in the late seventies, when she signed with the Concord label. She has since made a slew of records with Concord, half of which are tribute albums, devoted to the likes of Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and Rodgers, Hart, and Hammerstein. Onstage, Ms. Clooney takes a natural, understated approach: she has a warm, husky but clear voice, a world-weary cheerfulness, and a disarming sense of humor that bubbles up everywhere. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock club's bookings tend to be uneven, but for the moment at least it's riding the crest of a

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

wave. **PRIMAL SCREAM** is here on Feb. 14; **DE LA SOUL** and **A TRIBE CALLED QUEST** come in on Feb. 16; **SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES** turn up on Feb. 17-18; and **PETER FRAMPTON** performs on Feb. 19. Shows usually begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." A while ago, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. **ELLEN KAYE** has the stage on Feb. 16. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show and a parka to live through it. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. A trio consisting of **CEDAR WALTON, RON CARTER,** and **BILLY HIGGINS** is here through Feb. 16; a group consisting of **ANDERS BERGCRANTZ, RICK MARGITZA, RICHARD BEIRACH, RON MC CLURE,** and **ADAM NUSSBAUM** comes in on Feb. 18-20. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded. The **JOE LOVANO** quartet is here Feb. 11-16; the **GRADY TATE** trio starts up on Feb. 18. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. The fine pop-blues singer **JOAN OSBORNE** will be here on Feb. 15. The **SPIN DOCTORS,** who'll play here on Feb. 16, have amassed a terrifically loyal following over the past couple of years. It's easy to see why: the band's live shows are wonderfully fun, a mix of funk and reggae, of first-rate musicianship and loopy, stoned theatrics. The band recently released its first full-length record, "Pocket Full of Kryptonite." Music at ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Singer **VANESSA RUBIN,** who just released a new record titled "Soul Eyes," will be here with a duo on Feb. 16. The piano-bass-guitar trio **JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** starts up on Feb. 17. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

SEE Paris by day and you want to sublet your New York apartment over the phone. See Paris by night and you want to run back to your hotel to kiss your American passport. What could possibly be so bad that it turns us into the flag-waving children of Merle Haggard and Lee Greenwood?

Is it the cabdrivers who start their meters as soon as you call them, and who all seem to be driving in from Charles de Gaulle Airport?

Is it the scramble to get into yet another dazzling-to-read-about-yet-deadly-to-be-at fashion-week party at Les Bains Douches—a club older than many of its patrons—where all soirées resemble the evacuation of Shanghai in "Empire of the Sun"?

Could it be that the still-greasy-after-all-these-years Mexican food at Studio is not the best way to start the night, though the crowd at the city's only hot new club—Folies Pigalle—has done just that?

Perhaps it's the ten-dollar Coca-Cola or the ten francs charged per piece of outerwear at every coat check that sets you off?

Or the fact that for as long as you've been coming here there's been (1) after hours at the Kit Kat Klub; (2) a gay tea dance at Le Palace; (3) seventies night on Mondays at Boy; (4) poppers (which have remained especially popular within circles of single women); and (5) tech-no-pop as the music of choice?

Nope, these are not the real reasons that Paris night life is about as appealing as the hot box in "The Bridge on the River Kwai" or Eleanor Parker's whole life in "Caged." So what are? The brutal pushing, the deliberate shoving, the glee in refusing to give way, and the absolute absence of the equivalent of "excuse me." Paris after dark is as rude as the Eiffel Tower is romantic. If you're heading that way, give someone a "dites pardon!" for us.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Walt Disney's World on Ice—Featuring Peter Pan. Through Feb. 16. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Harlem Globetrotters—The "Houdinis of the Hardcourt." (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Feb. 16 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Feb. 17 at 1.)

Meredith Monk—With Robert Een in a new work, "Facing North." Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 529-2318. Feb. 13-16 at 8:30.)

"The Exploding Valentine"—Feb. 14-15 at 8: Two different programs of short, love-related videos by Tom Rubnitz, Robert Wilson, and many others. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 8:30: The unveiling of "The Sluts and Goddesses Video Workshop or How to Be a Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps," a video by Annie Sprinkle and Maria Beatty. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

P.S. 122—Feb. 13-16 at 8: Jeannie Hutchins in "Do Not Use If More Salty Than Tears." Through March 1. . . . ¶ Feb. 18-19 at 8 and Feb. 20-23 at 9: Eric Bogosian presenting a work in progress. Through March 1. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

La Mama—Feb. 13-15 at 10: Dancenoise and friends in "Hedda Gabler, Hedda Gabler." Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Feb. 15-19 at 7:30: John Kelly in "AKIN," a new work. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

ART

THE Stuart Davis show at the Met, now heading into its last week, is a potent winter's shot of visual Vitamin C. There's been some critical grumbling about the exhibition's size—it takes up more room than, say, last year's Malevich show—but don't let that daunt you. The ponderously respectful attitude that many people adopt when in the presence of high-modern art need not be worn here. Not all exhibitions, not all works of art, however serious they may be historically or formally, require microscopic scrutiny. If Ed Ruscha's paintings, for instance, reflect the viewing experience on today's Los Angeles freeways, Davis's art embodies the speedy aesthetic excitements of the twenties and thirties, when the artist was coming into his own, and, toward the end of his life, the streamlined, ecumenical, logo-loving mood of the fifties. While any number of details and pictorial incidents may beckon for a closer look, most of the Davis show asks to be taken in at a glance.

Davis (1892-1964) was a bebopping kind of artist—a jazz-influenced painter of fast-paced murals, fleeting urban anecdotes, and posterish, proto-Pop pastiches of designerly graphics and Cubistic forms. He was a student of Robert Henri's, a very young veteran of the 1913 Armory Show, and a careful student of the Europeans, especially, perhaps, of Fernand Léger, whose subliminal presence figures in his later work. Yet Davis's paintings and his philosophy of art are at least as fresh as any postmodern daisy. He hated sentimental subject matter and, for this reason, loved a certain kind of advertising imagery. His wonderful 1924 painting of an Odol-disinfectant bottle, for example, as intimate and cool as an old Dutch still-life—or an early Lichtenstein comic strip—is one of the high points of this exhibition. Others include Davis's grand murals, such as "Men Without Women" (1932), commissioned for Radio City Music Hall's men's lounge, and his unpeopled Paris street scenes from the late twenties, which strongly suggest Raoul Dufy, another artist whose lightness and speed have too often been taken as signs of unimportance.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, was a meeting place and inspiration for several French landscape painters in the eighteen-fifties and sixties. A large sampling of works by these artists—Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot, and others—is on view. Through May 10. . . . ¶ "The Royal Art of Benin." Klaus Perls, the venerated early-modernist dealer, has been since the thirties collecting sculptures made in the kingdom of Benin. He recently donated to the Met his extraordinary collection of a hundred and sixty-three objects, one of the most important in the world, and it has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. The Benin dynasty achieved perhaps the highest level of culture in Africa.

Its art is highly naturalistic—the most mimetic of any African group's art—and therefore antithetical to the kind of sculpture that influenced the Cubists, whose works spurred Perls's interest in African art. The objects date from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and their quality is high. Coral beads, the most precious of luxuries in the kingdom of Benin, denoted rank, and in the exquisite brass heads of kings and queen mothers on view they are heaped in pavé collars from the base of the neck to the bottom lip. There are a number of plaques that adorned the pillars of the royal palace (before it was sacked by the British, in 1897) and that depict processions and the court hierarchy. There are also carved ivory tusks, which, in their original use, on ancestral altars, would have been attached to the crowns of the head sculptures; bells, altar rings, and numerous other ceremonial objects; and a brass rooster, which, as a symbol of power, would have honored a queen mother. . . . ¶ "American Rococo, 1750-75." Furniture, silver, paintings, engravings, ceramics, and glass made in pre-Revolutionary America. . . . ¶ East Asian lacquer from the collection of Florence and Herbert Irving. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ A group of Alpine landscape sketches and local genre scenes by John Singer Sargent, made during a youthful jaunt through the Bernese Oberland, in 1870. Through March 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Stuart Davis, including a hundred and seventy-five paintings, murals, watercolors, and drawings. Through Feb. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Cézanne, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, and others from the collection of William S. Paley, who was chairman emeritus of the museum at the time of his death, in 1990. Through April 7. . . . ¶ "Allegories of Modernism: Contemporary Drawing," two hundred works by forty American and European artists. Starts Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A small show of recent photographs by Gay Block, of people who risked their lives to save Jews during the Holocaust. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Twenty-one lamps from the sixties and seventies, including a Noguchi "Akari" lamp and a Castiglioni "Taraxacum" lamp. Alas, no lava is in sight. . . . ¶ On display on the ground floor are "Cross Check," "Power Play," "High Sticking," and "Hat Trick," four new chairs by the hockey-loving Frank Gehry. Through March 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until late spring.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of William Wegman, which includes nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, photographs, and videotapes. Through April 19. (For more on Wegman, see Photography.) . . ¶ Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Variations on Themes," a show of serial works in various graphic mediums, by, among others, Terry Winters, Dennis Adams, Kiki Smith, Donald Judd, and Jasper Johns. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The New Merengue," an installation in the Grand Lobby, by sculptor Houston Conwill, poet Estella Conwill Majozo, and architect Joseph De Pace. Through May 3. . . . ¶ "Biomorphism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Three site-specific installations inhabit the museum these days: Sam Gilliam's "Windows Go Orange (e.e. cummings)"; Robert Kushner's "Pussy Willows"; and Dale Chihuly's "Niijima Floats." . . ¶ An exhibition of African textiles woven using improvised techniques. Through April 19. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Treasures of the Last Emperor," fifty-four objects from the years of young Puyi's residence in the palace (1908-24). Among the highlights are a set of scholar's writing instruments, a toy train, several embroidered satin garments, and five packs of imported cigarettes. On loan from the Palace Museum, in Beijing. Through March 7. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—Joseph Beuys' early-seventies aluminum-glass-and-photo assemblage titled "Arena (where I would have got if I had been intelligent)." . . ¶ Six large paintings are the centerpiece of Brice Marden's show of works inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Cold Mountain. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Displacement," a show of works by Lawrence Weiner. Through April 30. . . . ¶ On the roof, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Eighty-five photographs taken in Japan around the turn of the century. Through March 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Sigmund Freud Antiquities." Close to a hundred of the two thousand Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Chinese objects the psychoanalyst collected. Even the ordinary pieces are full of interest, if only because Freud

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THIS OLD STATION

A turn-of-the-century-style canopy that looks as if it were built with a giant Erector set has been installed over the uptown Franklin Street entrance to the I.R.T., completing a five-year renovation of the station. Painted Transit Authority-approved green and gray, the perforated-steel canopy has an archway in its forward section high enough to enclose the green glass globes that used to be the entrance's only adornment. The archway, which has a roof made of terne steel, also has special clear plastic plates on either side of it to discourage roosting by pigeons. Behind the arch, the canopy slopes down toward the sidewalk, where it is supported by thick steel stanchions; the roof in this section is made of etched glass blocks. Its being suspended above a short brownish guardrail has the peculiar effect of making the canopy seem poised to pounce, like a gigantic metal frog—or an oncoming subway train.

The underground restoration work was completed in 1990, but it has taken since then to complete the canopy. Michael Schwarting and Beyhan Karahan, married business partners whose architectural firm, Karahan/Schwarting, is in charge of the project, were therefore suitably excited as they watched the canopy go up recently. A seventeen-ton crane was used to lift the main part of the structure into the air so that a crew of workmen could bolt it to its stanchions. But what seemed to excite the couple most was the addition of the canopy's drainpipe. Schwarting explained that this was because, in his twenty-two years as an architect in New York, he has never designed a building in the city. "In New York, it's either skyscrapers or showrooms. There's rarely a chance to do anything as humdrum as gutters."

IN A 'BLIND' TASTING of the most popular malt whiskies conducted by the Sunday Times, we are pleased to record that The Macallan premium brand emerged with an 'Excellence Quotient' of 93.78%. Its nearest competitor achieved *no more than 62.8%.*

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once owned them. The best part of the show is a series of black-and-white photographs—taken in 1938, by Edmund Engelman—of Freud's study and examining room shortly before he fled Vienna for London. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventeenth-century Dutch drawings—of the landscape, genre, and figure variety—by Rembrandt, Ruisdael, Goltzius, and many others. Through April 26. . . . ¶ A small show of printed books and bindings produced in seventeenth-century Flanders and Holland. Through April 26. . . . ¶ Selections on view from the library's permanent collection include one of its three Gutenberg Bibles, Stevenson's autograph manuscript of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the original scores of symphonies by Brahms and Mahler. Through April 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—A group of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century *santos*—carved-wood holy objects made by family artisans in Puerto Rico. (Open daily, 11:30 to 7:30.)

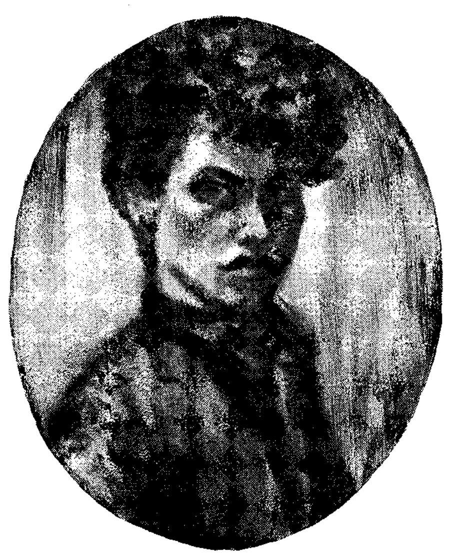
National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in the pages of this magazine. Through March 8. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the founder of the National Academy. Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"1+1+1," a series of recent projects by Alfredo Jaar, primarily in the form of large-scale light-box installations. Through April 19. . . . ¶ "The Big Nothing or Le Presque Rien," a group exhibition in which each artist has been asked to contemplate the notions of emptiness and materiality. Through April 19. (Part of the show runs at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays. Through Feb. 28.). . . ¶ Jeffry Mitchell's installation, titled "My Spirit," consists of rubber, plaster, and latex tableaux of cartoon figures, toy creatures, and other kitschy icons. Through April 19. . . . ¶ In the "don't make me ovah" department: walk by the museum's Broadway window and you may see a museum patron's face age twenty-five years in thirty seconds. It's "The Age Machine" that's doing it, through digital technology. Through April 19. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recently acquired photographs are on display, including Morris Engel's panoramic views of New York City and Desiré Charnay's eighteen-fifties albumen prints of Mexico City. Through May 2. (Third Floor Gallery.). . . ¶ A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). Through Feb. 29. (Berg Collection.). . . ¶ Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Ik-Joong Kang's "3 x 3," an installation that consists of thousands of three-inch-square paintings and collages. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "Art Beyond Sight," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by visually impaired artists; museumgoers are permitted to touch the sculptures. Through March 29. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Thirty paintings and sculptures by this year's artists-in-residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, and Eve Sandler. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Africa and the Diaspora," an exhibition of nearly a hundred works from the museum's permanent collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)



Self-portrait by Jane Dickson

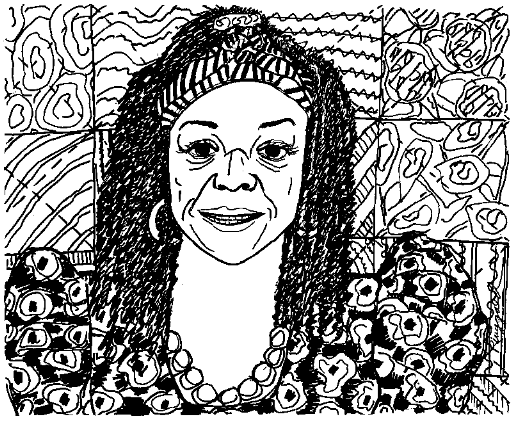
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Gary Hume—A remarkably buoyant first New York solo show of paintings by a young English artist. The style of Hume's work is abstract-geometric, but his subjects are always specific and representational. The wonderful tonal contrasts at play here—flesh-peach with pinky-pink, for instance, or a bracing array of grays and whites, with foam-taped edges, in housepaint that looks as if it had been licked on—occur in depictions of doors, and, by positing infinite variation, celebrate door-ness. While this artist's punning brings to mind similarly irreducible pictorial paradoxes in works by, for instance, Peter Halley and Andrew Spence, Hume has a touch that resembles no one else's. The astringent immediacy of those edges (ouch!), and the resulting alertness of those flat areas of paint, are really something to get excited about. Through March 14. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Recent works, including mixed-media sculptures and paintings with silk screen on aluminum. Though he has been almost unbelievably free, fecund, and surefooted in recent years, and though he has graphic perfect pitch, the artist here looks a bit peevish. Several pieces give the impression of trying to one-up any number of the younger artists—ranging from Bill Woodrow to Cady Noland—who first got going by copping some of the grandmaster's own endlessly useable ideas. While this is eminently human and not uninteresting, Rauschenberg, in this show, is his own student body and competition all in one. It's existentialist drama of a high order. Through Feb. 29. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Short List—**Jasper Johns,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through March 14); **Moshe Kupferman,** Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (through Feb. 29); **Gaston Lachaise,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 22); **John Newman,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through March 7); **Man Ray** and **Meret Oppenheim,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 27); **Frederick J. Sykes,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through Feb. 22).



Self-portrait by Faith Ringgold

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Short List—**John Alexander,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 29); **Ronald Bladen** and **Elaine de Kooning,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 15); **Steve Currie** and **Emily Mason,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 14); **Lois Dodd** and **Paul Rickert,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 29); **Jiří Georg Dokoupil,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 29); **Gregory Gillespie,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 7); **Paul Manes,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 7); **Elizabeth Newman,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 15); **Giuseppe Penone,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 29); **Ed Stitt,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 4); **Helen Miranda Wilson,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 7).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jane Dickson—Dickson's social realism has, over the past few years, become more full-bodied and voyeuristic. Four of the paintings here are of a group of men running in the street, viewed from what looks like a second-story window. The scene appears to be a chase involving police officers, and, like the rest of the paintings on view, these works are painted in a murky style. In a separate room is the "Witness" series, in which each resonant painting depicts a person peering uneasily out a window; the figures are cast in saddened shadow, even when the interiors are well lit. These people, whose somewhat ghostly presence sets up an edgy relationship between observer and observed, seem more conjured than real. There are also two tender parent-and-child tondi, and a wall of friendly oval portraits that recall the artist's COLAB roots and the work of fellow-social realists John Ahearn, Cara Perlman, and Nan Goldin. Through Feb. 29. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Alfred Leslie—An exhibition of preparatory drawings for the artist's mid-sixties grisaille paintings, which were shown here recently. Together, these drawings and paintings are a pivotal body of work that ushered in the artist's shift from Abstract Expressionism to a representational way of working, with multiple perspectives and light sources somehow seamlessly joined in a discomfiting alliance. (Most of the paintings and drawings were destroyed in a fire.) As with much of Leslie's surviving art, these drawings seem at first to conform to a straightforward realism, but close examination reveals much oddness at the edges of forms, in the shadows and details. These drawings combine the cunningly deliberate and the sketchily preparatory. In one drawing, the curved bob of Jane Elford's hair radiates beyond the model's round head to the edges of the paper, like ripples in a pond. In the later works, the abstractions of shadow and form become truly Mannerist. Through March 28. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St.)

Charles Long—An impressive exhibition—essentially, the artist's solo début—of some thoughtfully constructed, wacky sculptures. Long likes to take traditional sculptural techniques and push them to their logical extremes, and he sometimes comes up with objects that have a magical combination of beauty and wit. Perhaps the weirdest items are three works that look roughly like floor lamps: each is a snaking metal wire with a cast piece of popcorn at its end. Through Feb. 29. (Koury, 89 Greene St.)

Richard Long / James Turrell—Two works by each artist. In the main gallery is a stunning installation, in which Long's "White Line," a floor sculpture consisting of a narrow bed of white marble pebbles, leads magically to a massive Turrell drawing of Arizona's Roden Crater Project. Upstairs, Long takes on the more earthy role, with his "Somerset Turf Circle," and Turrell becomes the ethereal one, with an exquisite suite of aquatints (exhibited in 1990 at MOMA) of white "light" forms—triangles, cubes, planes—floating in a darkened room, usually in a corner. Through March 14. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Christopher Lucas—Paintings of metal, acrylic, and mother-of-pearl doodad appliqués—which suggest Navajo jewelry, tattoos, and the "I Ching"—set against inlaid wood grounds that are wavy, striped, or cut out. Through Feb. 22. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Faith Ringgold—This artist's new narrative quilts, titled "The French Collection," are more like quilted paintings. They present a complex, wonderful narrative about Willia Marie Simone, a black American who went to Paris in 1920 to become an artist. The narrative enables Ringgold to fuse autobiography with an examination of gender and race in European modernism. The works bring to life a sense of the barriers that have faced black women artists, who, as Michele Wallace, Ringgold's daughter, points out in an excellent essay accompanying the exhibition, have rarely been considered "worthy of the notorious male gaze." In one of the richest works, Willia becomes Picasso's model and communes with the figures in "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and with the African masks Picasso appropriated for his art. The masks tell her she can have Picasso's power if she gives up her womanhood, while *les demoiselles* say, "You go ahead, girl, and try this art thing. . . you don't have to give up nothing." Through Feb. 18. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Ruppersberg's work is often difficult to approach—it's rather distant and uncommonly soft-spoken. This exhibition includes four works from the seventies, as well as a group of newer pieces. One of the tersest works consists of a box of paper with a human profile cut through the stack and the words "self-portrait and sculpture" written on the side of the box. Through Feb. 15. (Burgin, 130 Prince St.)

Andrew Spence / Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969)—At times, it has seemed as if this post-minimalist painter were trying hard to make his work look easy. In his new paintings, he has achieved a depth in which he seems to enjoy everything he does, delighting in the possibilities opened up by his minimalistic language of simple, bold forms and somewhat unexpected color combinations. These are his best paintings yet. "Honda Red Canoe," with its two nearly identical white squares at either tip, is an amiably endless play of similarity and difference; "Tandem," with its five identical canvases of blue-black stick-figure-like 'H' shapes against a gray ground, becomes a satiric allegory of bodies and the space between them. There is even a work without the artist's standard bilateral symmetry, and it has an eccentric tone worthy of Forrest Bess. Through Feb. 29. / A show of drawings. The early ones, which include several for furniture designs, are so straightforward that they border on dullness. Later architectural sketches, in contrast, couldn't be simpler, yet they have a wonderful gestural line. A squiggle intended to suggest the length of one of the architect's buildings for the Illinois Institute of Technology is so economical that it looks as if the Bauhaus master had incidentally invented the infinity sign. A simple sketch for a high rise expresses nothing less than the heroicism of the vertical. Through March 7. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Jeffrey Wisniewski—An ambitious work that carries on the visionary "anarchitectural" slicing work of the late Gordon Matta-Clark. Wisniewski obtained a suburban house slated for demolition by the State of New York and fed it into a massive chipper. The shredded house—mostly wood, with occasional bits of carpet—is on display in one spread-out heap. Through March 21. (Nordanstad-Skarstedt, 49 Greene St.)

"Dysfunction in the Family Album"—Hostility toward parents is the theme of this show of works based loosely on the notion of the family snapshot. The range of the work is wide, from Barbara Ess's blurred photographs of sisters to Andrew Masullo's nostalgic collages. Among the more violent emotions expressed are those that fill Sue Williams' paintings. One is sadistic, another darkly humorous; a third depicts a sparkly mom shot between the eyes with what looks like a spurt of semen. Bonnie Lucas's saccharine paintings in gooey pink-tinged "girl" colors are so disturbed that they are fascinating. Her technique is as soothing as a mother's embrace, but her images also seethe with rage: a girl with tulips growing out of her bottom, for example, or a flower with petals of houses, babies, and headless moms, one of them showering bodily fluids on a baby carriage being pushed by a little girl. But this girl is no child—instead of a doll in her carriage there's a gigantic egg. Through Feb. 15. (Brown, 23 Watts St.)

"Just Pathetic"—What, you may ask yourself, could be more pitiful than the sight of a dead kitty's belongings—litter tray, feeding bowls, ratty blankie, and mousy ball, all neatly set out but to no avail? Well, the answer is, "plenty." These and other feline mementos are the work of Mike Kelley, the monarch of mange, but they face some stiff competition from some sensationally hapless pieces by Chris Burden, Jessica Diamond, Georg Herold, John Miller, Cady Noland, Raymond Pettibon, and William Wegman. A droll piece by Jeffrey Vallance is titled "Run Over Art Shipment"—a damaged cardboard container, with tire-tread marks, accompanied by a correspondence between appraisers and insurers. Then, beyond droll, comes "My F.B.I. File," an enlarged photostat of a document describing the occasion when Vallance, evidently stoned and in a roadside ditch, was picked up by police and was "noted to be babbling and sporadically attempting to abuse himself." Through Feb. 29. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

"My Father's House Has Many Mansions"—When Phyllis Kind changed storage facilities recently, she reacquainted herself with a sculpture, which she had bought more than fifteen years ago, by Russell Gillespie, a Baptist minister and little-known folk artist from North Carolina. The sculpture, of a log cabin carved out of roots and other oddly shaped bits of wood in ways that are at once crude and ultra-refined, was the inspiration for this exhibition. (Gillespie is also represented by an enchantingly knobby "Garden of Eden," in which, somehow appropriately, the serpent is larger than everything else, including the trees.) There are works by other self-taught artists on view, including several paintings by the Reverend Howard Finster, in which the reference to God's Glory in the show's title is made more apparent. In sharp contrast are fiery portraits of prisoners behind bars by Arthur Keigney, who has spent most of his life in prison, and maniacally tender drawings by Martin Ramirez, a catatonic schizophrenic, in which the seemingly contradictory notions of mansion and prison fuse into a single, inescapable world—the self. There are works by a number of art-school-trained artists represented by this gallery, most notably Roger Brown, Mark Greenwold, and Robert Colescott. For Colescott, the mansion of choice, certain to upset traditional historians, is a vision of a black resurrection in ancient Egypt. Through Feb. 22. (136 Greene St.)

Group Show—A good gallery group offering. The show includes large felt banners by Mike Kelley, which he based on flyers made by college students in search of female roommates, by actors, and by sports fans; Jim Shaw's reliefs, small paintings, cartoons, assemblages, and light box, all of which concern sex, drugs, rock and roll, and science fiction; and Robert Longo's "America on Wheels," a large sculpture of a map lying flat on its back, which must be a visual pun on the current diminished state of American cultural imperialism. Through Feb. 29. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Short List—**PETER AGOSTINI,** Clasen, 470 Broome St. (through Feb. 29); **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT** and **J.S.G. BOGGS,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through March 7); **DALE CHIHULY,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through March 21); **SONIA DELAUNAY** and **MICHAEL BOYD,** Zarre, 154 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29); **TOM DUNCAN,** Einstein, 591 Broadway (through Feb. 29); **MEL KENDRICK** and **MIGUEL RIOS,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 22); **ROY LICHTENSTEIN,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through Feb. 29); **MILA MACEK,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through March 7); **MARIO MERZ,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 22); **BARNETT NEWMAN,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through March 14); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM,** Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through March 14); **JACK PIERSON,** Cugliani, 40 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29); **TIM PRENTICE,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through March 7); **SAL SCARPITTA,** Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through March 20), and Castelli, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 29); **ROBERT WILSON,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ilse Bing was one of the first photographers we met after we'd finished college, moved to the city, and begun our working life in the arts. We'd gone up to her apartment to pick up a reproduction of one of her photographs, and we remember that once we were back down on Riverside Drive we began walking, wondering about all the other historic figures tucked away in this city. We also recall how lucky we felt to be in a world and in a town where such discoveries as Bing were possible. Despite her tininess, and despite her modesty, Bing, then in her seventies, struck us as a much bigger figure than the self she was presenting. She'd stopped taking photographs two decades earlier, and had been working in other mediums, as well as making money grooming dogs.

Now, after years and years of scant attention, Bing is again in the spotlight: her photographs have been showing up in books; there was an exhibition of her collages in 1990 at the Lowinsky gallery; and this month one can see some of her photographic work—mostly done in Europe, mostly from the thirties—at Houk Friedman (1094 Madison Avenue, at 82nd Street; through February 29).

Many of the prints on view at Houk Friedman have never been seen before; they are among those which Bing kept for herself. All the photographs here are vintage, and the high quality of the prints enhances the beauty that has always been characteristic of Bing's work, whether that beauty comes from design sophistication, from the techniques she used to articulate light, from her way of capturing movement, or from the vitality that she caught in human beings. Now ninety-two, Bing is of interest from many points of view. Her involvement with avant-garde styles of the time, as well as with magazines and advertising, makes her a photographer who richly represents the era in which she flourished. Her own life, especially the terrible experiences she endured in France under the Nazi occupation, no doubt affected the course of her career. This exhibition is a testament to an exquisitely warm sensibility, to an artist who knows what it means to experiment.

Edouard Boubat—Unassuming, graceful photographs that catch bits and pieces of life in convincing ways. Through Feb. 29. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

William Wegman—A retrospective—of drawings, paintings, videos, and photographs—that gives one the chance to get a comprehensive view of Wegman's skills and of his perceptions of art and the world. Through April 19. (Whitney Museum of American Art. . . . ¶ Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., is showing new paintings and Polaroids. Open Mondays, through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St., is showing black-and-white photographs taken in the seventies. Through Feb. 22.)

Short List—**EDOUARD-DENIS BALDUS** and **SUZANNE OPTON,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through March 28); **YANN CHARBONNIER,** Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Feb. 29); **KENRO IZU,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Feb. 29); **GERARD TRAQUANDI** and **EUGÈNE ATGET,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 15); **DEBORAH TURBEVILLE,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through March 7).

MUSIC

THE French Baroque has been a book slow to open for foreign audiences. In the nineteen-fifties, while Vivaldi and Telemann were becoming familiar presences, while the cantatas of Bach and the sonatas of Scarlatti were being combed through expertly and systematically, and while Monteverdi and Handel were taking their place as operatic masters, figures like Lully, Charpentier, and Rameau were admired at something of a distance, championed perhaps more often in print than in performance. We all knew they had been responsible for grand things in their day, and enough scores had been published in modern editions for anyone interested to have had a good look. But upon looking (or, infrequently, hearing), many musicians felt like asking "Is that all?" The music just seemed too thin to fit the reputations. Couperin, mostly because of his solo-harpsichord works, fared better sooner, but with him, too, the question would sometimes arise.

In the past ten or fifteen years, this situation has changed dramatically. Performers in several countries have developed a language of phrasing, tone, and interpretation sufficiently powerful to bring these figures out of the shadows and their grander works down from the shelves. And in their company has come a procession of secondary figures—intriguing minor masters and at least one forgotten genius (Marin Marais, whose "Alcyone" was released last year in Erato's MusiFrance recording series). Among the minor masters, Louis-Nicolas Clérambault has proved repeatedly rewarding in his ambitious solo cantatas (the soprano Julianne Baird's recently released compact disk of French cantatas offers a vivid realization of his "Médée"). Another cantata specialist, still less familiar to us, is Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre, who as a child prodigy astonished the court of Louis XIV, and who brought out two books of cantatas on Old Testament subjects alongside works tilling the more customary soil of Greek myth.

Two of Jacquet's cantatas, "The Parting of the Red Sea" and "The Isle of Délos," will be on the program of Concert Royal at Merkin Hall on February 13, along with Rameau's "Thétis," Clérambault's "Le Triomphe de la Paix," and Couperin's haunting "Troisième Leçon de Ténèbres." We have heard the Rameau and the Couperin but none of the others. Ms. Baird will be among the soloists; thanks are due to James Richman (the group's artistic director) for yet another exploration.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; *for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin* Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**TANNHÄUSER,** with Anne Evans, Tatiana Troyanos, William Johns, and Andreas Schmidt; conducted by Christof Perick. (Feb. 10 at 7:30 and Feb. 15 at 1:30.) . . . **TURANDOT,** with Ghena Dimitrova, Teresa Stratas, and Vladimir Popov; Nello Santi. (Feb. 11 and Feb. 14 at 8.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, Stanford Olsen, Louis Quilico, and Samuel Ramey; Ralf Weikert. (Feb. 12 at 8 and Feb. 15 at 8:30.) . . . With Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, Stanford Olsen, Renato Capecchi, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Ralf Weikert. (Feb. 19 at 8.) . . . **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Leona Mitchell, Heidi Grant Murphy, Florence Quivar, Taro Ichihara, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. (Feb. 13 and Feb. 18 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Richard Leech, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. (Feb. 17 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"PAGLIACCI"—Riccardo Muti directs a concert version of Leoncavallo's opera; with soprano Daniela Dessi, tenor Luciano Pavarotti, baritone Juan Pons, the Westminster Symphonic Choir, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 11 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting. Feb. 11 at 7:30: The "Sea Interludes" from Britten's "Peter Grimes," Elgar's First Symphony, and Mozart's Bassoon Concerto (featuring the orchestra's principal bassoonist, Judith LeClair). . . . ¶ Feb. 13-15, all at 8, and Feb. 18 at 7:30: Schubert's Third Symphony, Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, and Stravinsky's Violin Concerto (with Kyoko Takezawa).

MANNES COLLEGE ORCHESTRA—Samuel Wong conducts Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture, Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, and Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F (featuring André Gremillet). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Feb. 10 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Newell Jenkins conducts a concert of English music, including orchestral suites by Elgar and Holst, and Finzi's cantata "Dies Natalis" (featuring tenor Robert White). (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 12 at 8.)

CONCERT ROYAL BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—James Richman directs the orchestra and vocal soloists in music by Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre, François Couperin, Louis-Nicolas Clérambault, and Rameau. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 13 at 8.)

"MOZART MASSES IN CONCERT"—The Hartt School of Music Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Singers, directed by Sidney Harth, perform Mozart's Missa Brevis in D Minor (K. 65), on a program that also includes an early symphony, a church sonata, a motet, and the "Litaniae de Venerabili Altaris Sacramento." (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 13 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** The St. Lawrence String Quartet will join students from Hartt for an all-Mozart chamber-music recital beginning at 4, for which no tickets are required, in Paul Recital Hall, the Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza.

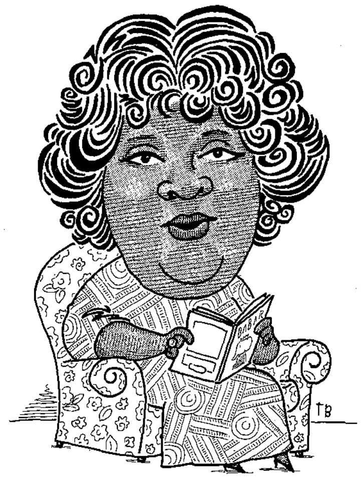
GOODMAN CHAMBER CHOIR—Andrea Goodman directs her twelve singers in a-cappella Russian music from the fifteenth century to the present. (Church of the Holy Family, 315 E. 47th St. Feb. 13 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

I FIAMMINGHI—The Belgian chamber orchestra, conducted by Rudolph Werthen, performs Britten's "Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge" and Tchaikovsky's "Souvenir of Florence." The Uruguayan classical guitarist Eduardo Fernandez joins the group for a concerto by Mauro Giuliani. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 14 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson leads the orchestra and soprano Roberta Peters in romantic favorites. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 14 at 8.)

CHANTICLEER—The a-cappella mens' choir, the Lehigh University Choir, and the Eighteenth Century Ensemble perform Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610." Steven Sametz directs. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Feb. 16 at 7.)

ROYAL LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—In 1904, the thirty-year-old Josef Suk was riding the wave of musical success. As the favorite composition student of Dvořák at the Prague Conservatory, he was eyed by the Czech musical establishment as a successor to his mentor—an eventuality that had been solidified six years earlier when he married Dvořák's daughter Otilie. Then, in May of 1904, Dvořák died, and the bereft Suk set out to memorialize him through his Second Symphony, which he subtitled "Asrael," after the Muslim angel of death. The work was not yet complete when, fourteen months later, Otilie died suddenly; and, when it was finished the following year, Suk's "Asrael" Symphony (Op. 27) bore a grieving dedication to both. Libor Pešek conducts the Liverpudlians in Suk's masterpiece (which has been described as Mahleresque but without the neuroticism), as well as in Tchaikovsky's fantasy overture "Romeo and Juliet" and Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" (featuring pianist Garrick Ohlsson). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)



Betty Allen narrates "The Story of Babar," with Goliard Concerts

RECITALS

DANIEL STRING QUARTET—The official string quartet of the Israeli Army plays works by Schubert, Gounod, Webern, and Shostakovich. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70 St. 288-0700. Feb. 11 at 5:45.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Presenting works by Stefan Wolpe, Brian Fennelly, Alec Wilder, Eric Ewazen, and de Falla; most feature Chris Gekker playing trumpet or flugelhorn. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 11 at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Performing music by Mozart: two trios and the G-Minor Piano Quartet (in which violist Lawrence Dutton assists). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 12 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Cellist Fred Sherry and pianist Joseph Villa perform Debussy's D-Minor Cello Sonata; and violinist Carmit Zori joins them for trios by Beethoven (his "Ghost" Trio) and Tchaikovsky. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 13 at 7:30 and Feb. 16 at 4.)

ELAINE COMPARONE—The harpsichordist plays solo and chamber music—as well as four concertos—by Johann Christian Bach; assisted by members of the Queen's Chamber Band (who, despite their group's quaint name, perform on modern instruments). (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 13 at 8.)

SHIN-ICHI FUKUDA—In his New York début recital, the classical guitarist plays music by de Falla, Villa-Lobos, Ponce, and many others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 15 at 8.)

JAN DEGAETANI TRIBUTE—The concert series honoring the late mezzo-soprano continues with a program of twentieth-century American songs, including works by Copland (sung by soprano Carmen Pelton), George Crumb (with sopranos Elisabeth Weigle and Carol Ann Allred), and John Harbison (featuring soprano Dawn Upshaw). Other performers on the program include soprano Karen Holvik, baritone William Sharp, and pianists Gilbert Kalish and Steven Blier. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 15 at 8.)

KRONOS STRING QUARTET—The intrepid foursome offers recent non-Eurocentric creations, including three works commissioned by Lincoln Center: "Escalay (Water Wheel)," by Hamza El Din (who will play the tar in this performance); "Nong Rock," by Jin Hi Kim (who will double as komungo player); and "Lieu, dWig, Wand/Bay/Tow, v&," by John Oswald (who will not perform, but who has provided a title worth reading aloud, slowly). Also on the program are pieces by Hermeto Pascoal, Philip Glass, and Dumisani Maraire (who will help out by playing the ngoma, hosho, and mbira). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 15 at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Performing string quartets by Schumann (in A Minor) and Ravel, as well as Beethoven's D-Major String Trio. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3945. Feb. 15 at 8.). . . ¶ Performing quartets by Haydn ("The Rider," Op. 74, No. 3) and Mendelssohn (his First, in D Major), as well as Reger's Clarinet Quintet (with the assistance of David Shifrin). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing quartets by Beethoven, Schubert, and Bartók. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Feb. 16 at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—The violinist plays sonatas by Bach, Fauré, and Strauss, as well as lesser-known movements by Mozart; assisted by pianist Sandra Rivers. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 16 at 3.)

Israela Margalit—The pianist is joined by numerous colleagues for a concert-and-conversation featuring Schumann and Brahms. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 16 at 3.)

Carillon—In observance of Presidents' Day, the bells will peal out three marches in honor of George Washington, a "President's March," and other all-American items. Joseph Clair Davis performs. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Feb. 16 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Anthony Newman—Performing an all-Bach recital on the pedal harpsichord. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. 602-0873. Feb. 16 at 4.)

Omni Ensemble—The flute-cello-and-piano trio, assisted by violinist Sanford Allen, performs early-twentieth-century music (by Schoenberg, Krenek, and Kodály) that pushes tonality to the breaking point, as well as Joan Tower's "Amazon," written in 1977. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Feb. 16 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Frances Blaisdell Tribute—"Who?" you may ask—unless you are a member of the New York Flute Club, in which case you will know that your organization is honoring the wind player who broke through the gender barrier that tacitly existed once upon a time at the New York Philharmonic. She gained a spot in the orchestra in 1963, and also performed on Broadway with the Phil Spitalny All Girls' Band (whose lead vocalist was soprano Lily Pons), and taught many aspiring flutists. Three of them—Linda Chesis, Patricia Harper, and Alexandra Hawley—will perform works by Lennox Berkeley, Eldin Burton, and Robert Muczynski. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Feb. 16 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Eva Marton—The soprano, currently in self-imposed exile from the Metropolitan Opera because of a difference of opinion about casting, will appear in recital just yards from the Met's front door, singing arias by Wagner, Strauss, Verdi, Boito, Mascagni, and Puccini; assisted by the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Julius Rudel conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 16 at 7:30.)

Goliard Concerts—Betty Allen, who distinguished herself as a mezzo-soprano before taking the helm of the Harlem School of the Arts and achieving eminence as an advocate for the arts, narrates Poulenc's melodrama, "The Story of Babar," to piano accompaniment by Brian Zeger. The concert also includes Britten's "Canticle II" and Arensky's Piano Trio, Op. 32. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 16 at 7:30.)

David Carroll

Alban Berg String Quartet—The Vienna-based ensemble will perform Haydn's "Bird" Quartet (Op. 33, No. 3), Janáček's Second Quartet ("Intimate Pages"), and Brahms' A-Minor Quartet. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Feb. 19 at 8.)

Paul Green—Clarinettist, assisted by pianist Carol Archer and other chamber musicians, plays works by Mozart, Martinů, Robert Muczynski, and Schumann, as well as jazz selections. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Neil Young—We've just had a great couple of years from Neil Young, who has been playing loud, raw, unsafe rock music in peak form. Now it's time for another one of his characteristic switch-backs. He's giving his battered eardrums a rest by playing acoustic music again, and a followup to his best-selling record, "Harvest," is on its way. ("Harvest" is often misremembered as the epitome of early-seventies mellow, but it's actually as piercing and sad and indefinably deranged as most of the rest of his output.) Young can seem a little dopey in this countrified-folkie mode, but he can almost always be counted on to subvert his own prettiness and offer up disturbing, naked beauty. Lately, he's been close to Dylan at the height of his powers, like Lennon at his fiercest, like a one-man Band, and just about the best we have. Pray for new songs. (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 13-15 and Feb. 17-19 at 8.)

Syd Straw—This downtown rock chanteuse provided evocative, commanding vocals for a mid-eighties edition of the Golden Palominos and then moved to Los Angeles and recorded an outstanding album, "Surprise," which featured an eye-popping crowd of brilliant guest musicians. It was one of the best records of 1989, but it went nowhere. She's back in New York, unbowed, and will be performing a Valentine's Day song list for this show. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Feb. 14 at 8.)

David Carroll—This talented actor and singer, whose Broadway roles have included Anatoly in "Chess" and Baron Felix von Geigern in "Grand Hotel," makes his solo concert début as part of the 92nd Street Y's Cabaret on Carnegie Hill series. Several of Carroll's leading ladies will also perform. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Feb. 15 at 8.)

"Not Just Jazz"—Women of the Calabash, the Wild Magnolias, and Kanza. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 14 at 8.)

Susan Osborn and Ralf Illenberger—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Feb. 14 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Tito Puente—With Celia Cruz, José Alberto, Millie P., and others. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 15 at 7.)

Alec Wilder Tribute—A concert by Barbara Lea, Wes McAfee, John Harmon, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 15 at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Leny Andrade and Joyce—Town Hall. Feb. 15 at 8.

Steve Elson and the Lips and Fingers Ensemble—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 17 at 8.

"Face the Music"—Presenting composer Joan Tower's "Wings for Solo Clarinet" (played by David Krakauer), choreographer Donald Byrd's "Duet/Drastic Cuts" (danced by Ruthlyn Salomons and Michael Blake; with music by Mio Morales), and composer Muhal Richard Abrams' "Improvisations" (performed by Mr. Abrams, Leroy Jenkins, and Lindsey Horner). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Feb. 18 at 8.)

The Cult—With Lenny Kravitz. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 19 at 8.)

Zeena Parkins and Tatsu Aoki—Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. Feb. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Mississippi Blues Festival—Feb. 14 at 8: Jack Owens & Bud Spires, Lonnie Pitchford, and the Eddie (Guitar) Burns blues band. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: Othar Turner's Rising Star Fife & Drum Band, R. L. Burnside, and the Jelly Roll Kings. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Feb. 12 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Feb. 14 at 7;30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Feb. 17 at 1:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Feb. 15 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Feb. 17 at 2:05.

Devils—Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Feb. 13 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Feb. 15 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Feb. 16 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Feb. 18 at 7:35.

Knicks—Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Sacramento Kings, Feb. 18. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Feb. 19. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Park Plans—Students from five graduate schools of design have sketched proposals for what to do with the acreage by the Hudson River from 59th to 72nd Streets, which the city, the state, and the Donald have all agreed should become some sort of park. The drawings will be on display daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, through the end of February at the Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. No admission charge.

Bulb Show—Tulips, hyacinths, lilies, narcissi, and azaleas at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 4. Through Feb. 23.

Half Moon Sword—Sponsoring a weekend festival of twelve English-sword-dancing teams. The public can see the groups at, among other places, Penn Station (Feb. 15 at 9:30 A.M.) and Grand Central (Feb. 15 at 4:30). No tickets necessary.

Readings—Feb. 13 at 7: Caleb Carr reads from his new novel. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 8: Spalding Gray reads from his own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: James Fenton reads from his own poetry. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-0905.). . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 7: Maxine Kumin and Reed Whittemore read from their own poetry. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 7: Allen Kurzweil reads from his new novel. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6:30: Matthew Broderick, Roxanne Hart, and Paul Hecht read stories by Marvin Elkoff, Mary Hood, and Max Steele. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Panel Discussion—Arthur Danto talks about criticism. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Feb. 19 at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Walks—Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring: A Valentine's Day affair, in which participants walk by the sites of famous courtings and heartbreaks, Feb. 14 at 6:30, and a stroll along 42nd St., Feb. 16 at 3. For reservations, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ Sponsored by Citywalks: A tour of Greenwich Village, Feb. 15 at 1, and a promenade around the downtown area, Feb. 16 at 1. For information about tickets, call 989-2456.

Memoranda—The Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, Feb. 10-11, at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000. . . . ¶ 7th Regiment Armory Antiques Show (Park Ave. at 66th St.): Feb. 14, from 4 to 9; Feb. 15, from noon to 9; and Feb. 16-17, from noon to 6. . . . ¶ Celebrate Valentine's Day with a voodoo ceremony, led by Haitian drummer Frisner Augustin, at the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 14 at 8. . . . ¶ Presidents' Day will be observed on Feb. 17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Black Robe" (†). From Feb. 14: "Black Robe" (†) and "Madame Bovary" (†).

Theatre 2: "Love Crimes" (directed by Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin; and "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.

Theatre 3: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.

Theatre 4: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix, Keanu Reeves, James Russo, and William Richert.

Theatre 5: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 13: "Madame Bovary" (†). From Feb. 14: "Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

"Rocco and His Brothers" (1961, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Alain Delon.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Theatre 2: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Theatre 3: "Naked Lunch" (†).

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 13: "Alan & Naomi" (Sterling VanWagenen), with Lukas Haas. From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 4: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 6: "High Heels" (†).

Theatre 7: "JFK" (†).

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"The Lunatic" (Lol Creme).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Inner Circle" (†).

Theatre 3: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.

Theatre 4: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).

Theatre 5: "Father of the Bride" (†).

Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 7: Through Feb. 13: "Paris Is Burning" (Jennie Livingston), a documentary; and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron). From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Cinema Village 3rd Avenue, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

"Let Him Have It" (†); and "Strangers in Good Company" (Cynthia Scott).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 2: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Theatre 3: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden); with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin.

Theatre 4: "Freejack" (†).

Theatre 5: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Theatre 6: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Father of the Bride" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 13: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco. From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson). From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 3: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Prince of Tides" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin. From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Grand Canyon" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Feb. 13: "Alan & Naomi" (Sterling VanWagenen), with Lukas Haas.

From Feb. 14: "Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler and James Caan.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Rush" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet), with Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary-Louise Parker, and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Theatre 2: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.

Theatre 2: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Hard Promises" (Martin Davidson), with Sissy Spacek and William Petersen.

Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 3: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 4: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.

Theatre 5: "Naked Lunch" (†).

Theatre 6: "Cape Fear" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (Hector Babenco), with Tom Berenger.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Freejack" (†). From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 2: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"JFK" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).

Theatre 2: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 2: "Freejack" (†).

Theatre 3: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 13: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin. From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 13: "Hard Promises" (Martin Davidson), with Sissy Spacek and William Petersen. From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 7: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.

Theatre 2: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 18: "Thank You and Goodnight!" (1990, directed by Jan Oxenberg). From Feb. 19: "Step Across the Border" (1990, Nicolas Humbert and Werner Penzel).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "35 Up" (Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet), with Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary-Louise Parker, and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).

Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).

Theatre 3: "Life Is Sweet" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 13: "Rhapsody in August" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Richard Gere. From Feb. 14: "Romeo and Julia" (Kevin Kaufman).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.

Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Theatre 3: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet), with Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary-Louise Parker, and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Theatre 4: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 5: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 13: "Fried Green Tomatoes." From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 7: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 8: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Theatre 9: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "Rush" (†). From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Theatre 3: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves.

Theatre 2: "Life Is Sweet" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (Terry Gilliam), with Robin Williams and Jeff Bridges.

Theatre 4: "Rush" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Black Robe" (†).

Theatre 6: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Inner Circle" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Naked Lunch" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
Theatre 2: "Madame Bovary" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Kafka" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jeremy Irons.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"JFK" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Grand Canyon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Voyager" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Sam Shepard, Julie Delpy, and Barbara Sukowa.
Theatre 2: "High Heels" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet), with Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary-Louise Parker, and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson), with Omar Epps. From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere, Kim Basinger, Uma Thurman, and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 3: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).
Theatre 4: "Freejack" (†).
Theatre 5: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 6: "Bugsy" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "Rush" (†). From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 2: "Freejack" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Final Analysis" (directed by Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere, Kim Basinger, Uma Thurman, and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 5: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
Theatre 6: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin.
Theatre 7: "Into the Sun" (Fritz Kiersch), with Anthony Michael Hall and Michael Paré.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Father of the Bride" (†). From Feb. 14: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, and Christopher Lloyd; and "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.

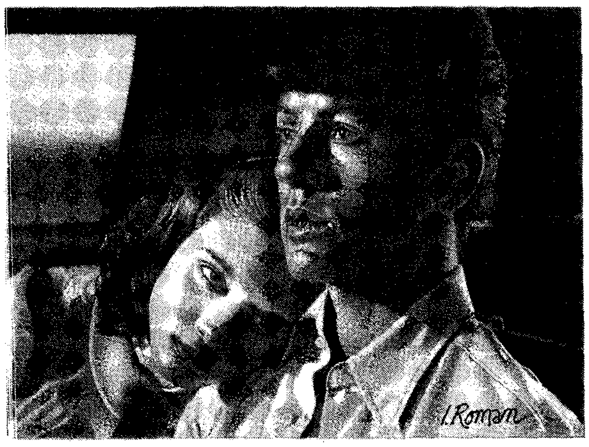
Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 13: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson), with Omar Epps. From Feb. 14: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, Rob Lowe, Tia Carrere, Brian Doyle-Murray, and Lara Flynn Boyle.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
From Feb. 14: "L'Atalante" (1934, directed by Jean Vigo; in French), with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, Michel Simon, and Louis Lefèvre.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 11: "Cape Fear" (†); and "Raging Bull" (1980, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
Feb. 12-13: "Shanghai Blues" (1984, Tsui Hark; in Chinese, with English and Chinese subtitles) and "Boat People" (1982, Ann Hui; in Chinese).
Feb. 14-15: "Rouge" (1988, Stanley Kwan; in Chinese) and "A Chinese Ghost Story" (1987, Ching Siu-Tung; in Chinese).



Cathy O'Donnell and Farley Granger in "They Live By Night"

Feb. 16-17: "Father and Son" (1981, Allen Fong; in Chinese) and "City on Fire" (1987, Ringo Lam; in Chinese).
Feb. 18-19: "Chicken and Duck Talk" (1988, Clifton Ko; in Chinese) and "Encounter of the Spooky Kind" (1980, Samo Hung; in Chinese).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Feb. 11: "Hollywood Cavalcade" (1939, Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Buster Keaton; and short films with Keaton and Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle.
Feb. 12-16: "The General" (1926, Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), with Keaton and Marion Mack; and three short Keaton films.
Feb. 17: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966, Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton; and "The Misadventures of Buster Keaton" (1955).
Feb. 18-19: A program of Buster Keaton television appearances; and short films by Keaton from the early forties.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 10: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "My Life to Live" (1962, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
Feb. 11: "To Catch a Thief" (1955, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Grace Kelly; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967, Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.
Feb. 12: "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" (1940, John Cromwell), with Raymond Massey, Gene Lockhart, and Ruth Gordon; and "Wilson" (1944, Henry King), with Alexander Knox.
Feb. 13: "Charade" (1963, Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn; and "Arabesque" (1966, Donen), with Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren.
Feb. 14-15: "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945, Hitchcock), with Bergman and Gregory Peck.
Feb. 16: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Feb. 17: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977, Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
Feb. 18: "Ministry of Fear" (1944, Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (†).
Feb. 19: "Goldfinger" (1964, Guy Hamilton) and "From Russia with Love" (1964, Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Feb. 11 at 2:30: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946, directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Niven, Kim Hunter, Raymond Massey, and Roger Livesey. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 3 and 6 and Feb. 15-17 at 2:30 and 5: Six different programs of short films from Latin America. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6: "Pigeons" (1971, John Dexter), with Jordon Christopher and Jill O'Hara. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30 and Feb. 18 at 6: "Broken Journey" (1948, Ken Annakin), with Phillis Calvert, Margot Grahame, and Francis L. Sullivan. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3 and 6: "Stop the Church" (1990, Robert Hilferty) and "Son of Sam and Delilah" (1991, Charles Atlas), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 6 and Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Burn 'em Up Barnes" (1921, George Andre Beranger and Johnny Hines; silent), with Hines and George Fawcett. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30 and Feb. 16 at 5: "Lust in the Dust" (1984, Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter, Divine, and Lainie Kazan. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 3 and 6:30: "The Passing" (1991, Bill Viola). Mr. Viola will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6 and Feb. 16 at 2: "Passages from Finnegans Wake" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2 and Feb. 17 at 5: "Talk Radio" (1988, Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian, Ellen Greene, and Alec Baldwin. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5 and Feb. 17 at 2: "Jonathan" (1969, Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 10 at 2 and Feb. 11 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941, Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 3:45 and 6:15 and Feb. 11 at 2: "Messidor" (1979, Alain Tanner; in French). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8:45, Feb. 11 at 6, Feb. 12 at 2, and Feb. 13 at 8: "The Restless Conscience: Resistance to Hitler Within Germany 1933-1944" (1991, Hava Kohav Beller). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2, Feb. 14 at 6 and 10:15, and Feb. 15 at 10:15: "They Live by Night" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 4 and 6 and Feb. 14 at 2: "Light Years Away" (1980, Tanner), with Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 4 and 8 and Feb. 16 at 7: "In the White City" (1983, Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English), with Bruno Ganz. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2 and 8:15: "Wild River" (1960, Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 4 and 6:15: "No Man's Land" (1985, Tanner; in French). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2 and 9 and Feb. 17 at 4:45: "A Flame in My Heart" (1987, Tanner; in French). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 4:15, Feb. 17 at 7, and Feb. 18 at 4: "Union Maids" (1977, Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu) and "With Babies and Banners: Story of a Women's Emergency Brigade" (1979, Lorraine Grey), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2 and 9 and Feb. 18 at 6: "Bound for Glory" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 8:45 and Feb. 19 at 3:45: "The Phantom Valley" (1987, Tanner; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2 and 6: "Native Land" (1942, Leo Hurwitz and Paul Strand), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 7:45: "The Woman from Rose Hill" (1989, Tanner, in French).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A Dennis Potter retrospective. Feb. 13 at 5:30, Feb. 14 at 6, and Feb. 15-16 at 2:30: "Blue Remembered Hills" (1979, BBC), with Helen Mirren, Colin Welland,

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Robin Ellis, and Michael Elphick; and "Cream in My Coffee" (1980, London Weekend Television), with Lionel Jeffries and Peggy Ashcroft.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Feb. 15 at 2: "House Party" (1990, Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid, Robin Harris, Christopher Martin, and Martin Lawrence. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 4:30 and Feb. 18 at 1:30: "Hangin' with the Homeboys" (1991, Joseph B. Vasquez), with Doug E. Doug. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30 and Feb. 19 at 1:30: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich). . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 1:30: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy), with Donald Sutherland, Janet Suzman, Jurgen Prochnow, Zakes Mokae, Susan Sarandon, and Marlon Brando.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 12 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Uranus" (1990, Claude Berri; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, Michel Blanc, Gérard Desarthe, Gérard Depardieu, and Daniel Prevost.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"La Indirecta Directa: Two Decades of Chicano and Puerto Rican Film and Video": Feb. 11 at 2 and 6:15 and Feb. 12-16 at 2: "Border Brujo" (1990, Isaac Artenstein, in English, Spanish, Caló, and Nahuatl) and two short films.

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—Feb. 13 at 6:30: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (see page 20.)

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—Feb. 17 at 7:30: "La Dolce Vita" (1960, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

IN BRIEF

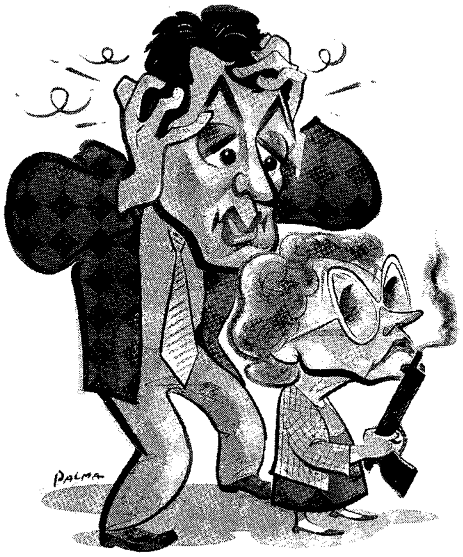
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Beauty and the Beast—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantel clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Guild. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema; through Feb. 13, matinées only.)

Black Robe—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tantoo Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/18/91.) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Bound for Glory (1976)—As the singer-composer-writer Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives this Hal Ashby film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). The film has a feeling for detail—the matching profiles of two young Baez-like sisters in a squatters' camp, Carradine's lived-in, seat-sprung pants. There's real love in Ashby's staging of the incidents, and a unifying romanticism. Though the story doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar and it bogs down in backward and forward movement and it's filled in with woozy generalities—this is an absorbing and impressive piece of work. With Melinda Dillon as Mary Guthrie and also as Memphis Sue, and Lee McLaughlin as the fat man who has newsreels going in his head. Ashby deploys huge numbers of extras—nine hundred were used in the camp sequences, and nobody looks anachronistic—yet two of the principals stick out every time they turn up. As a singer-organizer who recruits Guthrie to work for the union, Ronnie Cox beams with a Scoutmaster's fervor, and as an all too symbolic member of the working masses, Randy Quaid is like a stock-company peasant. It's also regrettable that the tautness of Carradine's singing voice is betrayed by the Leonard Rosenman score, which uses conventional instrumentation on Woody Guthrie themes. The script, based on Guthrie's (highly readable) autobiography, is by Robert Getchell; however, Ashby and his editor, Robert C. Jones, wrote the explicit, messagey material of the latter part.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 17-18.)



Sylvester Stallone and Estelle Getty in "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot"

Bugsy—This opulent period gangster movie, written by James Toback and directed by Barry Levinson, is largely a showcase for the old-fashioned star magnetism of Warren Beatty, who plays the legendary Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. The screenplay portrays Bugsy as a charming, mercurial psychopath with a rather touching taste for glamour; it concentrates on the last few years of the hero's life, when he became a Hollywood celebrity and built the first hotel-casino in Las Vegas. He's a vivid, unpredictable, one-of-a-kind guy, and the filmmakers seem to realize that they can't take their eyes off him for a second. Siegel is a fascinating monster; we don't want to take our eyes off him, either. This is a rich role for Beatty, and he tears into it hungrily. It's the best kind of star performance: Beatty seems entirely himself, but in a new way. He's ferociously, mesmerizingly funny. Annette Bening plays Bugsy's lover, the tough, wily, independent-minded mob courtesan Virginia Hill, and she more than holds her own in her scenes with the star. And the movie is filled with pungent, memorable supporting performances. Ben Kingsley brings a surprisingly dry, elegant sense of comic timing to his portrait of sober Meyer Lansky (one of the hero's partners in the New York mob). Harvey Keitel, as Mickey Cohen, Bugsy's right-hand man in Los Angeles, spits out his profane lines as if they were live firecrackers. Elliott Gould plays the tiny role of Harry Greenberg, an aging, flabby mob schlemiel, and he's absolutely inspired; he plays this dazed character as a Willy Loman who has wandered too far from the old territory. Despite its lavish surface, this is essentially a movie of small, lovingly crafted pleasures. It's smart, swanky fun.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

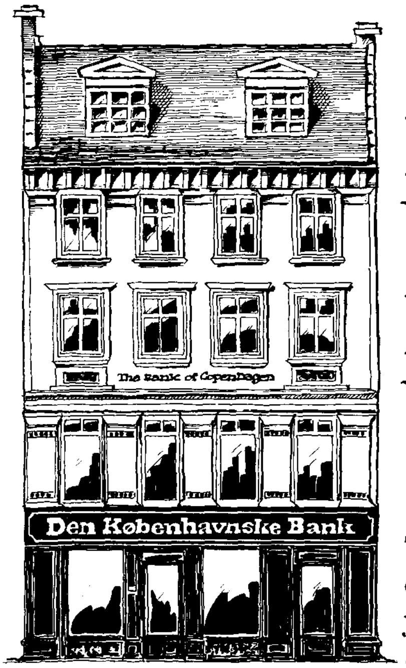
Cape Fear—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original. But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks. It's Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 11.)

The Fallen Idol (1948)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of an eight-year-old boy (Bobby Henrey), the son of the French ambassador to England, to protect the embassy butler, Baines (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. The plot is just about perfect, and there are two wonderful parallel episodes, when the child attempts to impart vital information, which two sets of adults ignore because they think he's just prattling nonsense. There are terrifying, tense moments, too; the whole movie is very cleverly worked out. Maybe it's too deliberate, though, with its stylized lighting and its rigid pacing—you wait an extra beat between the low-key lines of dialogue. It's too deliberate and too hushed to be much fun. It's a polite thriller—which is close to a contradiction in terms. And the key characters—the decent Baines and the typist (Michéle Morgan) whom he loves—are too ordinary, too controlled, too nice. They're unexciting people. The child actor, however, is wonderfully jittery and intelligent. (Carol Reed had a way with child performers.) And as the unhappy Mrs. Baines, the embassy housekeeper who's a malignant disciplinarian with the child, Sonia Dresdel is really good at evil; she brings the film something out of the ordinary—something clammy and horrible. Greene based the screenplay on his short story "The Basement Room"; cinematography by Georges Périnal.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 18.)

Father of the Bride—This scene-by-scene remake, with Steve Martin in the Spencer Tracy role of the father racking up debts to give his daughter a big marital sendoff, is less credible and crunchy than the 1950 Vincente Minnelli production. The story was always just a mildly satirical ode to middle-class patriarchy and the idea of Daddy's Little Girl (Elizabeth Taylor then, Kimberly Williams now). But Minnelli knew how to use Tracy's weathered mug and stout, combative stance to get laughs and to suggest real experience. The old movie has a plush-covered deadpan. The Disney/Touchstone update, by the team of Charles Shyer and Nancy Meyers (he directs, they co-wrote), is sappier and sillier. Martin doesn't only play straight, he plays square. (For those who loved him in "Parenthood," here's "Daddyhood.") He turns into a scowler, while Diane Keaton, as his wife, is a beamer. She switches from high beams to low beams, and sometimes gets stuck in between. The Shyer/Meyers additions explain or fudge the retro material: Martin is a conservative sneaker manufacturer who brags that his town hasn't changed in twenty-five years; Williams shoots hoops and vows that she won't become a fifties housewife. Still, the movie peddles expensive nostalgia. Martin Short is surprisingly wearisome as a wedding coordinator.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Gramercy, Sutton, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Feb. 13.)

Freejack—This time-hopping and time-wasting adventure stars Emilio Estevez as a race-car driver and Mick Jagger as the high-tech body snatcher who plucks Estevez out of a car wreck and sends him eighteen years into the future. The supposedly brain-dead Estevez is meant to supply the host body for the mind of an aging oligarch. Instead, Estevez regains consciousness and becomes a "freejack," pursued by Jagger's bounty hunters and a megacorporation belonging to Anthony Hopkins. There's no imaginative skulduggery. The action is rooted in executive-suite chicanery involving Hopkins' favorite employee, Rene Russo, who happens to be the racer's former lover, and Hopkins' second-in-command (Jonathan Banks). Robert Sheckley's source novel, "Immortality, Inc.," is just an amusing futuristic farrago, but at least it runs the gamut of afterlife theories. The script (by Steven Pressfield, Ronald Shusett, and Dan Gilroy) does little more than make Estevez run the gauntlet. The director, Geoff Murphy ("Utu"), tries to enliven the film with broad supporting caricatures, including David Johansen as Estevez's slimy manager and Amanda Plummer as a foul-talking sister—a literal blue nun. Jagger provides the only real kick. He delivers two prime pieces of sarcasm with stunning naturalness, as if he'd thought of them himself. Given the rest of the dialogue, he probably did.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Feb. 13.)

Grand Canyon—Or, the self-importance of being earnest. Kevin Kline plays an L.A. immigration lawyer who lives as comfortably as a hot entertainment lawyer; Danny Glover plays the tow-truck driver who rescues Kline when his car conks out in a rough black section of the city. Kline plots to repay his savior by moving Glover's sister to a better neighborhood and fixing Glover up with Alfre Woodard. Meanwhile, Kline's wife (Mary McDonnell) surges with maternal ardor when she finds a babe in the shrubbery. The



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director, Lawrence Kasdan, who co-wrote the script with his wife, Meg, pretends to confront the chaos of contemporary urban life: free-floating anger and violence, racial abrasions, the fragility of family bonds. But he keeps breaking the characters' falls with mystical whoopee cushions—a blend of enriched-white-bread comedy and New Age uplift. By the end of the movie, Kline can do no wrong; even the secretary he once slept with (Mary-Louise Parker) lands on her feet. “Grand Canyon” is a liberal soap opera: it manufactures biodegradable suds. Steve Martin provides a few tart moments as a producer of violent action films, but Kasdan punishes the character by shooting him in the knee.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle—This vengeful-nanny thriller has a catchy ad campaign: “Trust is her weapon. Innocence her opportunity. Revenge her only desire.” The filmmakers, too, go after the trusting and innocent, but their desire is to make a killing at the box office. The twenty-eight-year-old screenwriter, Amanda Silver, spells out everything as if for the intelligence-impaired. Annabella Sciorra plays Claire, a devoted wife, mother, and, yes, botanist who blows the whistle on a lascivious gynecologist, catalyzing his suicide. Rebecca De Mornay is Peyton, the bad doctor's widow, who loses her own child and lies her way into Claire's nursery. And Ernie Hudson is the heroic, mentally challenged handyman who is wise with children: his name, of course, is Solomon. (Claire's husband, Michael, played by Matt McCoy, is a nonentity.) With its banal, docile household threatened by an enemy within., the film is like “The Stepfather” without wit or irony. De Mornay's Peyton gets off one campy verbal swipe at Solomon that's sure to be a favorite at high-school study halls, but Julianne Moore, as Michael's first love and Claire's friend, gives the performance of the movie. She's coiled and out there, like an exposed spring. She's also funny; she makes spikiness likable. Curtis Hanson directed, impersonally.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse—Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper directed this engulfing, brilliantly crafted documentary about the disaster-strewn production of Francis Ford Coppola's “Apocalypse Now.” But much of the credit should go to Eleanor Coppola, Francis's wife, who shot sixty hours of behind-the-scenes footage on location in the Philippines, caught her husband's haywire visionary mood swings on audiotape, and, in addition to joining the ranks of the interviewees, reads portions of her journal, “Notes.” Her camerawork and prose have an unadorned limpidity. They provide refreshing counterpoint to the grandiose rhetoric of her husband's attempt to relocate Conrad's “Heart of Darkness” in a Vietnam War adventure story. Bahr and Hickenlooper present the extraordinary spectacle of a filmmaker at the peak of his clout, banking everything on his ability to pull inspiration out of the fire, and getting scorched. While enduring the dismissal of one lead actor, the heart attack of his replacement, a ruinous typhoon, and a constant struggle with the script, Coppola keeps insisting that his experiences will enrich his movie. Bahr and Hickenlooper support Coppola's point of view. Their film is less important for its debatable conclusion (that Coppola achieved artistic success) than for its depiction of the delusionary power of filmmaking. This movie, not “Apocalypse Now,” is about what happened to Coppola in the jungle, and here he becomes a spellbinding tragic hero.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

High Heels—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie is featherweight postmodern camp. It's chic entertainment for the fashion-conscious, and it's even constructed like a designer's runway show—this season's collection of naughty notions and candy-colored visual conceits from the House of Almodóvar. As usual, he's trying to combine giddy farce with steamy, over-the-top melodrama. The main characters are a television newscaster named Rebeca (Victoria Abril) and her mother, the flamboyant singer-actress Becky del Páramo (Marisa Paredes). They're the prime suspects in the murder of Rebeca's caddish husband (Feodor Atkine), who is a former lover of Becky's. The movie also features several parodic musical numbers, a subplot involving a female impersonator called Femme Lethal (Miguel Bosé), and a tearjerker ending in which mother and daughter reconcile. The picture's comic inventiveness lacks a unifying idea, an overriding joke. One thing is about as good as another, and nothing is quite good enough. And Almodóvar's filmmaking audacity isn't as bracing as it used to be: it feels trivial. There's no urgency in his perversity here, no challenge in his dissonant effects, no real tension in his wildly intricate plot. This movie is the expression of a personality rather than a sensibility. Also with Mairata Obisiedo, who does a brief, hilarious turn as a police detective's hypochondriacal mother. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Lincoln Plaza.)

James Cagney's genius lay in movement. When he was tripping the light fantastic or shooting up the town, this former vaudeville dancer had split-second control. Whether in the pink of youth or sporting a sizable middle-age paunch, he would strut and gyrate as if he were a marionette pulling his own strings—a punk Pinocchio with kapow. Imagine a wire running from his rump through his neck, giving his torso and head a swivelling motion and letting his feet tap and hands dangle, and you've got the basic Cagney posture for both dance and destruction. He made that posture infinitely flexible. In his 1942 George M. Cohan biopic, “Yankee Doodle Dandy” (playing February 13, at the New-York Historical Society), it allowed him to tap like a percussion team and to fly like Peter Pan—all over the stage, and even up the proscenium walls.

He won his only Academy Award for his characterization of Cohan. He stuffed the part with exuberance, freshness, and cock-of-the-walk wit—and funnelled all that into his phenomenally visceral and graceful dancing. He created a Horatio Alger hero with chutzpah—a wisecracker and flag-waver rolled into one. In some ways, Cohan was the fulfillment of the rough-and-ready, likable go-getters Cagney had already fleshed out (in films like “G-Men” and the aptly titled “Great Guy”) as a change of pace from his hardened criminals. What puts across Cagney's inspired showboating as Cohan is the glee he takes in performing. His acting here is a form of controlled euphoria; fifty years after “Yankee Doodle Dandy” premièred, Cagney still blows audiences sky-high.

Hook—Steven Spielberg's film means to give a contemporary spin to J. M. Barrie's classic “Peter Pan.” The movie is a failure in almost every way, but it's unmistakably of our time: its lack of conviction and its panicky eagerness to please are depressingly up-to-the-minute. The script, by Jim V. Hart and Malia Scotch Marmo, presents Peter Pan as a grown-up American family man named Peter Banning (Robin Williams). Banning, a yuppie corporate lawyer, has no idea that he was ever Peter Pan, and he's so wrapped up in making money that he neglects his wife and kids. The movie contrives to send him back to Neverland, where he rediscovers his former identity and does battle with his old nemesis, Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). The filmmakers use up their energy and our patience in scattershot attempts to appeal to every conceivable audience. The whole sorry spectacle turns out to be a kind of self-help fairy tale, an illustrated lecture on finding the inner child. The picture is full of special-effects “magic,” but the tricks feel strained; we're constantly aware of the anxiety and the backbreaking effort it's taking to produce them, and that's no kind of magic at all. The movie seems drenched in flop sweat. In this version of “Peter Pan,” the imagination feels like a burden—a terrible, crushing obligation. Also with Maggie Smith, Julia Roberts, Bob Hoskins, Dante Basco, Caroline Goodall, Charlie Korsmo, and Amber Scott. The running time is two hours and fifteen minutes.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Loews Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center.)

The Inner Circle—Hoping to pin the blame for Stalinism on the unthinking masses, the director, Andrei Konchalovsky, and his co-writer, Anatoli Usov, mistakenly rest an epic-scale movie on a straw man: Ivan Sanshin (Tom Hulce), the dictator's personal projectionist. Both sheepish and sheeplike, Ivan the Fallible buys every official explanation for Stalin's purges and security checks, and radiates joy whenever the regime tosses a few crusts his way. Too bad we don't get to see him project “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”; Konchalovsky and Hulce must have modelled Ivan after Dopey. Compared to Ivan, nearly every other character comes off as a Trotsky or a Shostakovich, so the antihero's wall-eyed optimism registers like an aberration rather than a symptom. Bob Hoskins, who plays the security boss Beria, and Lolita Davidovich, who plays Ivan's long-suffering wife, bring the film a sprinkle of wit and complexity. In a prickly scene of seduction and betrayal, they give Konchalovsky's otherwise clobbered audience the pleasure of feeling more than one emotion at a time.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Loews Festival.)

JFK—Oliver Stone's movie means to demonstrate that the assassination of John F. Kennedy was not the act of a disturbed Marxist loner named Lee Harvey Oswald but the result of a vast, complex right-wing conspiracy. The screenplay, by Stone and Zachary Sklar, packs an extraordinary amount of assassination lore into three hours and eight minutes; it also includes a ton of speculative material about governmental misconduct, and quite a few invented characters. The movie is a thick gumbo of truths, half-truths, unverifiable hypotheses, and pure rant, and Stone ladles it out indiscriminately. In essence, the conspiracy theory argued here amounts to a series of inferential leaps proceeding from a speculation (that J.F.K. was killed because he wanted to pull out of Vietnam and end the Cold War). It's all bombast and misdirection, like a courtroom summation by a lawyer who knows that he can't win on the evidence. Stone comes on like a fearless radical, but his attitude toward the audience is firmly in the Hollywood tradition: he tries to bypass the intellect and go straight for the gut. The picture plays like an endless episode of “America's Most Wanted.” Its hysterical manner and its slipshod handling of the facts actually have the effect of diminishing the credibility of the case for conspiracy. The clearest sounds we hear in this movie are those of Oliver Stone shooting himself in the foot. With Kevin Costner as New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, Sissy Spacek as his wife, Gary Oldman as Oswald, and an all-star cast of witnesses and conspirators: Tommy Lee Jones, Joe Pesci (an abominable performance), Donald Sutherland, Kevin Bacon, Jack Lemmon, Ed Asner, John Candy, Walter Matthau. Garrison himself does a brief turn as Chief Justice Warren.—T.R. (1/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews Columbus Circle.)

Let Him Have It—This British true-crime drama, directed by Peter Medak from a script by Neal Purvis and Robert Wade, has a satisfying gravity and solidity. Set in the early fifties, it tells the story of Derek Bentley (played here by Chris Eccleston), who at the age of nineteen, was executed for the murder of a policeman in South London. Derek, an epileptic and mildly retarded young man from a respectable middle-class family, didn't kill the cop; his sixteen-year-old friend Chris Craig (Paul Reynolds) was convicted of firing the fatal shot, but the prosecutors and the judge at the boys' trial convinced the jury that Derek had egged him on. The movie allows the terrible facts of the case to speak for themselves. The filmmakers keep our attention focussed on Derek and his anguished family; we see every stage of the action from the Bentleys' perspective, each cruel twist of fate in terms of its effects on them. The picture never seems abstract or tendentious; it's always grounded in something real. Medak's direction is sensitive and blessedly straightforward, and he does remarkable work with the actors. Eccleston is heartbreakingly convincing as Derek; Reynolds and Clare Holman (as the hero's sister) are very fine, too. But the movie's deepest pleasure is the performance of Tom Courtenay as Derek's father, William. Courtenay has become a miraculously pure and economical actor. Playing a soft-spoken, cautious, and rather reserved man, he's so vivid that by the end even the character's simplest gestures are eloquent. Also with Eileen Atkins, Tom Bell, Michael Gough, and Mark McGann. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Cinema Village 3rd Avenue.)

Life Is Sweet—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home- improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea and Timothy Spall.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Madame Bovary—Calling writer-director Claude Chabrol's adaptation of the Flaubert classic Masterpiece Theatre-style moviemaking is unfair to Masterpiece Theatre: the BBC mini-series starring Francesca Annis and Tom Conti had more humor, grit, and oomph. This is the Classics Illustrated comic-book version. In two hours and eight minutes, it trots through the central plot, conveying key dialogue, descriptions, and contrasts in linked vignettes and verbal bits that would fit into thought balloons. A narrator captions what the adapter fails to picture or dramatize. Isabelle Huppert is disastrous casting in the title role. Flaubert divulged Emma Bovary's oscillations via her eyes, but Huppert's less-than-divine orbs remain impassive even when she's supposed to be galvanizing. At one point, the narrator emphasizes the "hellish recklessness" and sensuality in Emma's gaze as she tries to compel her lover Leon (Lucas Belvaux) into committing embezzlement. Yet all we see is Huppert glaring at him with mercenary intent. It's as if Chabrol were banking that viewers will disregard the evidence of their own eyes. With Jean-François Balmer as Charles Bovary, Christophe Malavoy as Rodolphe Boulanger, and Jean Yanne as Monsieur Homais. In French.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Naked Lunch—David Cronenberg's movie isn't really an adaptation of William S. Burroughs' famous novel. It's more like a brisk and well-organized tour of Burroughs Country. The movie is content to pay homage to the novel; Cronenberg's screenplay is an attempt to imagine where this bizarre, unaccountable work of genius might have come from, to get inside the mind of a writer caught in the unnatural act of making literature. The hero is a gaunt, ghostly-looking junkie called William Lee (Peter Weller)—a name Burroughs often used to designate his fictional alter ego. And the primary setting is a place called Interzone, a fever-dream rendering of Tangier, where much of the novel was written. The movie amounts to an ingeniously constructed myth of literary inspiration. Weller plays Lee as a dazed automaton and a kind of mystic, and that interpretation is perfectly suited to the movie's image of the artist as the helpless medium of an obscure higher power. Cronenberg accounts for the birth of Burroughs' novel by turning the author into a strung-out St. John of the Cross. This picture is an amazingly tight, coherent piece of work, and it's often funny, but the argument is too tidy and hermetic. Essentially, Cronenberg has made a weird comedy about writing—a narrow, limited subject. The film's striking imagery and peculiar sensibility are surprisingly easy to shrug off. This is a control freak's portrait of a wild man. Also with Judy Davis, Ian Holm, Julian Sands, Michael Zelniker, Nicholas Campbell, and Roy Scheider. Cinematography by Peter Suschitzky. The score, by Howard Shore, features sax solos by Ornette Coleman.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

At Film Forum 2, Phil Silvers, Buster Keaton, Jack Gilford, and Zero Mostel in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum"

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Directed by Mary Ellen Bute; based on the play version by Mary Manning.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Feb. 14 and 16.)

The Prince of Tides—Barbra Streisand's film, adapted from Pat Conroy's 1986 novel, is a big, earnest psychoanalytic soap opera. It's a story in which people come to terms with their past, make peace with the demons that have haunted them since childhood, learn how to let go of the "dysfunctional" emotional patterns inflicted on them by their parents, and become sensitive, caring human beings. Streisand treats this banal material affectionately, even reverently, but it plays better on the screen than it does on the page. Her direction is smooth and canny, and she has distilled the novel to its corn-based essence. But the fumes of the book's terrible ideas linger in the air. After a while, everything begins to feel predictable. Conroy's narrative method (he co-wrote the screenplay, with Becky Johnston) consists of establishing characters who embody common stereotypes, setting them in motion around each other, and then watching them follow the courses that he's mapped for them: his message is one of change and liberation, but his characters' orbits are fixed. As the soul-searching hero, Tom Wingo, Nick Nolte bears the weight of all the movie's ambitions, and, for the most part, he carries his burden with miraculous grace. Streisand plays a sympathetic New York psychiatrist and never seems to get the hang of the role, but most of the cast performs heroically: Blythe Danner, as Tom's wife, and Kate Nelligan, as his mother, are wonderful. This is an admirably scrupulous job of literary adaptation; it's the material that's dysfunctional. Also with Jeroen Krabbé, Jason Gould, Melinda Dillon, Brad Sullivan, and George Carlin. The appalling score is by James Newton Howard.—T.R. (1/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Rush—What a misnomer! Based on Kim Wozencraft's autobiographical novel about a Texas male-female narc team who cook evidence in more ways than one, this movie is a stone drag. With Jennifer Jason Leigh and Jason Patric skillfully imitating the ravages of addiction and withdrawal, it's basically an old-fashioned junkie drama. Even though the director, Lili Fini Zanuck, cast one of the wiliest actors from "Drugstore Cowboy," Max Perlich, as a dealer-turned-snitch, she didn't learn much from that movie. Zanuck doesn't convey the exhilaration and the jumping adrenaline that hook the protagonists. A canny group of actors play the bad guys, and they're better defined than the heroes—the rogues' gallery takes over the midway. It includes Special K McCray, who displays a dazzling, derisive chuckle as a black heroin honcho; William Sadler, who exudes psycho-killer ambience as a pusher of "blue ringers"; and the massive, stoic Gregg Allman, who's potently ambigious as a racketeer suspected of being the kingpin. Eric Clapton's virtuoso rock score advances the tension and the druggy romance more than the filmmakers or the stars do. The transparent Leigh acts out, the opaque Patric acts in, but these opposites don't attract. Screenplay by Peter Dexter.—M.S. (59th Street East Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema; through Feb. 13, evenings only.)

They Live by Night (1948)—Nicholas Ray made his début as a director with this near-hallucinatory, hardboiled, expressionist version of Edward Anderson's too little known 1937 novel "Thieves Like Us." The film—designed as a social tragedy— was ready for release in 1948 (under the title "The Twisted Road"), but R.K.O. apparently thought it lacking in entertainment values and shelved it; released in England, it became a critical and box-office success, and so the studio relented and opened it here, in 1949. A variation of such earlier Bonnie-and-Clyde, on-the-road movies as "You Only Live Once," it presents the girl, Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and her young escaped-convict lover, Bowie (Farley Granger), as doomed innocents, trying to escape the forces pursuing them, looking for a refuge where their baby can be born. Ray's tense choreographic staging and tightly framed compositions give the film a sensuous, nervous feeling of imminent betrayal. Yet this film-noir stylization, elegant in design terms and emotionally powerful, is also very simplistic; the movie suffers from metaphysical liberalism—social injustice treated as cosmic fatalism. With Jay C. Flippen and Howard Da Silva, as Bowie's bank-robber friends, Helen Craig, Ian Wolfe, and Marie Bryant. Script by Charles Schnee. (Robert Altman made another version of "Thieves Like Us," in 1974.)—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 13-15.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TWO thousand two hundred and sixty-seven United States soldiers remain unaccounted for in Indo-China, and, despite the lack of any concrete evidence, public-opinion polls consistently show that a majority of Americans believe many of them are still in captivity. We went down to Washington the other day to sit in on the hearings before the Senate Select Committee on P.O.W./M.I.A. Affairs—the latest and most thorough of several congressional inquiries into the matter. The committee's chairman, John Kerry, a liberal Democrat from Massachusetts, and its vice-chairman, Robert Smith, a conservative Republican from New Hampshire, are both Vietnam veterans, and both, from their separate perspectives, have said that the government has a lot to answer for in its handling of this complex and emotional issue.

The high point of the Senate committee's investigation came last November, when the head of the American P.O.W./M.I.A. office in Hanoi, Garnett Bell, testified. Bell, a former Special Forces noncommissioned officer who has been involved with the search for missing Americans for nearly twenty-five years, told the senators that perhaps ten Americans were left behind in Indo-China in 1973, when United States involvement ended, troops were withdrawn, and all prisoners were supposed to be exchanged. He did not substantiate what others have alleged, however—full-scale coverup and deliberate abandonment—and the man we were interested in hearing now was Jerry J. Mooney, one of the champions of the abandonment theory. Mooney believes not only that large numbers of American prisoners were left behind when the war ended but that many airmen with high-tech training were designated "M.B."—Moscow bound—and were taken away to disappear into the prison archipelago of the Soviet Union.

Mooney comes from the secret-intelligence world of the National Security Agency—the electronic-eavesdropping organization, whose operations are even more shrouded in secrecy than those of the C.I.A. Although he retired in 1977, he still speaks a military language that respectfully calls everybody "sir," and his testimony was at times so filled with technical jargon that the senators had to interrupt and ask for a translation. As he testified, his words seemed to lift a corner of a curtain hiding a world of cryptanalysis, military acronyms, and electronic intelligence devices. Ultimately, he evoked a vision of highly trained specialists in windowless rooms in Okinawa and Thailand, listening intently to enemy radio transmissions that described Americans being imprisoned and sometimes executed. Their computer tracking system had the haunting code name Songbird.

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AND
DRYERS
PEN

During his appearance before the committee, Mooney presented chilling details about Americans who had been captured alive—men whom the Pentagon had declared dead but whom he had "seen" later as they were taken prisoner. (People in Mooney's field often use the word "see" when they mean hear, perhaps because the images printed on their minds by the crackling radio intercepts are so vivid.) "I'm just the tip of the iceberg—the very, very small tip of the information that exists," he said. "You have to get beyond us, you have to get up to where the intelligence is interpreted and used for policy and politics."

Senator John McCain, of Arizona, who was shot down over Hanoi and spent five and a half years as a prisoner of war, began his cross-examination quietly and in a sympathetic voice. Picking up Mooney's sworn affidavit, he asked him about a statement he had made to the effect that the government was mounting a "covert or overt" effort to frighten him into silence.

"Yes, sir," Mooney said, and he proceeded to tell about frequent telephone threats, about how his house, in Wolf Point, Montana, had been broken into on "numerous occasions," and how his three lawnmowers were destroyed, because of "nails put into my grass." He said that he had been shot with pellets and "burned with lye, because of chemicals put on the inside of my clothes," and he told of bullets whistling over his shoulder.

McCain asked if Mooney had made formal complaints about those incidents, and Mooney replied that he had notified the police, and had complained to the telephone company about the threats and about strange noises on the line, but that nothing wrong could be found. He added that he did not trust the executive branch of the government.

Senator Kerry remarked that he himself had encountered government malfeasance, including bold-faced lies concerning United States activities in Central America, and added, "So I don't sit here totally incredulous about the potential for deception." And he pointed out that Mooney's service record was filled with commendations and decorations. But he also said that he found the affidavit "a little unsettling." He went on, "It kind of has a tone to it, and it has a kind of sense of persecution, or paranoia."

Not so, Mooney said. "None whatever."

In its hearings, the committee has been moving through a minefield of conflicting and sometimes contradictory testimony—from bereaved families, from State and Defense Department personnel, from field officers brought to Washington from Bangkok and Hanoi, and from Oleg Kalugin, the former K.G.B. counterintelligence chief, who said that the Soviets interrogated Americans in Vietnam long after they had supposedly been returned. The purpose of all this effort is, in Senator Kerry's words, to "lance the boil—to put the M.I.A. issue behind us"—and yet it seems unlikely that that will happen anytime soon. Mooney's testimony, however reliable, is symptomatic of feelings of "persecution or paranoia" that crop up constantly in both public and private discussions of Americans missing in Indo-China.

Conspiracy theories surrounding prisoners of war and soldiers missing in action in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia have produced at least as many books, films, and true believers as the assassination of John F. Kennedy has. But more than eight thousand men are still missing from the Korean War, and nearly ten times that number from the Second World War, and no comparable mystique has grown up about them, no Rambo movies have injected them into the public imagination, and no network of conspiracy buffs has come forward to weave intricate theories about their whereabouts. The lingering of the Indo-China P.O.W. / M.I.A. issue is in part, no doubt, a legacy of our having lost the war—grieving families are reluctant to accept that their loved ones died in a losing cause. But the issue may also be a legacy of how that war was conducted. Given that it was born in a deliberate deceit, the Gulf of Tonkin incident; that it was justified by means of false progress reports, and expanded by means of clandestine warfare in Laos and Cambodia; and that it ended with secret codicils to the Paris peace treaty, we should not be surprised that this country, even at the highest levels, cannot yet find a clear line between the truth and the falsehoods of the war and its aftermath.

•

IN a New York *Times*/CBS News poll, an unnamed Democrat beats President Bush. No *named* Democrat can make that statement. Fantastic! Why not elect **Unnamed Democrat?** Right here, right now. He's ready. He's waiting. He's prepared. Want to know more about him?

Unnamed Democrat has a wonderful 1955 Chevy with tan trim. Not one single Japanese part in it. **Unnamed Democrat** has three lovely children: **Dwight David Unnamed Democrat,** a girl; **Wendell Willkie Unnamed Democrat,** another girl; **B. Mandrell Unnamed Democrat,** a boy.

Unnamed Democrat has been married (and divorced) three times. There has never been a hint of an extramarital affair. His former wives are:

Sally Unnamed Democrat, a scrappy, apple-cheeked girl from Your Town, Tennessee. (Sally now runs Partners for an Educational Future, one of **Unnamed Democrat's** slush funds, and is firmly committed to **Unnamed Democrat's** vision for her future.)

Elizabeth Unnamed Democrat, a brisk New Englander from the family that owns the Mayflower Descendants chain of family restaurants. (Elizabeth, insiders think, may be a candidate for F.B.I. head; she now runs security for **Unnamed Democrat's** "media project.")

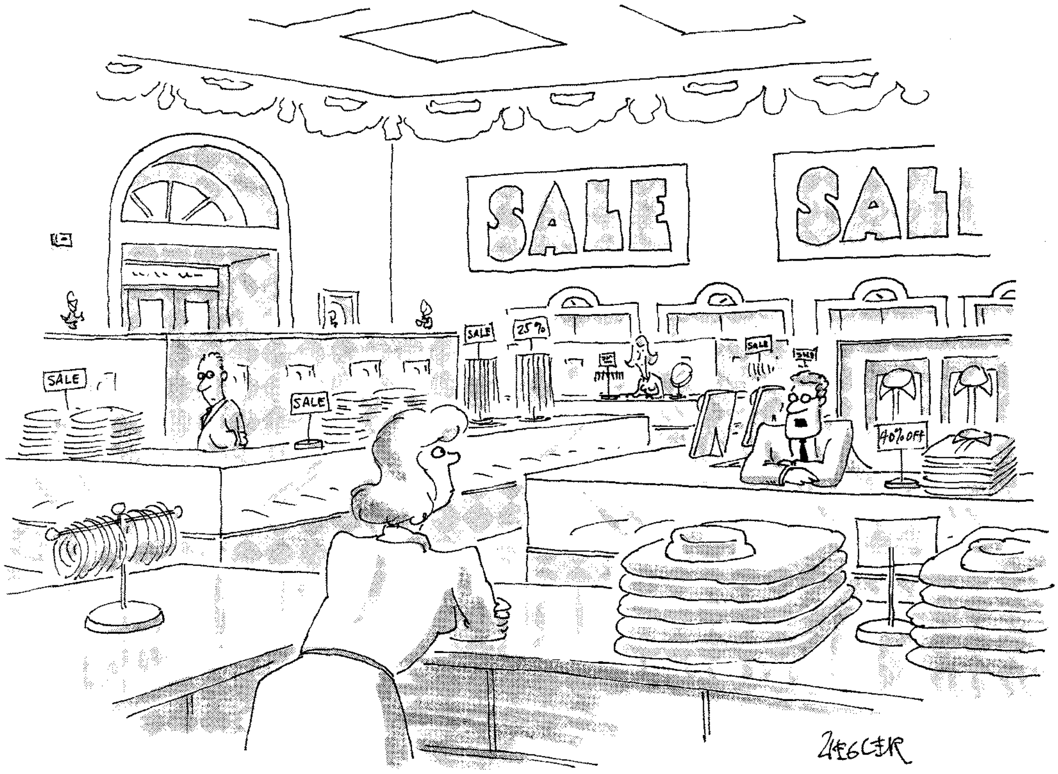
Sissy Almaranza Unnamed Democrat. Sissy runs ¿Cómo Está Usted?, a community-action slush fund with links to the Hispanic community. ¿Cómo Está Usted? is rumored to be leaning toward **Unnamed Democrat.**

Unnamed Democrat is vastly, vastly rich. Money to burn isn't an issue with **Unnamed Democrat.** The problem is the environmental impact of hauling away the ashes.

Unnamed Democrat's fortune comes from the **Unnamed Democrat Family Restaurant** cartel. Two cents out of every dollar spent on food in this country ends up at an **Unnamed Democrat Family Restaurant. Unnamed Democrat Family Restaurants** double as hospitals in many communities. As for health insurance, a customer is completely covered (with a deductible as low as fifty cents, depending on location) as soon as he or she sits down (and whether or not he or she actually orders food, consumes food, or pays the bill).

Unnamed Democrat is a talented sculptor. His moving representation of "Upward Mobility" is credited by many with bringing down the Berlin Wall. This, supporters say, makes up for his lack of experience in so-called foreign affairs, which **Unnamed Democrat** has referred to as Japanese affairs.

Unnamed Democrat has appeared as guest host on "A Current Affair," and is on a first-name basis with Steve Dunleavy. There is something charming and harmless about his gaffes and faiblesses. Really, one is shy about calling them mistakes as such. He cannot seem to get the hang of the way the name Schlesinger is pronounced—it comes out sounding like a crazy skiing accident or something down in the Disposall. His most famous "mistake" occurred while he was the champion on the syndicated game show "Jeopardy!" (where he reigned for an unprecedented twenty weeks, racking up a total of five hundred thousand six hundred and ten dollars, five Porsches, etc., etc.—all of which he needed like a hole in the head). Oddly enough, the category was "Democrats." It was the four-hundred-dollar answer (usually an easy one for him). The clue was "He designed Jackie Kennedy's pillbox hat." **Unnamed Democrat** said, "Who is John Kenneth Galbraith?" and then recovered and said, "Oh, no. John Kenneth Galbraith did her hair, not her hat." The fact is, of course, *Halston* designed Jackie Kennedy's pill-



"I think everybody bought everything they needed about three or four years ago."

box hat. Embarrassing for a Democrat not to know that. Still, it only cost **Unnamed Democrat** four hundred dollars, and he went on to win.

Many insiders aver that **Unnamed Democrat** has a unique and special relationship with **God.** This issue was first raised years ago, when a "seer"—a certain Myrna Calhoon Smith, from western Massachusetts—claimed to have evidence that **Unnamed Democrat Family Restaurants** were "God's Restaurants." Skeptics winced, but **Unnamed Democrat Family Restaurants** have done remarkably well, outperforming the market in every year since Myrna Smith's "testimony," and no one can say that the medical care isn't first-rate compared with what you get most places. **Unnamed Democrat** never went public about the special relationship between his restaurant chain and **God,** and chastised a manager (in Knox County, Ohio) who used the motto "God's Restaurants" on his menu, but the motto stuck, informally, and there is no doubt that **Unnamed Democrat** has access to the huge Biblical Inerrancy vote as a result. Insiders are quick to point out that while **Unnamed Democrat** does have "a unique and special relationship with **God,**" he does *not* claim to speak to **God** directly. **Unnamed Democrat,** these insiders say, talks to **God** through dead country superstar Patsy Cline.

Showing his usual savvy, **Unnamed Democrat** has decided not to call his dog and cat Gaffe and Faiblesse; he's leaving that to a named Democrat. His dog is named Woofster, and his cat is named Kitty.

• •

Russian Blues

YURI NAUMOV and his wife, Anna, have lived in New York City for a year and a half. They are two of about fifteen thousand Soviet émigrés who arrived here in 1990. Some of those émigrés left the Soviet Union in search of freedom from political uncertainty, some left in search of freedom from religious or social persecution, some left in search of better jobs. Yuri left in search of what for him is a more fundamental right: the right to sing the blues. As he puts it, "There was no stage in Siberia for such persons like I am." The problem, as Yuri and Anna are discovering, is that there is not necessarily a stage in America for such persons, either—not because they are not allowed to play but because Russian blues, sung with Russian lyrics, apparently have a limited appeal here. Yuri has not yet been discovered by any record-company scouts, but his virtuoso guitar playing has secured him a few steady gigs in the Village, and he has won for himself a small, loyal following, drawn as much to his quirky combination of earnestness, humor, and self-deprecation as to his technical skill. His fans cheer when he announces their favorite guitar solos, like "Standing Hard," "Hooligan Blues," and "Swinging Cat," and ballads like "Paralonovy Gorod" ("Foam City") and "Katafalk" ("The Hearse"). They shout "Hey, Mama!"—one of Yuri's refrains—when he walks up to the stage. On the first Saturday in February—as it happened, it was the anniversary of Yuri's first performance in the free world—a crowd of his regulars appeared at Speak Easy, in the West Village, to hear him perform his first songs written in English.

"I could not believe it that I could write so soon in English," Yuri told us before the concert. "Anna—she is not arrogant, but she can be a little snobby, because she speaks better English than I do—said she was shocked. She said she thought it would take years."

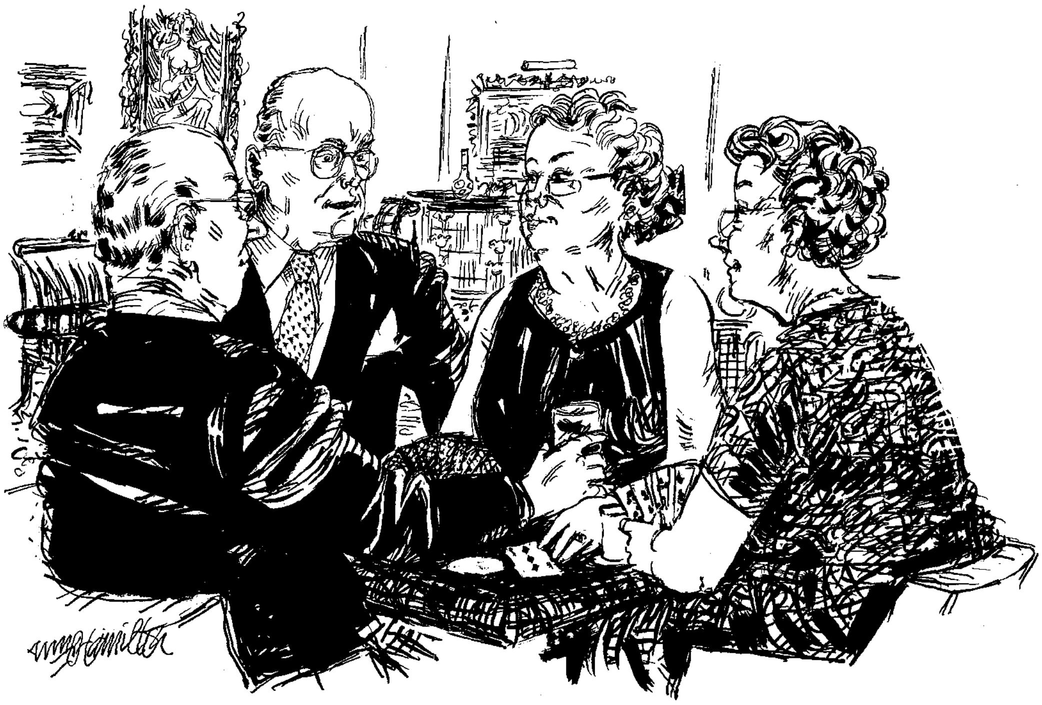
Yuri went up to the stage, and we found a seat in the audience next to Anna. As he tuned his guitar, Yuri seemed worried. "My guitar is nervous," he said. The audience laughed supportively. "I would like to ask you to forgive me in advance for heavy accent and for mispronunciation of words," he went on. "But at least now I can make distance between you and me a little shorter. Now you will have some idea of what it's all about." Yuri launched into his first song, "The Art of Survival." It painted a picture of a loner on soulless city streets, pursued by rooftop snipers, and its refrain was "Give me a chance to survive in nobody's land."

"I can't believe it," Anna whispered. "He makes practically no mistakes." A little later, he returned to his Russian standards, like "Moscow Boogie," which includes the lines "While your rats run from the ship / I will cross the swamps of my homeland / Like a good prodigal son" (they sort of rhyme in Russian), and "Foam City," which exhorts the listener to "let the feeling of spatial dislocations never end."

Guitar buffs say that Yuri does things with the guitar that cannot be understood or explained. "He has the approach of a Delta-blues man, but you'll never hear this kind of counterpoint in Delta blues," Amitanshu Das, an Indian filmmaker who is making a documentary about Yuri, told us. Amitanshu's friend Marlene Tartaglione said, "It transcends any nationality, any country, any ethnic origin. You get the impression that when he strokes the guitar he's lifting a veil. It's his own personal mythology."

The instrument of this mythology is a nine-string acoustic guitar—the first one ever made by Sergei Nozdrin, a famous Russian violin craftsman. With his guitar, Yuri executes twangy Doppler effects, plucks individual notes as if he were playing a harp, then plays chords in several registers, and at different speeds, on top of the bends and plucked notes; sometimes it sounds as though three guitars were playing at once. A fan named Attila has credited Yuri with "miraculous" harmony. But Yuri doesn't care as much about his guitar playing as his audiences do; he cares more about the words of his songs. "I never wanted to be a great guitar player, or singer, or some kind of sex symbol on the stage," he told us. "I wanted first of all to be a strong composer."

What Yuri calls blues has little to do with B. B. King or Howlin' Wolf—neither of whom would ever sing lines like "Cry into the starlit sky, little rogue"—but Yuri insists that, as a Russian, he is ideally suited to the blues form. "Louis Armstrong is very different from me," he says. "Classic jazz is far from me. There is a lot of spiritual pain in the tissue of Russian life, a lot of pain. In Russia, there is no place to perform the blues officially, but Russia is a good place to *sing* blues, because people there react to something serious, profound, and painful with more attention and more understanding. Usually in Russia, when you are a fan, you listen to one or two groups only. Americans listen to everything. People tell me I should discover classic jazz and blues. I don't agree. When people listen too much, it results in many groups that look the same and sound the same. It's better when you don't listen to anything. First, it makes imitation impossible, and, second, you know it's yours."



"We worked hard, damn hard—but we knew when to stop. We were not workaholics."

When Yuri and Anna arrived in New York, they had to come to terms with certain unrealistic expectations. "I thought everything would be different—modern," Yuri told us. "The first place I went was the American Institute of Guitar. I found the name in the NYNEX yellow pages. I thought it would be a huge skyscraper, and on each floor there would be a lot of different guitar players. But when I got there it was just a small building, not so fancy. But I talked to someone there, and said I was a blues-guitar player from Russia, and the person said, 'Hey, let's play!' "

"Yuri gives himself seven years from our coming here to be famous," Anna said. "We've been here a year and a half, and he has gigs now once every two weeks."

"I practice from three to five hours a day," Yuri told us. "Mostly at night, from 10 P.M. to 4 or 5 A.M. I'm a night owl."

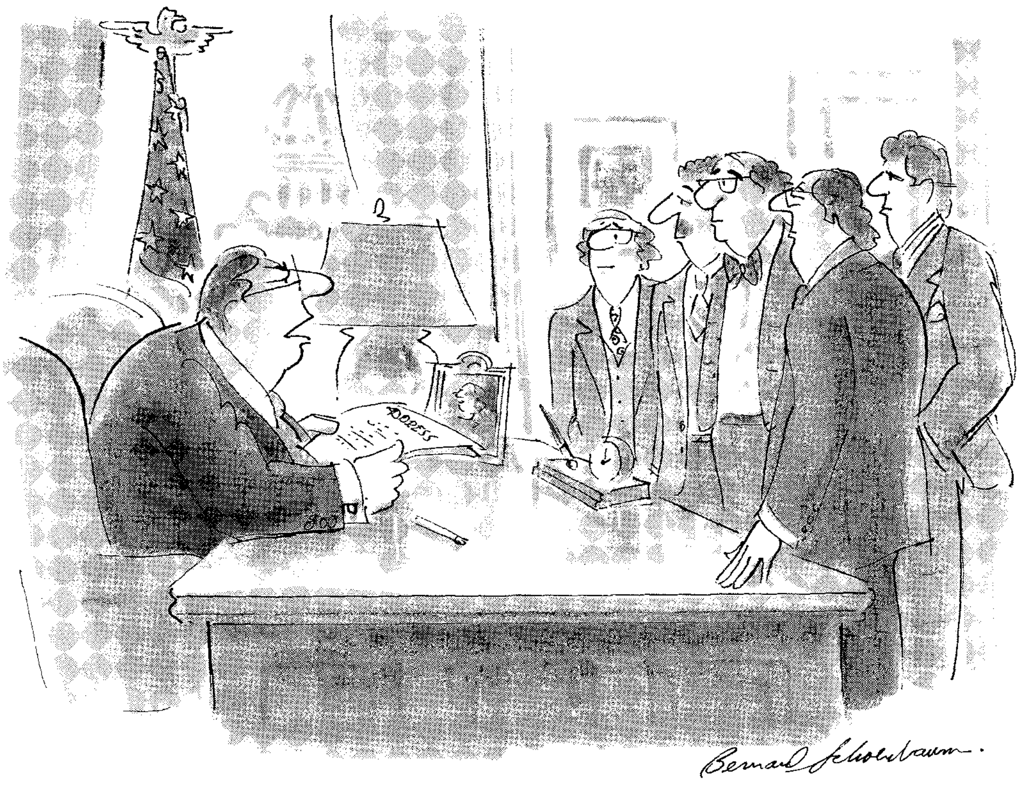
Anna said, "Our landlord is furious."

Yuri objected. "I wouldn't say that I play very loud," he said.

Fan

IN 1982, Naomi Beckley, of Port Washington, Long Island, gave the American Museum of the Moving Image, in Queens, more than a thousand movie magazines from the forties, which she had been saving since she was a pre-teen-ager. She donated the magazines on the condition that the museum never break up the collection or sell it piecemeal. "That would be like cutting up a Picasso," she says. About fifty of the magazines, with cover lines like "Ida Lupino Reads Her Tea Leaves," are on display at the museum; the rest are in the museum's archives. "I want people to be able to read the magazines, touch them, the way they would at the Library of Congress," Mrs. Beckley told us when we went to see her at her home recently.

Mrs. Beckley started collecting magazines when she was twelve, and she didn't stop until she was in her twenties. Her favorite actress of all time is Katharine Hepburn. "She's a



"What I want is an address that speaks with one voice."

• •

great actress and a super human being, and she and I agree on a lot of issues," she said. Her favorite actor is Cary Grant, but she also has a soft spot for John Wayne. She thinks that movies today have too much sex and violence—they make her feel "a little dejected"—but she enjoys a good love scene as much as anybody. One scene she particularly likes to remember is the one in "Notorious" in which Cary Grant finds Ingrid Bergman languishing in the Nazi's bed and gives her those incredible, reviving kisses. The movie magazines had a field day with that scene, she told us. "It was *headlines.*"

Mrs. Beckley's eyes are big and blue, the kind of eyes that launch ships and break hearts. She was wearing a silky jade-colored pants suit and tomato-red lipstick. We sat down on her living-room couch and asked her when she first started to love the movies, and she put her hand on our arm and said, "Let's face it, I was a Shirley Temple fan." She was inspired to collect movie magazines one summer, when she met a girl about her own age who had a lot of back issues. "We spent all summer in her bedroom, reading the magazines and giggling," Mrs. Beckley said. "After that, I was hooked. I spent all my money on movie magazines, and I was perfectly happy."

Between 1939 and 1950, Mrs. Beckley bought every single issue of *Modern Screen*, *Silver Screen*, *Screenland*, *Motion Picture*, and eleven other, similarly titled publications. When she wasn't spending her allowance on magazines or begging theatre managers to give her film stills, she was filling scrapbooks with news clips concerning even stars of the second rank—including Wendy Barrie ("She was always the second woman in the movies, but the point is she was *in* the movies") and the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary, and Lola.

In her twenties, Mrs. Beckley gave up her scrapbooks for a career in broadcasting, and in the early fifties she spent a year in front of the television cameras, on NBC's "Nancy Dixon Show." Nancy Dixon was a fictional character who helped American women make informed decisions about the merchandise in major department stores; Mrs. Beckley calls her "the Julia Child of fashion and shopping." Her own job was to talk about, say, housewares, and to model clothes from the junior and misses' departments.

We asked Mrs. Beckley whether she had ever collected anything else, and she said, "My favorite pastimes are travel and reading." That was the short answer. The long answer is that the year before she went on television with Nancy Dixon she took her first trip abroad. King George VI of England died at what turned out to be an opportune moment for her, since she was able to schedule her trip to coincide with the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. She crossed on the S.S. United States, stayed up all night singing "Waltzing Matilda" on the eve of the coronation, and, the next morning, sneaked into the reviewing stands to see the Queen leaving Buckingham Palace for Westminster Abbey. Ever since, she has loved to travel, and anytime she goes anywhere she buys a demitasse spoon for her daughter, who is twenty-nine. "If anybody looks at the spoons, they'll know where I've been," she told us. She also collects Harlequin Romance novels. Her basement is so overrun with them that she's thinking about starting a lending library.

While her children (she also has a son) were growing up, the movie magazines stayed in boxes in her attic. "Don't ask me why I didn't get rid of them," she said. "I simply didn't. And I'd go back and reread them." She got the itch to organize in 1979. "The project took me all summer," she said. "But when it was done I knew what I had." What she had was eleven hundred and ten movie magazines and three hundred and ninety-three manila folders full of alphabetized movie-star memorabilia. Mrs. Beckley gained some notoriety that year by exhibiting portions of the collection in local libraries, and in February of 1981, the month after Ronald Reagan's first inauguration, she was invited to appear on "Good Morning, America." Mrs. Beckley feels that the timing of her television appearance was singularly appropriate, given her special perspective on Reagan's marriage to Jane Wyman. "They were *the* couple," she said. "The perfect couple. The ideal couple. When they broke up, you thought the world had come to an abrupt end."

SALT OF LIFE

AUSTERITY

ON the Miracle Mile we're hurting, but nothing like most people. While it's true that Bill, of Bill's Pottery, has recently had to melt down surplus auto chrome for his glazes, he considers that an artistic challenge, and the proceeds from his 1991 Christmas Edition Bread Pudding Compote in pearl gray would have gone to charity if he'd sold any. Right before the holidays I had to fire Sam and Isaac, the two kids I'd hired to make deliveries for my wine store, but they were just going to use the money to buy their parents a gift, probably some silly piece of art pottery, so it wasn't a tragedy.

The worst-off retailer on the strip is my friend Maud, a former actress from L.A. who was taking home soup crackers from Musso & Frank's until she saved enough money to move here and open her own restaurant, *Pane* (*Italian for* "bread"). *It's still* charming, with the homemade hog-tallow candles since her gas and electric were cut off, and her husband Jean-Claude, who's from Alsace, knew how to build her a hog smoker out of an old oil tank, but there are certain breads she can't bake in that, so she comes to my apartment every day to use the oven.

PAIN

NO man is an island, but there is a down side to that. For instance, near Thanksgiving I read in *USA Today* that President Bush said, "I hurt when other people are hurting. And I've got to convey that a little more to the American people."

Larry's Pharmacy carries a new over-the-counter pill for pain of that type, pain caused by the pain of others. The pill is being marketed under the brand name Beach Head, with a picture of a palm tree on the bottle. There isn't much demand for it in this neighborhood, though.

PRIDE

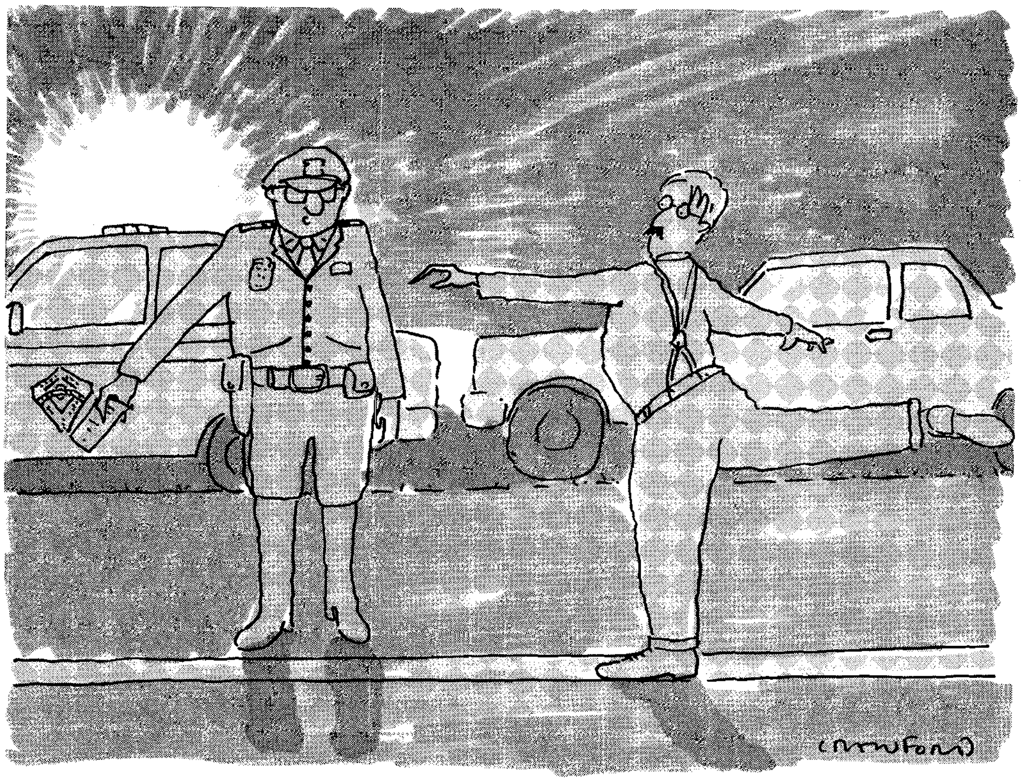
THE Miracle Mile harks back to a *dysfunctional-newsboy-turned-*petty-hood named Mickey Overcast, who made a fortune during the First World War in contraband morphine. Hard hit by the post-Armistice recession of 1921, he used it as an excuse to eat inventory, and drifted into a netherworld of delusional investment schemes. The most grandiose was a plan to develop what was then a mile-long stretch of vacant shipyard into a pleasure resort. (Ivory Arches, he wanted to call it; his psychedelic-style ink sketches show present-day Main Street as Oceanus and every cross street as Sunset.) All he actually did was commission and erect a huge baroque allegorical hammered-copper public sculpture, "Morphia and Pain Wrestling for the Soul of America." The sculptor welded together three items he already had on inventory: for Morphia, some socialite of the era in a nightdress; for Pain, Lady Macbeth (the whole thing is thirty-two feet tall to the tip of her raised dagger); and, for the Soul of America, a bas-relief of George Washington. It still stands, outside the Savings & Loan, and Richie the security guard always says, "It's two broads fighting over a dollar bill." Now there's a movement to tear it down, because the junior-high kids are unnaturally fascinated by what they call "the warped legacy of Mickey Overcast," but it might draw tourism if the city Visitors' Bureau had the funds to print up a nice pamphlet.

Anyway, after Overcast went to jail, the property fell into government hands and was auctioned off to war veterans. They dubbed it the Miracle Mile and gave it the community character it retains to this day, an urban multi-ethnic commercial-residential mix of pastel stucco storefronts topped by middle-class apartments—a few rooms for rent but nothing seedy.

SURPRISE

WHEN the call came from Washington, D.C., I was still asleep; I'd been at Club Marilyn after hours, on business, hoping to change her ridiculous New Year's Eve order for generic punch by giving her a free bottle of vintage Cordon Rouge.

I answered the phone while trying to get up from beneath Curtis, a fairly good



"The test calls for a pirouette, sir. Arabesques don't really tell us enough."

Cuban trombone player who works under the name Flor Blanca, his tone said to be redolent of a white Caribbean tree orchid now prohibited.

So when the caller stated that as authorized by Executive Order he wanted to give me the opportunity to share my pain with the President, it was a bolt from the blue.

"She's not all over you, but she gets the job done."

• •

EMPATHY

"WE'VE been monitoring your area," the caller went on, "and there's just a blip or a blank spot there, where we should be seeing a jagged zigzag of pain. The President needs to feel how people are hurting with pinpoint accuracy. For gosh sake, he doesn't want to be wrong on this. If you hide your hurt— Look, everything has to be entered into Presidential feedback, and it's no help when all we're getting from you is flatline."

"You're personally calling everyone in America?"

"Boy, you must be hurting deeply if you're imagining something that extreme."

There was a pause while I pointed out my white terry-cloth robe to Curtis, who went to take a shower.

"Silence," said the caller, "is a very dismissive attitude toward a program designed to target your suffering. It's your responsibility to express yourself. We can wait. This President himself is the kind of human being who would gladly wait till Doomsday if possible. But politically that's impossible, so if you aren't prepared to confide within the next few minutes, a local detachment is sent to your home and you're interviewed—stenographic transcript, tape recording, or videotape, whichever you would find most painful."

I said I'd need time to organize my ideas about domestic and foreign policy.

"No, no, no, the President is quite confident of his ideas. He has batteries of advisers telling him his ideas. He has made a decision, and the decision is to share your anguish in a direct biochemical way."

"It sounds creepy."

"Oh, now you're putting a value-laden word on what is a neutral fact of Presidential brain chemistry. The endorphin receptors . . . it's a technical thing."

"But why me?"

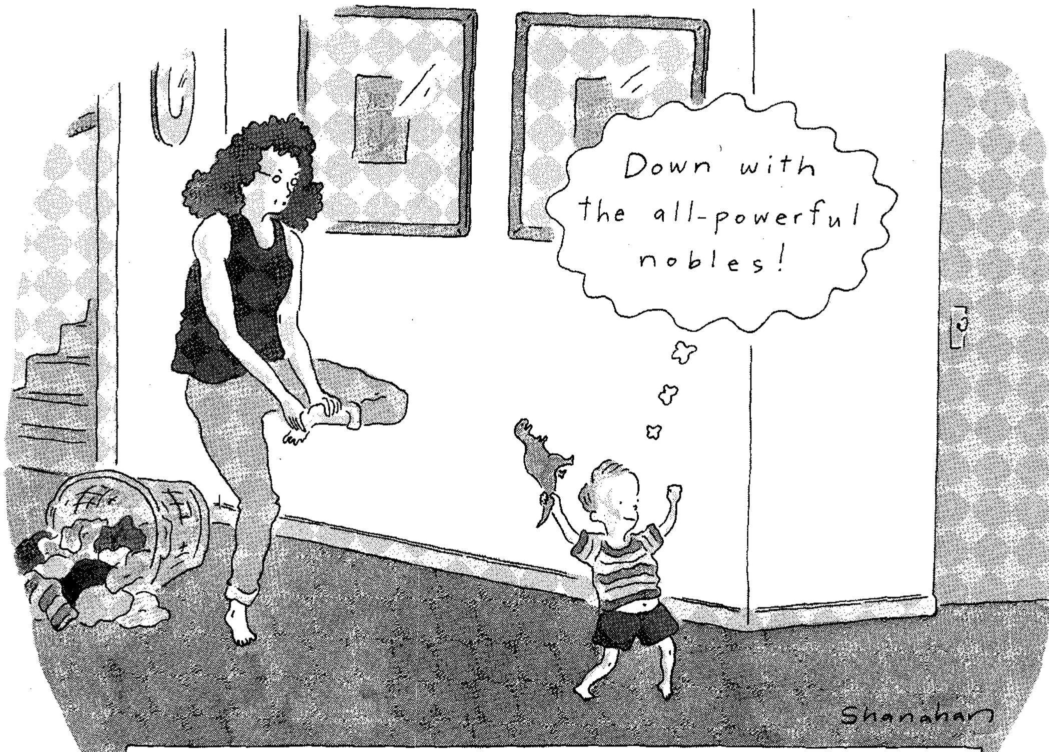
"Because yours is exactly the mentality we have to work hardest to change. You're viewing the President of the United States as an elected official instead of an integral component of your neurological system."

I must have made an involuntary sound. "That's good," he said. "You're beginning to realize that you hurt more than you realize. The President will feel this very keenly."

FEAR

AS I told Curtis when he came out of the shower, here's what I'm comfortable with: I meet somebody, we both put our best foot forward, maybe have a glass of 1989 Yakima Valley Merlot or a *café con leche*, eventually take our clothes off, then after that's been going on for a while and the person has showed up for it punctually several times in a row, mutual trust is built and we can start agonizing. For all I know, this Administration could be gone after next year, so why should I be a laboratory mouse for their receptors and then have the rug pulled out? Curtis said it's a cultural thing. For example, he said, as a Cuban he was having an intricate response to the idea of a government coming into your home and acting like a member of the family, and therefore he intended to get dressed and run away immediately. Then we both cried.

Just as he took off, Maud came by to bake a batch of the twirly bread sticks she calls *coda di maiale* ("tail of the hog"), and I asked her to do the interview for me. She said sure—she had levels of dark and desperate torment to explore, and as an actress she never got the one big break that would have positioned her to take that risk in the supportive context of federal government. So I did the baking while she went into the bathroom to put on my makeup and do an emotional preparation. I could hear her in there crying and having an imaginary fight about rent arrears with Jonàthan, her landlord, who's threatening to seize her one possession of value, a framed 1932 editorial cartoon that hangs over the restaurant bar and shows a patient in surgery with a black anesthesia mask


Down with the all-powerful nobles!
Shanahan

IVAN THE TERRIBLE TWOS

over his face and the caption "No Decent Speakeasy Would Have Me."

SNAFU

(THE following transcript of Maud's interview was obtained with no problem under the Freedom of Information Act. Although the offer of audio- or videotape formats was a cynical public-relations frill the White House never had the funding for, the aide they sent took notes and was can-do right down to the sharp way his pin-striped pants bloused over high-top steel-toed paratrooper boots.)

White House Aide (*name deleted*): At ease. You blew last month's pay on payday, and now you're up sorry-ass creek. Correct?

Subject (*sniffling*): Not exactly.

Aide: Homesick. No mail in six weeks. Wondering how to get laid.

Subject: Nothing like that. I—

Aide: Loud and clear. Any tropical dysentery, pack-humping abrasions, desert foot, shrapnel pinch, bombardment tinnitus, sandstorm mood swing, unauthorized clap, or chronic thousand-metre stare?

Subject: Not that I know of. Knock on wood.

Aide: Affirmative. (*Taps her on right elbow with Government Issue HM-1 hammer. Her arm jerks.*) Negative weapon-recoil dislocation. Extend your other hand, and that's an order. God damn! How long have you had that Persian-sandfly-bite infection?

Subject: It's not. I burned myself on the hog smoker.

Aide: K.P. disorientation. Outstanding. The Commander-in-Chief will be gut-grabbed when they wire this one up his heinie. (*Issues her one Government Issue SAL-100 plastic bag of tablets.*) One every four hours. No skivvy and no mox-nix juice.

(*Subject did not request to see the Chaplain.*)

SALT

"I THINK that went well," said Maud. "Do I need these?" She opened the bag of white tablets, put one in her mouth, rolled it around, then took it out and said, "Salt." The salt receptors on the tongue, she explained, aren't only on the tip but on the middle and sides, too. Each has fifty to seventy-five cells, which die off and are replaced as often as every seven to ten days. "I think of them as tiny people," she said. "Tiny people with a tragically short life span." (She was still keyed up.) "All they want is to feel *piquant* now and then. While they last."

We considered giving away the tablets to someone hard up, but were afraid they might contain an indetectable substance that would inhibit the capacity to enjoy life on a limited budget. Besides, the good coarse kosher salt was on sale at Griswold's Grocery, three-pound box for a dollar, and even ritzy Miracle Mile Market always has specials on table salt, including the beloved brand with the deer-lick scene on the label. Harry's Health Hut carries Dr. Brody's Burpless Kelp Salt, a steal at eighty-nine cents per jar. The florist, Lindsay, keeps a complimentary saucer of rock salt next to her cash register, like mints—a lure for anybody willing to hang around all day and shoot the breeze about gardening. Some plants that tolerate a salty atmosphere are bayberry, dusty miller, eelgrass, *Rosa rugosa*, and beach lavender. If you can't afford to eat at Dodd's Steak House, it pays to go in anyway for a free paper packet of their steak salt, which Maud thinks is a crock-aged blend of non-iodized salt, basil, coriander, fenugreek, curly parsley, *orégano dulce*, and Herba Barona (caraway-scented thyme). And if you're in the mood to navigate the rickety outside stairs next to the pool hall and deal with Miss Mitchell (for my money a soupçon of temperament is a plus for a home business), she now sells her baffling secret-recipe seasoned salt for fried chicken or a roaster cavity: fifty cents for about eight ounces, weighed by eye. Curtis knows where to get an unusual Cuban salt. You sprinkle it on your lover's food; it makes your lover perceive the taste of your rival's skin as repulsive and the taste of your skin as the crystalline tang of Mar de Lágrimas, off Isla Combo. It's probably not cheap, but, as with all salt, you only need a little.

—Veronica Geng

ACCIDENT AT THE SUGAR BEET

Dan Norman's trailer was the second place broken into by Louise Darling. The first was the school, in 1972. Louise and Cheryl Jewell had climbed a drainpipe, raised a window, and spray-painted thirty-one football helmets hanging on the wall of the gym.

Louise and Cheryl were sophomores, and they felt, and they were not alone, that too much importance was being placed on football at a time when the rest of the school was without money. Meanwhile, there were those helmets, like dinosaur eggs pegged up in a row, and the two girls took their spray paint and scrawled the following, one letter per helmet: "SEE THE LONELY BOYS OUT ON THE WEEKEND."

The words came from a Neil Young album and were actually not about football but about buying a pickup and driving down to L.A. All Louise and Cheryl had to do was make it "boys," plural. Some football players protested in the school paper. "With the many activities available to us, such as pep rallies, snake dances, etc., we are far from lonely," they wrote.

No one ever found out who painted the helmets. The equipment managers were able to scrub the letters off using steel brushes dipped in turpentine, but there were those who felt the team played light-headed all year due to the fumes. Louise was sixteen at the time. Now she was thirty-four, and the school was closed, and frost coated the windows of Louise's house. Also, the big white dog was in the living room. He sat on the couch, looking luminous and pleasantly surprised. Halloween was coming, and that seemed to be the extent of his message. Louise had a set of big green drinking glasses, and she was enjoying her third green glass of red wine.

"You're supposed to be outside in the cold shed," said Louise to the dog, "but instead you're in the warm house. What are you doing on the warm davenport in the warm house? You're not going to answer me, are you? I think I could talk for a long time before I'd get an answer. Couldn't I?"

Mary, Louise's mother, called her on the telephone. Hans Cook had acquired a large amount of venison, and Mary wanted Louise to distribute it. Hans was Mary's companion. For a living he drove trucks and anything else that people would pay to have driven.

"The dog's in the house," said Louise. "He's sitting here watching TV."

"I don't think Les Larsen would like that," said Mary. "Isn't that dog supposed to guard the farm?" This was the Klar farm; Louise rented the house, and Les Larsen the fields and outbuildings.

"The farm is quiet as a mouse," said Louise. "How did Hans come by this venison?"

"He traded for it," said Mary. "Some people came from Mankato, and Hans met them in the parking lot of the King's Waffle in Walleye Lake. He gave them two hens in a cage, and they gave him a side of venison."

"They must have been really special hens," said Louise.

"Well, apparently they were show birds," said Mary. "I would assume they came from his cousin Francis, but I could be mistaken."

They talked a little more and said goodbye. Louise sipped wine and turned the television back up.

"Now, watch," she said to the dog. "See what this lady's doing? Look at the TV. At the TV. She's taking the real pearls and leaving the fake ones."

Louise stood in front of her mother's deep freeze, down in the basement beside the stairs. It was after noon on Saturday. She had a little headache, and wore an ugly, shabby sweater. She kept bumping a coatrack bearing the little coats once worn by herself and her sister June.

"Why me?" said Louise. "Just curious."

"If I have you do it," said Mary, who was sitting on the basement steps, drinking sherry, "it shows the importance I attach to it. Also it gives you the chance to make some lasting friends."

"Can I have some of that sherry?" said Louise.

"It's all gone, sorry," said Mary.

"I have lots of friends," said Louise, who seemed to be drawn by the pres-

"Never!"

ence of the little wool coats into the tone of voice of an eight-year-old.

"Take some to Dan Norman," said Mary. "You like him."

Dan Norman was the county sheriff. He and Louise had kissed once, in a tuxedo shop. They had been brought together by the breakup of Louise's marriage, and now that it was good and broken up, they had not seen each other in a while. "He's never home," said Louise.

Mary, who was on the Grafton town council, nodded wisely. "You think you hold office, when in fact the office holds you," she said.

Louise loaded her arms with white packages. "How many goddamn deer you got in here?" she said.

Mary stood. "According to Hans, it was an eight-point buck," she said. "Don't feel compelled to take it all at once. Get that little Coleman and put some in there with some ice. That's what I got it out for. And don't forget to smile. It takes less muscle effort to smile than it does to frown."

"When my face is completely relaxed, people still think I'm frowning," said Louise.

"You have a beautiful face," said Mary.

"Even you must admit my forehead is on the large side," said Louise.

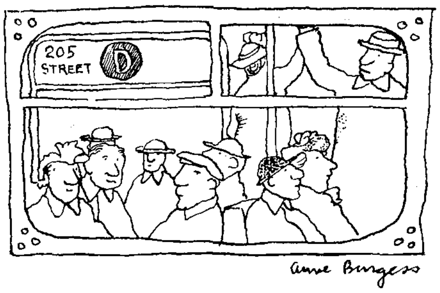
"I've never believed that about your forehead," said Mary.

LOUISE delivered venison to three people before giving in to her hangover, and even those people—Nan Jewell, Henry Hamilton, and Jack White—lived on her way home.

Nan Jewell had the southernmost of the Three Sisters, the big peach-colored houses on Park Street where the remaining members of the Jewell family lived. Nan was a rich and restless widow, with the rumored ability to bend in half like a nutcracker while working in her garden. When Louise arrived, the old lady was practicing the line of attack she would follow in church the next morning.

"They're not posting the hymns anymore," she said. "They've always posted the hymns—always. This may seem unimportant, but is it, for people with arthritis? Is it for those who, for whatever reason, require a head start to find the correct page? I'm talking about lonely people with crippled fingers, who need Christian fellowship the most. Another thing, the Communion bread. I don't know who slices the Communion bread lately, but they've got a lot to learn about what is meant by a wafer. Sometimes you have to wonder what's become of this town. I don't think a Jewell would cut Communion bread that way. I don't think a Montrose would. I don't think a Robeshaw, a Mason, a Kellson, a Carr would."

"This is true," said Louise. But she didn't know anyone named Kellson.



IT seemed that Henry Hamilton's farm slid more and more downhill every day. The theft of his tractor about a year ago had been a turning point. It took something out of him. Now milkweeds had skirted the barn, crossed the yard, and started up the driveway. Henry was an egg man, a hog producer, and a notary public. As Louise drove in, a pig emerged from behind a rusted gas tank, ran across the long grass, and slipped into the trees. It had big ears, and black-and-white markings.

Henry's house was dim and warm and smelled of boiled cabbage or boiled greens of some kind. But it wasn't as

WHITE SHINING SEA

Thinking all day about white things,
can't get the reefed dogwood blossoms
of childhood out of my head, white ships
in a downtown boat basin, and this morning
a silent early-spring snow, loose flakes
as large as dandelion cotton mingling with
pear blossoms—I used to think, whenever
the natural world unstalled and clicked
lightly through its changes, I should
tell someone, someone I loved, show her
the winter geese digging in the reeds,
the weasel den littered with fishbones
and smelling of fish, enhance life through
engagement, the hope that two could love
each other through seeing the same
remarkable moment in the same way, but now
I don't care so much. . . . But what is this
love all day of white things? No power
surely in an image so simple, the
rudimentary white duck-down pillows I
remember drying on a porch rail, my
father's white shirt shining like a
breastplate—these could be any memories,
and are easily set aside for others.
I remember lying drunk in Yap across
white stones that spelled the island's
name in ancient language; the stones
bowed my back, though I was too far gone
to notice. All next day I walked bent
into a stoop, and lay under a blossoming
bush looking out to sea. The flowers
smelled sweet, weren't white; the ocean
flashed and toiled without connective
power; for a second there—it was getting
late—I lost my grip, and things went blank.

—CHARLIE SMITH

• •

"*You're lucky, Dave. You have talent.*"

• •

if he had just boiled the greens—it was as if they had been boiling for many years. On the kitchen table he had spread the funnies from the Sunday paper, and he was carving a jack-o'-lantern. The mossy seeds spilled over the funnies. So far he had rendered a narrow smile and diamond-shaped eyes.

"There is a pig out," said Louise.

"He thinks he's my helper," said Henry, turning the pumpkin toward Louise. "How does he look? I was just working on this guy when I thought, Say, this looks like Tiny."

"Kind of," said Louise. "The mouth does a little."

"I never see him around anymore," said Henry.

"Well, you know we're divorced," said Louise.

Henry put down his knife. "I didn't know that," he said.

"Henry," said Louise. "You remember. You notarized my statement."

"O.K.," said Henry. "That's right. So I did." He sawed at the pumpkin. "I try to do one of these every year. Sometimes I get a fair amount of children; other times the night goes by and I don't see anyone. One year I made popcorn balls, but now I'm told they turn down anything that isn't wrapped in the factory, on the chance that it might be poisoned."

"You're losing the Tiny look," said Louise. She was right. There was something about the nose—it was too jaunty and comical.

Henry shrugged. An old Moorman's Feed clock ticked on a desk. "How do you like being divorced?" he said.

"It's all right," said Louise. "I don't have to cook anything I wouldn't want to eat. That's a plus."

LOUISE found Jack White in his horse barn with the veterinarian Roman Baker. Jack had Belgian horses named Tony, Mack, Molly, Polly, and Pegasus. They were enormous horses with jaws like anvils, and now they stood around trying to blend in. Louise told Jack about the venison, and he said it would be a minute before he could worry about that. The problem was that some of his horses were walking backward.

"When did this start?" said Roman Baker. His face was narrow, his hair thick, his eyes widely spaced. He'd been working with horses so long he had begun to resemble one. "Change their diet recently? Might there be something spooking them?"

"Not that I know of," said Jack White, "but there again, I've been gone." He put his boot up on the rail and crossed his forearms on his knee, like someone in a fertilizer commercial. "Just yesterday got back from Reno. Spent five days in Tahoe and three days in Reno. That Tahoe is some of the prettiest country there is, and I saw Juliet Prowse in Reno. What a pair of legs on that woman. What a radiant lady. Anyway, my son Johnny was watching the place for me while I was gone, and when I asked him, he said as far as he had noticed the horses were not walking backward. I said, 'You mean to stand there and tell me if a horse was walking backward you wouldn't notice it?' He said he might not. Well, the boy has personal problems, and that's no secret. As I always tell him, 'Johnny, you missed the boat.' I say, 'Johnny, see that little speck on the horizon? That right there is the boat, which you missed.' "

"I saw him up at Walleye Lake last spring," said Louise. "We had a talk. Seemed real friendly."

Jack White dusted off the sleeve of his shirt. "He always liked you," he said. "And it's too bad he didn't marry somebody of your calibre, instead of that nut he did marry. Although it's certainly hard to put more than a tiny fraction of blame on her."

Roman Baker took a silver penlight and examined Tony's ears. "You got anything unusual growing in the field?" he said.

Jack stood, adjusted his belt. "Boy, I sure don't think so," he said.

"Have you checked the fencerows this fall? Did you check them at all in the summer?" said Roman.

"Sure," said Jack. "Well, no. Not really."

They took a pickup out in the bumpy pasture. Jack drove, following the fences. Roman Baker occupied the passenger seat, and Louise sat on the tailgate, weeds sweeping against her ankles. In the southwest corner, the fence was thick with dark-green growth. The truck came to a stop. Roman got out, crushed some spade-shaped leaves, and brought his cupped hands to his face.

"This has to go," he shouted. He filled his arms with weeds and pulled them from the ground. "All this," he said, "everything from here on down."

Louise went out with the girls that night. This had been planned for a while. Perry Kleeborg, the portrait photographer for whom Louise worked in Stone City, had suggested it. He had accused her of moping around to the point where it was slowing down her performance. He received a magazine called *Business Bits* free in the mail, and evidently he'd been reading it.

"Oh, my performance," said Louise. "You must excuse my performance."

"You ought to go out with the girls," said Kleeborg. "Do something to relax your mind a little bit."

Louise pressed wet contact sheets to the wall. "I don't know any girls," she said.

"Now, I have five-hundred club every Thursday," said Kleeborg. "I know it's helped me. Do you play five hundred?"

"I can't play any games of trump," said Louise. "I like slapjack."

"Not really a club-type game," said Kleeborg.

"No," said Louise.

"Do you bowl?" said Kleeborg.

"I have bowled," said Louise.

"Well, you ought to do something," said Kleeborg. "Find something and do it, that's what I say."

Not long after this, as it happened, the chairman of the county board of supervisors had his picture taken at the Kleeborg studio. His name was Russell Ford, and his skin was bad, but he seemed to think if he got the right pictures people would overlook this. Removing scars and bumps from a photograph is not hard, but Russell was after something subtle, and Louise eventually had to take the photographs to Big Chief Printing in Morrisville to have them touched up. The airbrushers there were two women named Pansy Gansevoort and Diane Scheviss. They roomed together in an A-frame on the south shore of Walleye Lake, and were somewhere in the lost years between twenty-seven and thirty-two. The three women had some laughs over Russell's homely features, and decided to get together one Saturday night.

Louise found Pansy and Diane in the Hi-Hat Lounge on Route 29 in Morrisville. It seemed they had already been drinking hard among the Halloween decorations. Pansy's face was a high red, and Diane had broken a glass. If alcohol was like a slow train through hills and scenic lowlands for Louise, for Pansy and Diane it seemed more like an elevator after the cable has snapped.

Louise tried to impose some order. The table at which they sat was a video game pitting a giant bat against a humorous figure representing the player. Louise suggested they try this, and they did, but without success. The stream of quarters required was more or less continuous, and no sooner would they get the little person moving than the bat would sweep in, ending the game. Finally, Louise said, "I don't even get the object."

"I guess stay away from the bat," said Diane.

At this, Pansy drank off some vodka and began to talk. "My boyfriend used to slap me," she said. "He wouldn't need a reason. He would slap me for good things or bad things, in sickness and in health. He would slap me to improve his luck. Then he slapped me in front of my mother, and she pushed him down the stairs."

"Good," said Diane.

"So he stopped slapping me," said Pansy, "and started burning me with the cigarette. I missed the slapping at first, until I got used to the cigarette. Then he stopped smoking. They outlawed smoking at work, and he said if he couldn't smoke at work, it would be easier all around if he didn't smoke at home either. He tried a pipe for a while, but it wasn't like the cigarette. Finally he moved out. I miss him, I miss him, I miss all the terrible shit he did."

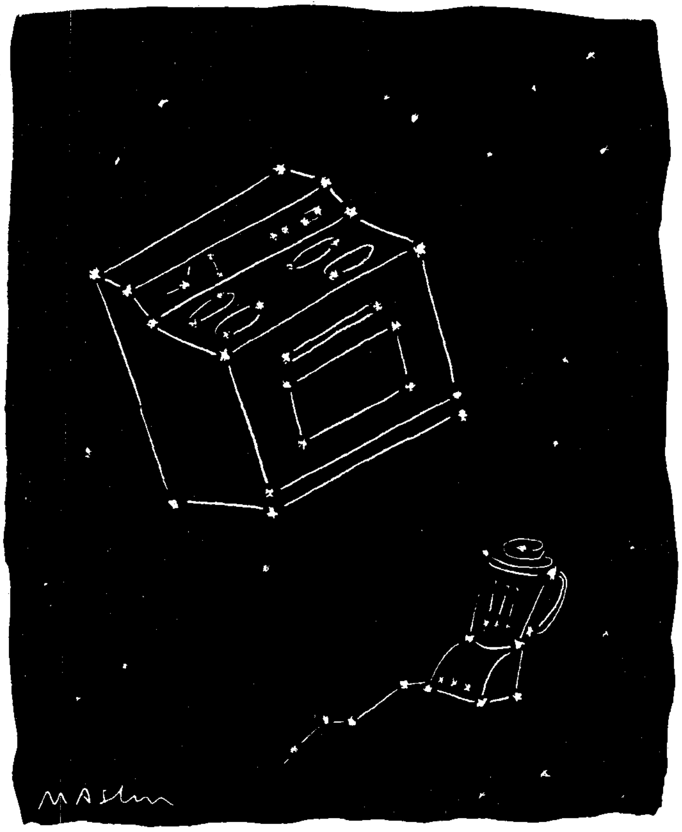
Diane rocked the weeping Pansy. "I know you do, babe," she said.

"I'm trying to picture this," said Louise.

Pansy wiped her eyes. "He's going through changes," she said. "He's deeply troubled. Are we ready for a round?"

Louise laid ten dollars on the table and got up to use the bathroom. She washed her hands and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She felt as if she had strayed far from the people she understood. On the other hand, she lived within twelve miles of where she was born.

APPLIANCE MAJOR
APPLIANCE MINOR



Dan Norman was on the ten-o'clock news. Bonnie Brill had interviewed him for Channel 4 out of Morrisville. A baby had turned up several months ago at a grocery store in Margo, and they were trying to find the mother. Dan apparently could not say much, but then he usually couldn't.

"Would you say you're interviewing suspects?" said Bonnie.

"We don't have any suspects," said Dan. "If there's been a crime, we don't even know for sure what crime it is. So no, I guess I wouldn't say that."

"But you're interviewing, what, people," said Bonnie.

Dan gave this consideration. He looked into the camera by mistake, and looked away. "Yes," he said. "Oh, sure."

"Is there a connection between the shopping cart and the missing fabric?" said Bonnie.

"Well, this is what we have to find out," said Dan. Forty yards of green corduroy had been stolen from Fashion Village in Margo on the day the baby was found.

"Could it be random coincidence?" said Bonnie. "I mean, why couldn't it be?"

"I don't know if you've ever watched a spider making a web," said Dan, "but I have, Bonnie, and it takes a long time, and there's a lot of going back and forth. And even when this web is done, somebody might come along and destroy it just by their hat hitting it. Know what I mean?"

Louise picked up the phone and dialled Dan's number. She did not expect him to be home, and the phone rang in that neutral way it does when no one is going to answer. But he did, and Louise asked him to come over and have a beer.

"I better not right now, Louise," said Dan. "I'm not sure, but apparently there's been an accident up at the Sugar Beet. I'm hearing things on the radio."

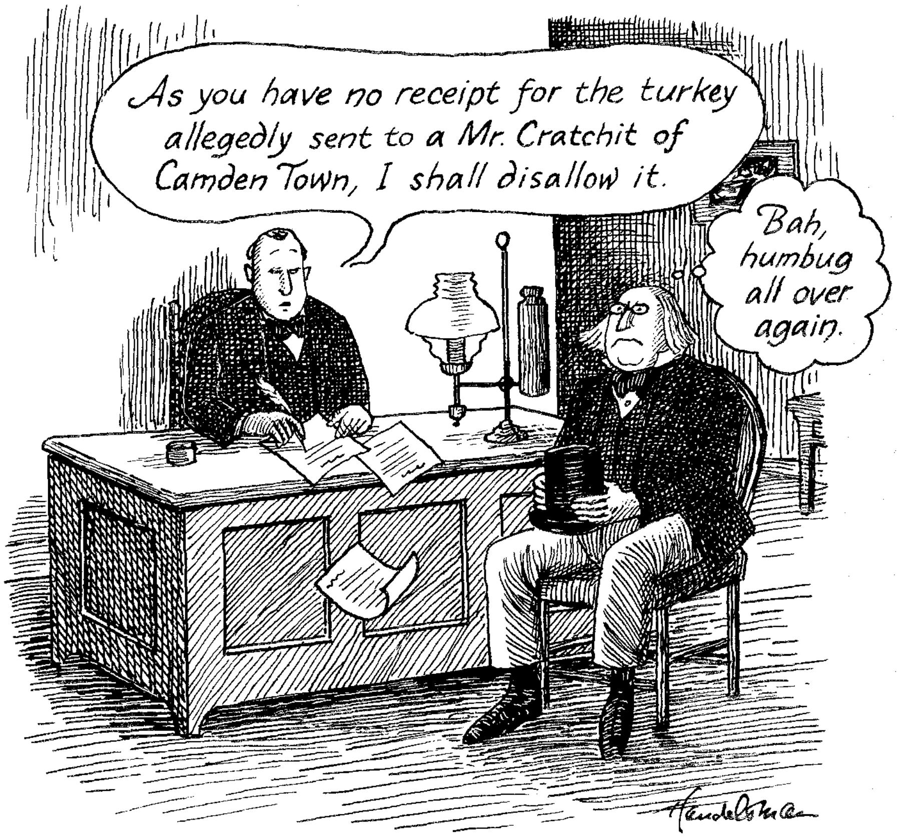
"What kind of things?" said Louise.

"Things about an accident," said Dan. "Tell you what, though, why don't you come over here? I don't think I'm going to have to get involved, but I should stick by the radio awhile. By the way, I don't have any wine and I don't have any vodka."

"I have those," said Louise.

It should not have surprised Louise that Dan was gone by the time she got there. A manila envelope was stuck in the doorframe, and in the envelope was a note saying the key was under the rock. The path from the door to the driveway was lined with white-painted rocks, and Louise could not find any key. She checked under seventeen rocks, and with the last one she broke a pane of glass above the doorknob.

ALTERNATIVE DICKENS


As you have no receipt for the turkey allegedly sent to a Mr. Cratchit of Camden Town, I shall disallow it.
Bah, humbug all over again.

SCROOGE IS AUDITED.

• •

Louise let herself in and put on some lights. She swept up the broken glass and dumped it in a wastebasket. Looking for a corkscrew, she found on the counter a letter from Dan's Aunt Mona, who was scheduled for exploratory surgery on the eighteenth of November but beyond that had little to say. Louise poured wine and carried a snack tray into the living room.

One of those bankers who had stolen all the depositors' money was on TV. This one had bought a boat, a plane, and a Holstein ranch in Kenya with a partner named Winston. He was speaking to a room crammed full of students. These students were practically hanging from the rafters, there at Harvard University. It was a seminar, on the educational channel.

"I made mistakes," said the man. "Ruined lives. Yeah, I did. Whatever suited my interest. My loved ones hate me. I have no loved ones left. So I have come here tonight to help you."

The students asked hostile questions but seemed at the same time to be taking notes so perhaps they could pull the same shit someday. And certain things about the banker reminded Louise of Tiny, such as the way he ran his hand over his face when asked a hard question, and the self-centeredness of him: I did this, I did that, always I. This was a Tiny trait. She changed the channel and watched the Saladmaster man, who was bashing frying pans together in merry abandon.

Louise went out to the car and got her overnight case. She showered, washed her hair, brushed her teeth, and put on a cotton nightgown. She pulled the blankets off Dan's bed and went out to sleep on the davenport. Later, when Dan came home, she sat up from a dream and said, "Just put her in a bucket."

"It's all right," said Dan. He was in the kitchen, washing his hands.

Louise swept the hair from her eyes. "I was dreaming," she said.

"What about?" said Dan.

"I was at the circus, and they made me be a clown," said Louise. "It was awful. What time is it?"

Dan looked at his watch without

MEMORY DURING ANTIDEPRESSANT TREATMENT

The doctor promises it will return
And gives you yet another pill
In this Russian roulette of the mind.

But what if it doesn't, you think.

And it doesn't. Months pass.
People are missing
From your life, but you can't remember who.

And what of those who love us?
The ones who remember?
They speak of certain weekends
And rare African birds
You've written a book about.

They are patient, study everything,
But can't understand the slightest
Tremors of your mind.

Is it worth it, we wonder, for them
To have to go through this?
All ties to tomorrow and yesterday are severed.

Then what is *today*?
The Magic Castle. Prestidigitation.
The woman cut in half is put together,
And somehow reminds you of King Solomon.

But it is a *today* trick,
And you are grateful to see it,
But that is all. Catch the next show.

They take you home, thrilled that for
A minute you were wholly there.
"I'm going to be a magician,"
My son says. "I'll split an elephant in half."

Elephants remember, I remember.
I see myself atop that elephant,
Wearing a bright-orange sari,
In charge of all the knowledge beneath me.
The longer I stay on the elephant
The more I am assured.

Then today ends.

I see the doctor tomorrow. I
remember the appointment.
That is a good sign.

—Karen Rose

• •

pausing in the washing of his hands. Louise felt like a scientist, observing his habits. "Two-thirty," he said.

"I had to break the window," said Louise.

"Yeah, I was so careful to write a note, I forgot to leave the key," said Dan. He shut off the faucet, dried his hands on a dishtowel.

"Well, was there an accident?" said Louise.

Dan nodded and stepped into the living room. "Some guy came up the embankment and hit a cooling tower."

"How is he?" said Louise.

Dan sat down in a low chair with a bottle of beer. The chair was close to the davenport. Louise could have touched Dan's forearm with her foot, except her foot was under a blanket. "Well, he's dead," he said.

Louise nodded and listened. Grafton can be very quiet in the middle of the night. "What's it doing outside?" she said.

"Raining," said Dan.

"Mmm," said Louise. "They were predicting rain."

"It is raining," said Dan. "Say, this may sound odd—I mean, it does sound odd—but I've been thinking about your eyebrows. I don't know why, but they've really been on my mind a lot."

"Is that right," said Louise.

"So I was wondering what your reaction would be if I came over there and, you know, if I kissed your eyebrows," said Dan. "If I'm out of line, just tell me."

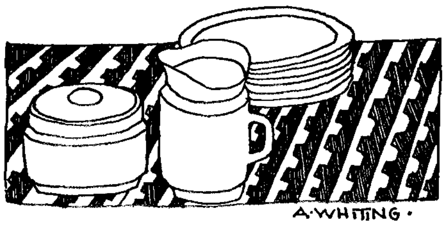
"I think it would be good," said Louise. "I think it would help."

So he did, and this began a series of kisses. They had kissed before but not to this degree. Dan tried to unbutton the nightgown slowly and hypnotically, but could not manage the buttons. So she unbuttoned and opened the white nightgown. She put her arm out, seeking a purchase on the davenport, and knocked the beer bottle over, bam.

"You're wrecking the place," said Dan.

"It's my way," said Louise.

Later they watched the street light shining on the trailer window, and Louise asked Dan whether he had found the mother of the grocery-store baby.



"We have some leads," he said.

Louise had the bigger place, but for those first times they mostly ended up at Dan's trailer. Part of the reason was Louise's farm-style bed. It came with the house and had contained generations of Klars, who seemed to have been small people with rubber spines and a liking for vertical bars, as in prison. It was a tasteful bed, and Louise felt thrilled at not having to sleep in it anymore.

Dan had made his bed out of a mattress, three-quarter-inch plywood, and cement blocks. It provided a good, sturdy platform for ranging around and trying to figure out what the other person wanted. He surprised her with his sexual side (by having one, for example), and she felt like a crippled skier from the movies who learns everything over again and wins the big jump against the East Germans in a blur of sun on snow. There was a spell on the blue-and-white trailer, and when they had to leave, they only wanted to come back. Three, four, five nights. She cried once, urgently, and there was nothing that could be done to make her stop. He tried to console her ("Don't cry. Don't cry, Louise. It's all right. Don't cry. . . ."), but what could she say? It was just emotion that had to come out.

HALLOWEEN fell on a Wednesday that year, and in the morning Louise sat up in Dan's bed, put on her socks, and looked out the little window just in time to see Hans Cook towing away her car.

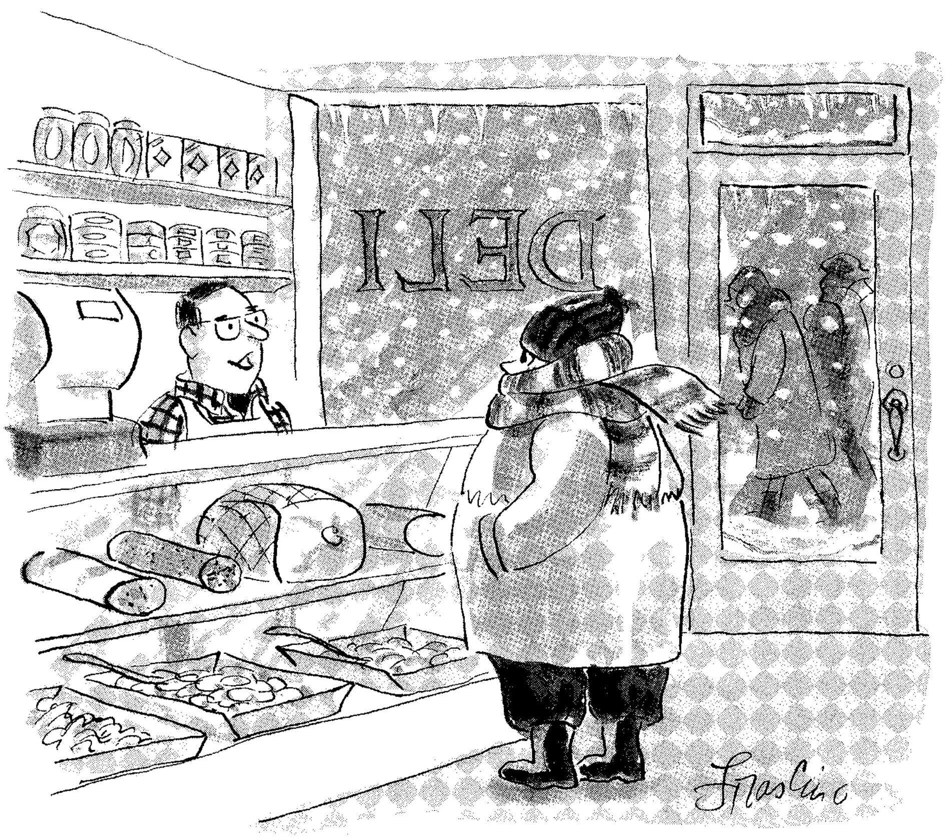
She pulled jeans on under her nightgown and ran outside calling "Hans! Hans!" but the tow truck and the Vega chained to it were well down the road by then and moving at a fair clip. She could hear him shifting, up on the blacktop.

Louise turned in the grass; her feet were freezing. Dan's car was on ramps, minus a fuel pump, beside the trailer, and the cruiser had some ungodly theft-foiling device that no one could get around except Dan. (This went back to 1979, when one of the sheriff's cars was stolen from the Lime Bucket, driven to the sand pits, and rolled down the bank into a hundred and ninety feet of water.) Back inside, Dan slept in orange light, and Louise called her mother.

"I wish I could help," said Mary, "but I don't know anything about it. Are you sure it was Hans? It doesn't sound like the Hans I know."

"Where's he going? That's what I don't understand," said Louise. "Does he still work with Ronnie Lapoint at the station? Because if I remember right, sometimes that wrecker is at the station and sometimes it's at Hans's. Or am I wrong about that? Don't they more or less divide it? Maybe Ronnie Lapoint would know what's going on."

"Oh, no, Ronnie and Hans split up," said Mary. "They split up, oh, it's been a good two months anyway. See, Hans felt that Ronnie was giving work to Del Hetzler that should have rightfully gone to Hans. So Hans told him, you know, 'If I hear another word about Del Hetzler, I'm taking my truck, I'm taking my phone number, and I'm going to set up on my own.' So Ronnie says, 'Well, go ahead, you so-and-so, I never liked you anyway.' Now, I had to laugh when I heard this, because you didn't know Doc Lapoint, Ronnie's dad, but this is word for word what Doc Lapoint was like."



"How may I help you, sir or madam?"

"Fine, Ma. How do I get to work?" said Louise.

"Won't Dan give you a ride?" said Mary.

"I don't want to ask him," said Louise. "He was working late last night. Tonight is Halloween."

"That's right," said Mary. "They've already got six or eight hog feeders rolled out on Main Street. I can see them from my window. One, two, three, four . . . They take them from the hardware store. You know, you wonder why they don't chain them up or something. Maybe we need an ordinance to make people chain up their hog feeders around Halloween time. You couldn't enforce it, but people don't realize that even unenforceable laws have their use."

"Could you take me to work?" said Louise.

"Where are you?" said Mary. "Are you at your house?"

"I'm at Dan's," said Louise.

"Oh," said Mary. "Oh, O.K. Well, do you want me to pick you up there . . . I guess?"

"Why don't I just walk to your house?" said Louise.

"Yeah, why don't you?" said Mary.

Louise showered, and dried her hair. She put coffee on. A shower tended to fog Dan's bathroom mirror for the rest of the day, and Louise sat at the kitchen table in her underwear while putting on her makeup. There was a little round mirror on the table. She could only see part of her face at a time. The furnace came on, and Dan's coffeemaker made a sound that was just like a human sigh.

Louise dressed and went out. The sun was partly hidden by the grain elevator but blinding anyway. She blinked. "Thanks a lot, Hans," she said. Mary was drinking her orange juice and listening to the radio by the kitchen window when Louise arrived. Bev Leventhaler was on the radio, the county-extension woman, explaining how to put away a pumpkin bed for the season. "Well, I got some new guidelines from the folks at the college last week, and I want to pass them along to you," said Bev Leventhaler. "They are unusual, and I'm not going to pretend they're not. But I'm told that these methods have produced some very high yields when tried in an experimental situation. First, go down to your local hardware store and tell them you want a dowel rod two inches thick by eighteen inches long. Perhaps you may have a similar dowel rod at home. Look in your closet or garage or workshop. I know we have a lot of extra dowel rod at our house. Next you'll need a twelve-by-twelve sheet of black polypropylene, a handful of common twist ties, and six gallons of solution of calcium and lime. This is sold commercially as Calgro or Zing, and you should be able to find it in your town, but if not, Big Bear in Morrisville does carry Zing in powdered form. Just remember, if you do get the powder, you need enough powder to *make* six gallons, not six gallons of powder. . . ."

Mary left Louise on a shaded street in Stone City, in front of Kleeborg's Portraits. "Call Hans," said Mary. "He has an answering service, the girl's name is Barb."

"I will," said Louise.

"Say," said Mary, "I meant to ask you, how's that venison going?"

"Well, it isn't," said Louise.

Louise called Hans, but he did not get back to her until the middle of the afternoon. She was taking prints from the fixer, and she looked at the prints (a frowning girl and her horse) and cradled the phone with her shoulder.

"Well, I'm sorry, Louise," said Hans. "I don't really know what to tell you. About six o'clock this morning the phone rang, and it was Nan Jewell. Actually, it would've been earlier than that, because 'Se Habla Español' was on. So I said, '*Buenas días*,' and Nan said, 'Hi, Hans, Louise Darling's car is broken down by the side of the road, and I want you to come get it and take it up to McLaughlin Chevy.' Now, in retrospect, it did sound kind of funny. I mean, it was your car, why weren't you doing the calling? So I said to Nan, I said, 'Well, who told you it wouldn't start?' And she said that you told her it wouldn't start, but that you didn't have the money to fix it. So she was going to have it towed and repaired, and this would be as a favor to you. So at that point I wasn't going to argue with her. But I'm sure sorry. I don't know what Nan Jewell was thinking of. I tell you what, though, I'm going to bill her for that tow."

"Well, O.K., but I'm not paying for it," said Louise.

"Well, I don't think you should," said Hans. "You didn't call me, she called me."

"That's right," said Louise.

"I know it is," said Hans.

Louise called the Chevy place. The mechanics had worked up a long list of repairs, but she was able to cancel them all.

DAN waited for Louise at the Strongheart at four-thirty that afternoon. This was a diner on Harlan Street in Stone City, within walking distance of Kleeborg's. The restaurant was small and not clean but featured excellent tenderloin sandwiches.

"Hello, Daniel," said Louise.

They ordered food from an old man named Carl Peitz. He smiled constantly, as if there were something wrong with him.

"Now, I had a key made for you," said Dan. He emptied his pockets on the table. There were a red comb, an Allen wrench, a ball of string, a tape measure, a dog biscuit, fingernail clippers, and a skeleton key. "Don't tell me I lost it already," he said.

"How did you get to be sheriff?" said Louise.

"I don't remember," said Dan.

"Man, I'm about hungry enough to eat this biscuit," said Louise.

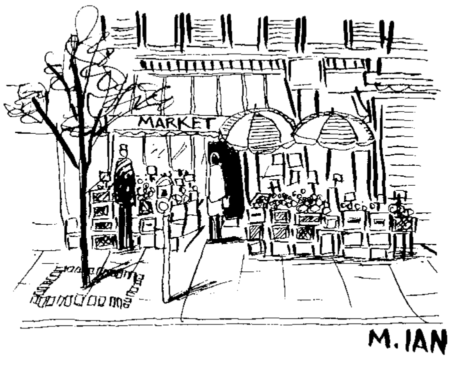
"Don't," said Dan. "It's a knockout biscuit." He got up and went to look in the cruiser.

Smoke rose from the grill. Carl Peitz removed his apron, fanned the smoke, and seemed delighted to be doing just that.

"Is that ours?" said Louise.

SHE went home that night to the farm. She stopped at Hy-Vee first, to get groceries and some candy for the trick-or-treaters that might or might not come.

Most of them impersonated that guy with the old hat and sharp fingers, but two were dinosaurs, one a ballerina, one a hobo with a sawdust beard. You didn't get many kids out in the country, and Louise stood in the doorway shovelling Red Hots into plastic pumpkins with black straps. The parents stayed back, by pickups and station wagons, out of the light. The white dog knocked down a little girl dressed as Paula Abdul and, taking advantage of the confusion, sprinted into the house.



By nine o'clock or so, no one else seemed to be coming, and Louise poured some Canadian Club and turned on a movie featuring the wolf-man and his wife. The wife was a prosecutor in Michigan, and she was investigating a string of murders, for which her husband was responsible. But the wife didn't even know the guy was a wolf-man. He himself took his time facing the truth, and there were long, uninteresting scenes with him in the research library in Ann Arbor. Then he tried to figure out some way to tell his wife, because she wanted to have children, and he had to keep putting her off, while his wolf side was all for killing her and getting it over with.

The prosecutor was crashing through the trees along Lake Huron, her husband at her heels, when a commercial came on. Louise stood and stretched. The movie was getting stupid, and she could sense thousands of people across the Midwest rising to rid themselves of it. She turned down the sound, heard a noise, and went to the window.

She cupped her hands around her eyes. There seemed to be four or five people coming up the driveway. At first she thought they were trick-or-treaters, because she could see the bobbing yellow features of a jack-o'-lantern. But the people looked fairly tall, really, and no one turned toward her door. Up the driveway they went, five shadows, into the farmyard. It was something to see. They had come to drag out a hayrack, or push over a shed, or let something loose from where it was supposed to be. A car would be up the road, waiting. Louise snapped her fingers, and the white dog trotted from the kitchen with a red plastic flower in his mouth. "Give Louise the flower," said Louise, and she took it from him. Then she opened the door and pushed the dog onto the steps. "Make us proud," she said.

—Tom Drury

PROFILES

OUTSIDER

III—WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

Reuters/Bettmann

Jesse Jackson and Jonathan Jackson

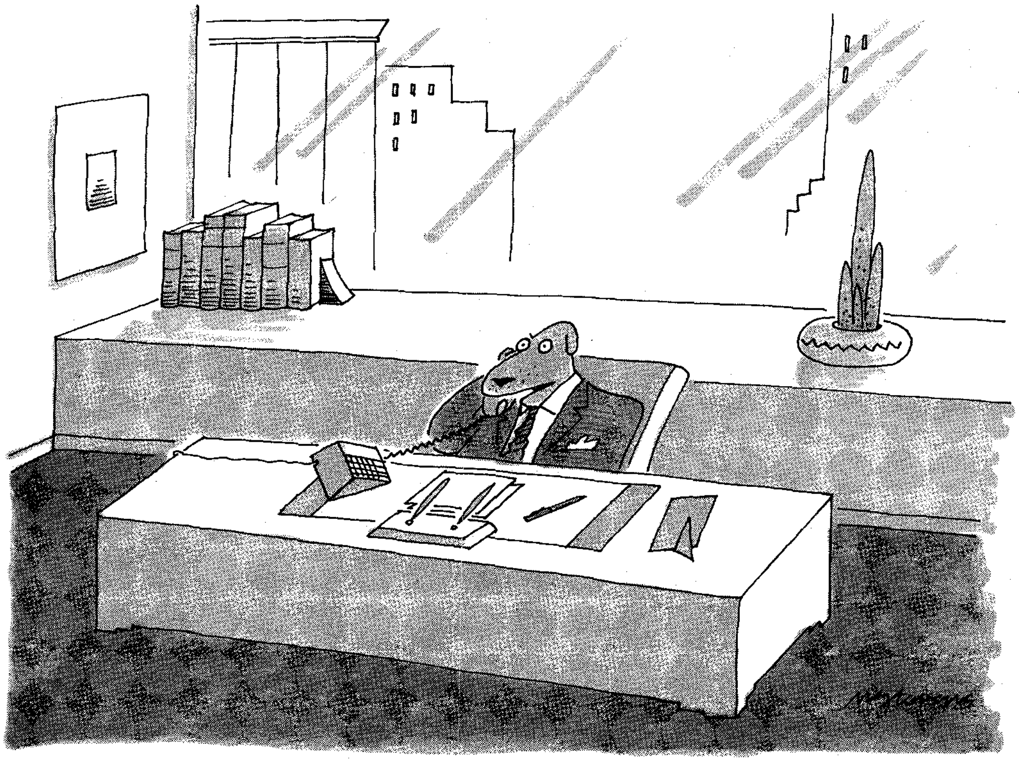
Jesse Jackson's entire career since the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in Memphis in 1968, could be considered an extension of his performance then. The day after King was killed, Jackson, who had been King's most eager acolyte, appeared before television cameras in a bloodstained sweater and suggested, in effect, that he had been anointed the successor by the blood of the martyr, whom Jackson had held as he was dying—a story disputed by many (though not all) who had been at the scene. Over the years, in his obsessive construction of himself into a national social apostle, Jackson has always shown a deftness in appropriating a situation, even the most incidental circumstance, and investing it with an ambitious symbolic import. One of Jackson's professors at Chicago Theological Seminary told the journalist David Maraniss that "his greatest gift was also his greatest peril"—that with his melodramatic imagination "his ready tongue and vivid language" could "carry a thought beyond what closer scrutiny would justify."

For Jackson, however, symbol can really be substance, often of a greater meaning than the actual particulars of the matter. Accordingly, he is prone to freight with the heaviest symbolism scenes and events in which he is involved. While visiting the Soviet Union in 1989, to arrange an internationally televised concert to raise relief funds for victims of Armenia's recent earthquake, he stopped at a hospital for children that was staffed mostly by their mothers and grandmothers. Afterward, he remarked, "Those women there, they felt so free to weep, you know? That I would bring them unto my bosom and help bear some of their pain." Later, a crowd gathered out of the ruins of a nearby town, thronging around him, and when he was back in his car he reported that he had been visited by a kind of self-mythicizing vision: "When I watched all those people coming toward me, I couldn't help but think—I had this flash—that they'd have in their minds for a long time that the most surprising source for them, an African-American, once came to them and reached out to help them when they were in terrible need. And that may become a part of their tradition, of their legends."

In a series of meetings with Soviet officials, he produced slightly dazed stares across the table with his expatiations on the millennial implications of the earthquake: "There was a providential dimension to its coming when it did. It immediately became a test for *glasnost*, for *perestroika*, and a test of our common humanity. That's the paradox of this disaster. It gives us the opportunity to respond to it across ancient barriers of race, region, ideology, and religion"—all this was a vision, a spontaneous combustion that grew ever wider as he spoke, like a kind of big bang in his head—"and from that to build an infrastructure of people to people, joint experiments to develop new medicines together, clean up the environment together, joint ventures into space. If we can rebuild Armenia together, we can rebuild the world together!" Jackson possesses one of the few imaginations that could actually exaggerate the impact of a 6.9-on-the-Richter-scale shuddering of the earth that left half a million people homeless. Privately, he even suggested religious reverberations: "This tremor has had a profound effect upon Communist leaders here. It's shaken them away from the Party and toward God."

Jackson still makes rather inflationary claims for the symbolism of having dragooned Fidel Castro into attending church with him one Sunday during a 1984 visit to Cuba: "He had me speak at the university there in Havana, and when I got through I told him, 'Now I'm gonna go down and speak at the church. I want you to go with me.' He said, 'What? What?' Came along, though. We went walking down the street for about two miles, and when we got to the church those priests, those priests stepped out there to the door, saw Castro. Eyes went wide. We could see everybody inside turnin' and twistin' around to look. I said, 'Fidel, that cigar—' Then said, 'And that hat—' We went walkin' on down the aisle, people started applauding. Priest in the pulpit introduced Castro to speak. Castro got up there." Jackson's voice assumes a rolling, stentorian resonance. " 'Well-l-l, Reverrrends, gooood to be here,' " and he breaks into a heavy cackle. "Fidel up there in that pulpit, talkin' it. Sat down there then through the service, had him a *religious* feeling. But, you know, many of our U.S. media people were there; they saw all that but refused to *look* at it. Know what I mean? To recognize its significance."

Actually, Jackson has always been given to the lightly mystical. During a visit to Africa in 1989, the tenuousness of human settlement against the threatening engulfment of nature prompted him to propound, "Difference between man and land is, land is unconscious energy, man is conscious energy. If you're more conscious than the earth, you can control and use it, but if you're less conscious than the earth its energy will swallow you up. Right?" After a



"Woof woof woof woof! I mean get me the Techcorp file, Thompson."

motor-launch excursion up the Zambezi River, he began to muse, "What that river's seen. If only rivers could talk. Rivers probably do have a language. They're living, moving things. Probably talking all the time—we just don't know their language yet, don't know quite how to hear what they're saying. But that river was trying to talk to us this afternoon, sho was."

His quickness to descry the mystically symbolic in almost any set of circumstances—which, as much as anything else, was what was at work in the scenario he presented after King's assassination—persists in his alertness to those circle closings which he is fond of calling "the poetries of time." In Zimbabwe, he had what could be regarded as an especially transcendental afternoon while wandering along the edge of Victoria Falls. He paused once to declaim, over the tremendous roar of the water, about the Rainbow Coalition and his second Presidential campaign. "You know, when the slave trade in America finally died out, it ended at this little town in Alabama called Africa Town, not far from Mobile, where the last slave ship landed," he said. "About a hundred years later, less than two hundred miles from that spot, Rosa Parks refused to go to the back of the bus. So from the boat stop to the bus stop, and the emergence of Dr. King— And then, during our '88 campaign, we came to Africa Town for a rally. And, as we were driving in, there was this huge rainbow over it. *Huge* rainbow, right in front of us, and we followed it all the way to the church we were speaking at. Now here I am back in Africa, on a campaign for a massive American economic and political engagement with the continent of Africa. I'd call that sort of coming around full circle in a right big way, wouldn't you?" Indeed, it must be said that nature seemed to conspire in Jackson's fancy, with an answering poetry of almost banal symbolism: while expounding on his Rainbow Coalition, he walked among myriad little rainbows hanging everywhere about him in the sunny misting from the falls, and repeatedly reached up with gleeful whoops as if to grab them from the air. "The Rainbow! The Rainbow! This is where it began, where it begins again!"

AFTER King's death, Jackson struggled to make himself into a comparably momentous figure in what had become an unmomentous time, empty of large passions and drama—a factor that contributed to his desperate need for notice. That urgency was only further excited by, in 1969, a *Times* profile ("probably the most persuasive black leader on the national scene") and a *Playboy* interview, in which he was introduced as King's "fiery heir apparent," and then, in 1970, a *Time* cover.

As the classic phase of the civil-rights movement guttered out after King's death, Jackson began to feel himself impossibly confined within King's old organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Friction grew over his indifference to scheduled staff sessions and his casual budgetary procedures with Operation Breadbasket, the S.C.L.C. campaign for more black integration into the mainstream economy, which he directed. For all his entrepreneurial wizardry in developing that project, his administration of it had been, at best, desultory: once when S.C.L.C. bookkeepers in Atlanta asked for an accounting of its operational expenses for the year, according to Ralph Abernathy, who had succeeded King as the organization's president, they received "little more than a paper bag full of cancelled checks and receipts—and more of the former than the latter." Then, in 1969, Jackson put together an extravaganza in Chicago called Black Expo, a promotional festival for companies that had enlisted in Operation Breadbasket, to which he managed to attract a galaxy of entertainers. A famous success that first year, it was planned as an annual fund-raiser for the S.C.L.C. But sometime later the S.C.L.C. office in Atlanta discovered that Jackson had discreetly abducted the entire event by incorporating it under a separate body, composed of his Chicago patrons. In the ensuing furor, Jackson left the S.C.L.C.

He quickly fashioned his own organization in Chicago—it was mainly a reconstituted Operation Breadbasket, with that program's economic militancy widened into a more general social ministry, patterned on King's perspectives—and named it People United to Save Humanity ("Save" was later modified to "Serve"), or Opera-

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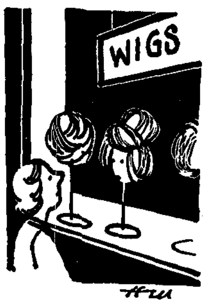
tion PUSH. In announcing its creation, on Christmas morning of 1971, he declared, "A new child has been born!" Formed to reflect Jackson's own activist impulses, PUSH was an odd montage of social initiatives and churchly inflections; Jackson presided over weekly rally-services, broadcast to a sizable radio audience from a former synagogue on Chicago's South Side.



From this small personal domain at PUSH, Jackson began casting about like a protagonist in search of a larger drama. He mounted economic offensives of confrontation and negotiation against corporations like Coca-Cola and Heublein, and franchise operations like Burger King and 7-Eleven. "Negotiating with these major corporations, like Ford, I told them, 'We got a consumer base, consumer power, and a tilt one or two per cent in another direction can appreciably alter a margin of profits. On the other hand, we got trainable people, we got people with money who want dealerships. You just can't rationalize not doing that.' Sooner or later, they'd see the light. Ford had only thirty minority dealerships when we began talking. Now they got more than two hundred and fifty." Over the course of extracting these "covenants," as Jackson called them, he also began to compile from their beneficiaries a by no means negligible corps of backers. In the meantime, he had become something of a provocateur in the politics of Mayor Richard Daley's Chicago, and at the 1972 Democratic Convention, in Miami Beach, he briefly flurried into national view again, in an Afro aureole of hair and a striped cabaña shirt, noisily orchestrating the dislodgment of Daley's Cook County delegates by a group of liberal challengers. During those years, in fact, from his nattily sober look in the sixties he appeared to be passing through a series of effulgent transformations—caballero vests and plumy sideburns, running sneakers, giant neck-chain medallions over much glossy leather—in search of the right public image. He would still regularly address convocations of black groups, and eventually began setting out on excursions abroad, to African and Arab countries. At the same time, he took to showing up repeatedly at the offices of television producers in New York and Washington, simply presenting himself out of nowhere, with no warning, to visit for a few minutes and, usually, banter his way onto broadcasts like "Today," "Good Morning America," and "Face the Nation." In the early seventies, he managed to become virtually a regular on Phil Donahue's show.

Jackson also began conducting, in a succession of school gyms and auditoriums around the country, stirring rallies for self-respect and self-reliance among black youths. He would take them through the long struggle of the movement to open up American society to blacks, and then would ring out, "What does it matter if the doors of opportunity are now wide open if you still too uneducated to find your way through that door? What does it matter if we won the right to equal schooling if you've lost the will to learn? There is a challenge beyond opportunity. If you challenged to play some white suburban team in basketball, you say, 'Bring 'em on!' But when it comes to math and literature and science you must also say, 'Bring 'em on!' To those who underestimate you, say, 'Bring 'em on!' To those who say you can only play ball and can't think, say, 'Bring 'em on!' Let the challenges come! Just because you were born in a slum doesn't mean the slum was born in you—you can rise above it! Up to you now! Up to you now! Want you to repeat after me, 'My mind is a pearl . . . I can learn anything . . . in the whole world! . . . Nobody will save us . . . for us . . . but us!' " By 1978, the rallies had attracted the enthusiastic attention of the Carter Administration, and this resulted in a series of federal grants and contracts to fund Jackson's school ministry, which he had named PUSH for Excellence, or PUSH-Excel.

While many other civil-rights activists had peeled off into more localized and specialized orbits, Jackson emerged at the end of the seventies as virtually the sole national voice of the black community. In 1983, an ABC poll asked black Americans to name the most important black leader, and Jackson ranked far higher than any other figure, by a margin of forty-three per cent over the second-place Andrew Young. Jackson's popular credibility had reached a point where he began to be called in to negotiate labor disputes. In Chicago, he managed, after prolonged discussions, to reconcile contending parties in a firemen's strike. He was also asked in to negotiate a teachers' strike in St. Louis. By 1979, Jackson had gained enough prominence as a black figure to be among the assortment of national eminences invited by President Carter to Camp David for deliberations on the state of the nation's spirit, from which issued Carter's so-called "malaise" sermonette. As early as 1977, according to Jackson, "Carter was already quoting stuff from me in his speeches," and then, when Carter found himself confronting Ronald Reagan in the 1980 Presidential campaign, "it was me," Jackson says, "that he turned to for carrying the banner to the black community." In that service, Jackson forged through seventy-two cities in twenty-nine states. Despite Carter's defeat, Jackson's performance had been so effective that in 1982, at the Party's behest, he again coursed about the country in a voter-registration campaign, which produced an appreciable increase in the black electorate—a premonitory intimation of what was shortly to follow.

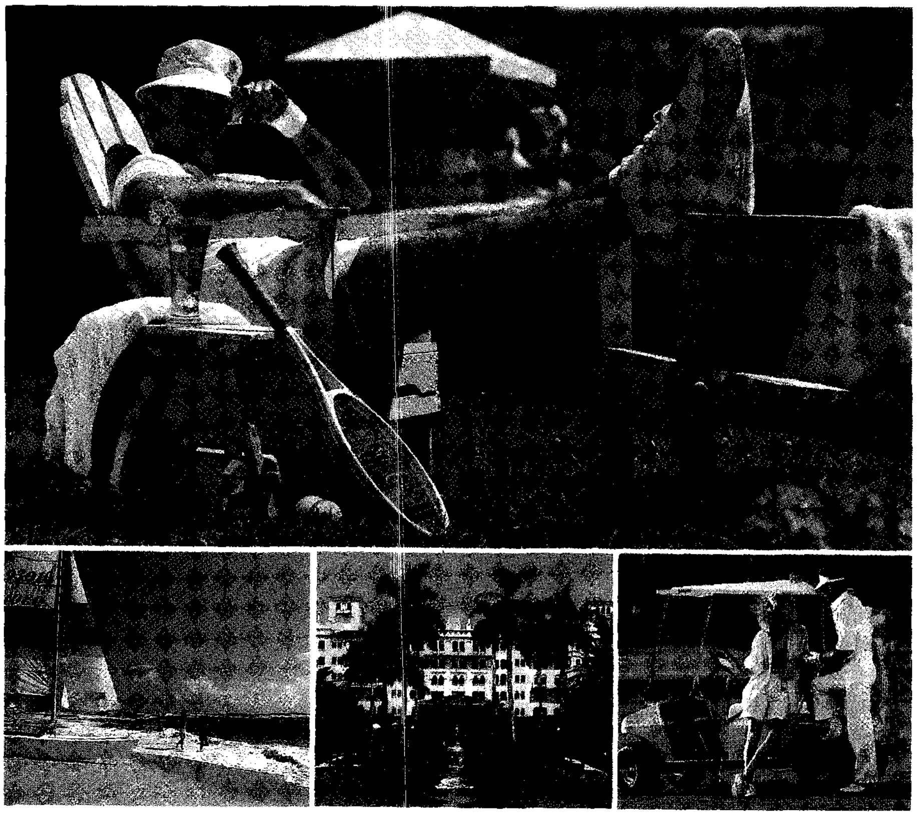
DESPITE his widening notability, Jackson was never left in doubt that he was consigned to the outskirts of national political relevance by what he viewed as the nation's central power structure. This exclusion was due, he was certain, simply to his being black. "Always client status, never peer status," he recalls of his resentments then. "The Party's black stars were like its Harlem Globetrotters—gave it soul and dynamism, gave it its margins of victory, but never allowed to set policy. Like the Party's concubines—they make their use of us, then go back to their own family." Or like the Party's plantation field hands, as he implied years later, when Michael Dukakis rejected him as his Vice-Presidential choice: "Too much to expect that I will go out in the field and be the champion vote picker and bale up those votes and bring 'em back to the big house and get a reward, while people who do not pick nearly as many voters, who don't carry the same amount of weight among the people, sit in the big house and make the decisions."

But throughout his progress as an outsider Jackson had developed a certain fine sense for detecting gaps in the ruling order of things. And he came to determine that it was in those gaps—between the assumed and the actual—that power waited. “Leadership fills those gaps between what's policy and what's possible, those tremendous gaps of the unknown,” he says. “But most elected officials tend to codify, to operate on the line, not in the gaps. People cease to expect them to come home and connect, have a mass meeting or press conference and address things like why aren't enough houses being built, how come we don't have an adequate system of health care, why we have drugs goin' up and down the street all the time. And ain't nobody gon' bear the cross. So when somebody steps into that gap and addresses it he's gonna find favor with the people. 'Cause the people *live* in that gap.”

Jackson's quickness to discover and move into those gaps has been behind what many perceive as his congenital opportunism. Jackson himself reports, “Every time I ever achieved something, it's been like when I was in high school and went from my church to the state convention for Baptist young people, and I looked around and said, ‘Somebody here has got to be president of this thing. Somebody is going to be that.’ Every time I've ever changed plateaus and looked at a new environment, it finally becomes— Mean, out of all the people around, somebody's got to assume the responsibility for setting the agenda. *Somebody.* And who gives that assignment? There *is* no defined body, there's no board of directors meeting this morning in *x* place, making a decision on who's going to be appointed to set national priorities. *It's open,* who's gonna do that. And it's available to be *done.*”

By 1983, he had spied what he considered a hugely significant gap between the nation's prevailing political order and its population of the neglected, the voiceless, the alienated: “Part of that, I found, was a gap between the liberals and the true liberators. For instance, Harold Washington's campaign for mayor in Chicago. We were gearing up for that victory when we got word Mondale and Ted Kennedy were coming in to support the opposition in the primary. Mean, here were guys whose careers in part had been built on the shoulders of black people's struggle for political liberation. About fifty black leaders got together, and we sent a telegram, ‘Please don't come in here and interrupt this campaign we got going.’ But they came anyway. *They came.*” In fact, to Jackson it looked like a collaborative rapport between liberal and conservative leaders: “Those fellas stay in that circle for so long, they become completely insulated, acclimated mostly just to each other. They say, ‘Oh, we know why ole Virge is takin' that position.’ Pretend to be arguin' and vote against each other's positions, never be a vote on people's life options. Then have a cloture vote and make a mad dash for the golf course, hurry off to dinner that evening, rush to the airport for a foreign trip together. That ‘in’ crowd must always play by their inside-crowd rules. They'd never support me.”

Meanwhile, Jackson noted, “the people feeling locked out of this arrangement were really across all races. I'd been going to conventions and political conferences where, every year, blacks and Hispanics and Indians and poor whites'd be protesting, and the demonstrators on the *outside* of the hall would be greater than the number of



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delegates on the *inside*. Began to have more and more out, fewer and fewer in. A big gap there. You a leader, you got to step *into* the gap! The whole movement was built on operating in those gaps. I said, 'What we talking about here is not just blacks but a, a—*rainbow coalition*. All those who feel locked out must become a part of that coalition of converging needs.' So I determined I had to lead a national registration drive."

In the summer of 1983, he set out on a tour through the South, conducting rallies, mostly in black churches, like the rallies during the days of the civil-rights movement. In the process, he began to form, virtually single-handedly, a new mass of voters—a constituency that could offer him a window of entry at last into the nation's highest politics. "I had to do it by just trottin' out there with no money, had to raise the money from church to church as we went. Go to this town, they'd house us and feed us, we'd take up the money in church and next day go to the next place, the next church. Did that for like ten weeks." This series of voter-registration camp meetings happened to coincide with a near-visceral antipathy toward the Reagan Presidency within the black community. "Our time has come!" Jackson would shout to black congregations in plain little tabernacles in Alabama and Mississippi. "From the slave ship to the championship, from welfare to our share, from the outhouse to the courthouse to the statehouse to the White House, our time has come! In 1980, Reagan won by the margin of our nonparticipation. Won eight Southern states by a hundred and ninety-three thousand votes, while almost three million blacks there were unregistered. All those rocks, little David, just layin' around. There's a Freedom Train a-comin' now, but you got to register to ride. Hands that once picked cotton can now pick Presidents. Our time has come!" It was, in fact, a kind of strenuously suggestive pump-priming, and before long a rising roar of chants started to pulse from rally to rally: "Run, Jesse, run!"

For Jackson, a Presidential campaign, apart from any serious considerations of actually winning, would afford him a splendidly expanded theatre for fulfilling his social mission. "I was bringing into it all the passion and ideology I'd always had, but by making this tactical move I could gain an access that I couldn't have had on the outside," he says. "Running for President, you can take the media to the inner city—they'll go. Or to Appalachia, they'll go."

Some two months into Jackson's guerrilla campaign, it had only the scantiest resources and was received with little seriousness. But it was then vivified by a lightning stroke of fortune—an unexpected delayed return from his passage through the Middle East in 1979, when he had met not only with Yasir Arafat but also, briefly, with Syria's President Hafez al-Assad. In 1983, the United States still had its Marine outpost in Beirut, and on December 4th two Navy jets were shot down over Syrian positions in eastern Lebanon; the bombardier-navigator of one—Lieutenant Robert O. Goodman, Jr., who was black—was captured by the Syrians and taken to a military prison in Damascus. Three weeks later, on Christmas Day, Jackson announced that he was flying to Damascus on a "rescue mission" to get Goodman out. "Reagan couldn't very well lead any *strong* effort, because he'd already said there'd been too much emphasis on the Iranian hostages," Jackson recounted. "So he was paralyzed. Now the Syrians, they couldn't very well keep holding Goodman and have black Americans and Middle East peace activists attacking them on that basis. So had an impasse—a gap, a vacuum—and all it'd take was a leader stepping into it."

Arriving in Damascus with a large retinue that included—felicitously, as it turned out—Chicago's high minister of the Nation of Islam, Louis Farrakhan, Jackson passed three days in preliminary discussions with various wary Syrian officials, a stiff and balky process that was suddenly much eased when Farrakhan closed one meeting by singing a Muslim prayer in Arabic. Finally, Jackson was summoned to meet with Assad. Advising Assad that he was there not as a diplomat or a lawyer but "just as a simple country preacher," Jackson heaved into his appeal. As he now reconstructs it, "I told him yes, it was a war situation, but even in war there must be some move toward trust. I didn't come here to argue the rightness or wrongness of American policy. I'm in Syria on a mission seeking mercy.

What I'm asking is one brave act of mercy that can break the cycle of pain and wrath." Jackson then made one of his acrobatic symbolic associations, between the illumination that struck Paul on the road to Damascus and "this great new light that can come again from Damascus two thousand years later." He told Assad, "Return that boy to his family, and you'll leave a surprising good taste in the mouth of the American people." Assad indicated that he would have to take counsel with his staff, and Jackson told him, "I'll trust in that. If I had to pick just one lawyer in Syria to plead my case, Mr. President, it'd be you."

The next morning, Assad released Goodman. But, on arriving with Goodman back in the United States, Jackson was greeted by scattershot complaints that he had lent himself to being used to embarrass the United States government. Jackson says, "My own feeling is every American patriot ought to be ready, to want to be used for peace and freedom. Not being used is to be useless. Only issue is mutual use."

"My dear, may I suggest a little old-fashioned biofeedback, some acupuncture, and a dollop of nutrition counselling?"

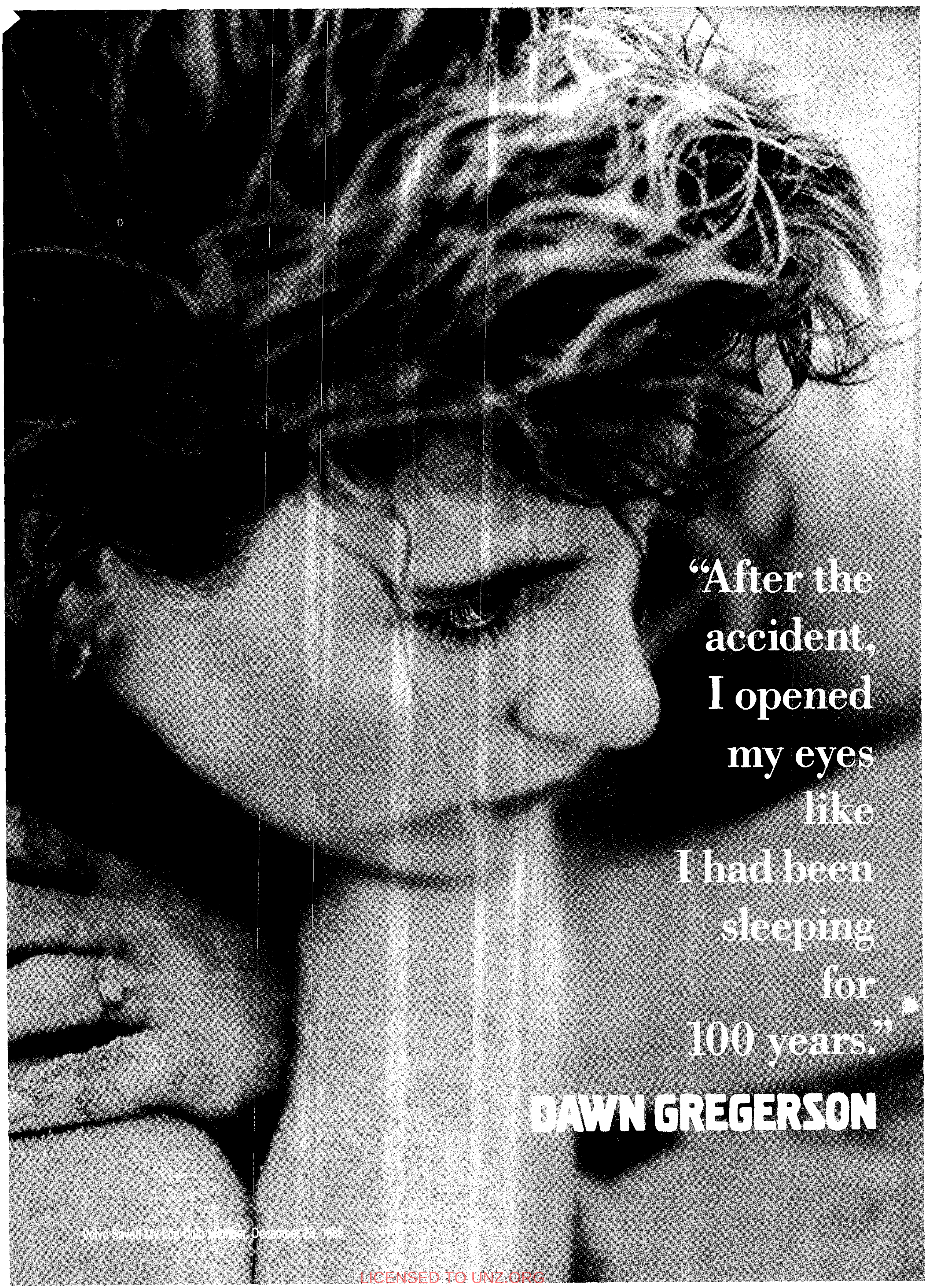
• •

Jackson acknowledges that he later ventured approaches of his own in Beirut in behalf of the hostages there: "We sent out messages on the radio over there, TV public-service tapes, took out ads in the newspapers and knew the captors were reading them. We were making penetrations, no question about it. We were beginning to get some response—when all of a sudden the doors just closed. I didn't quite understand what'd happened at first. Then I learned they had what they thought was a better contact—they had the White House directly, and were getting money and arms. That totally foreclosed our humanitarian appeal. That was the Administration's chicanery, to discredit our using the humanitarian argument and placing us in the position of intruding on government business. Their method was illegal and, of course, ultimately unproductive—in fact, disastrous."

DESPITE the discomfort over Jackson's extemporaneous intercession in Damascus, he and Goodman were accorded a reception by Reagan in the Rose Garden. The coup he had pulled off, Jackson says, "changed things, man—sho did." But now that Jackson was taken more seriously as a national political candidate, he became subject to a press scrutiny far closer than any he had ever experienced. The results were calamitous. Only three weeks after winning Goodman's release, he was chatting with two black reporters in a cafeteria at Washington's National Airport about the New York primary when he suddenly shifted to a more confidential tone. "Let's talk black talk," he said, and in a casual patter about New York City's Jewish constituency he used the terms "Hymie" and "Hymie town."

When Jackson's words appeared in print, they set loose a furor that rapidly engulfed him. The uproar seemed to leave him at first in a haze of pained bafflement, and he briefly, bumblingly denied that he had ever uttered the words. What was particularly harrowing was that his grand political assertion of the movement's moral vision was now apparently collapsing around him on the most squalid count—his own purported racism. It became for him both a political and a personal misery. His wife, Jacqueline, would later recall, with considerable resentment, "My husband pined over this particular situation, and it hurt him deeply." At the same time, he began to brood that he had been blindsided—that because of a careless slang utterance he was subject now to something like a mass mugging. He nevertheless undertook to explain and to entreat forgiveness in a couple of appearances before Jewish gatherings: "However innocent and unintended, it was wrong. I deeply regret any pain I might have caused at any time. In private talks, we sometimes let our guard down and we become thoughtless. It was not in a spirit of meanness [but] an off-color remark having no bearing on religion or politics. . . . I categorically deny allegations that there is anything in my personal attitude or my public career, behavior, or record that lends itself to that interpretation. In fact, the record is the exact opposite." The melancholy thing, he said, was that "something so small has become so large that it threatens the fabric of relations long in the making." A while later, he submitted, "Marriages aren't like that. You don't just find one 'gotcha' after twenty years and end it."

In the past, Jackson had periodically



"After the accident, I opened my eyes like I had been sleeping for 100 years."
DAWN GREGERSON
Volvo Saved My Life Club Member, December 28, 1988

It comes so often without any warning.

"We were driving to Utah to go skiing," Dawn Gregerson begins. "We were laughing because on this desert highway, in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the road, there was a man painting yellow lines on the road."

"I wouldn't want his job for the life of me," Gregerson recalls saying to her boyfriend, Jim Fagan, who was driving at the time.

Suddenly, a grey van, trying to pass on the inside lane, hit Gregerson's red Volvo 240 sedan on the rear passenger side.

"We never saw it coming. He came out of nowhere," Gregerson recalls. "One second we were joking, the next we were flying through space, tumbling and tumbling."

The impact sent the Volvo into a roll, flipping side over side, finally coming to rest on a dirt embankment farther down the highway.

Gregerson's thoughts through all this were simple and basic.

"Am I going to live?"

Each year there are 34 million traffic accidents in this country. An accident every second. An injury due to traffic accidents every six seconds. A death every twelve minutes. The rationale of it only happens to the other person just doesn't cut it anymore. 1 in 7 drivers will be in a traffic accident this year.

When Dawn Gregerson opened her eyes after the accident, she felt like she had been sleeping for a hundred years. Her body was banged up and sore. There was dirt and dust and sand everywhere.

An older couple, driving ahead, had seen everything in their rear view mirror.

"I think when they came back to help, they expected to find bodies all over the place," Gregerson recalls.

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"I don't think the feeling ever goes away. The fear. That unexpected feeling of fear. Even now, there are times when I'm on the freeway and it returns. It just comes up on me.

"Like a year ago, I was on the freeway driving and I had that feeling again, the thought about being rear-ended, the sound, the feeling of flying. And the next thing I know, the guy in front of me runs into the car in front of him. I don't know if I saw it coming or it was just coincidence, but it really shook me up.

"I don't think people really see a car for what it is. It's something we use everyday, but it's something that can kill you. Or save you."

Each year, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety studies occupant death rates in thousands of accidents.* In its April 1991 study of 1984-88 models, the car with the lowest fatality rate was the Volvo 240 Wagon. Each year IIHS has been analyzing accident statistics, Volvo has been at the top or near the top in their respective model categories. No car manufacturer can guarantee you will survive an accident. No company can say you won't have an injury. But statistics show and crash tests demonstrate that some cars can offer more protection than others.

To sit and talk to Gregerson today, one would never know this young woman very nearly became another tragic statistic. With pictures of her family and friends scattered around her living room, she talks about her career in computers and her love of the beach.

One might even picture her in a sports car driving along the seashore, wind in her long blond hair.

"I admit after the accident I looked into something sportier. I even went into a few dealerships. But when I asked about safety features like reinforced roofs, they just looked at me. All they wanted to tell me about were things like CD players. In the end, I just couldn't do it. I got the same car in the same color I had before."

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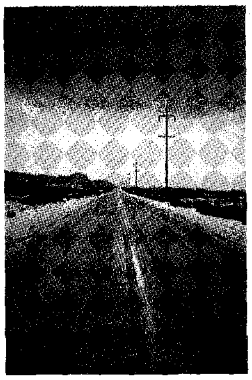

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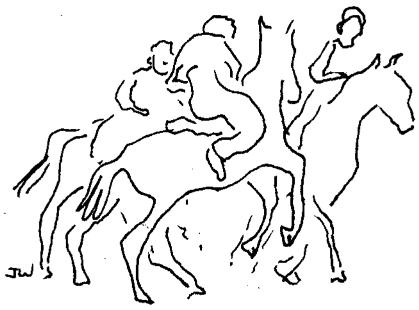
*Study published April 1991 of 134 biggest selling 1984-88 model year cars during 1985-89 calendar years.

sought to reconcile the discords developing in the traditional political alliance between blacks and Jews over such matters as affirmative action, economic inequalities, the identification of some black leaders with the Palestinian movement. His uneven history with the Jewish community has been recounted by Bob Faw and Nancy Skelton in their astute book "Thunder in America." In 1974, he had called a conference of Jewish leaders, where he declared that blacks and Jews "share the common mandate" and had "become necessary to each other." And he urged that blacks and Jews "rise above the rhetoric of the past few years, which has too often been abrasive and tended to divide us, and share a common vision of social change in this country." (Some people at the conference might well have questioned why it was to them that his appeal was addressed.) But he had also, on occasion, extended himself more personally: he once brought his family along with him to join Jewish demonstrators protesting a march by neo-Nazis in the mostly Jewish community of Skokie, Illinois. And in 1974, after the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General George S. Brown, averred in an address at Duke University that Jews "own, you know, the banks in the country, the newspapers—just look at where the Jewish money is," Jackson dispatched a letter of rebuke to him for that "canard": "As we all know, this kind of distortion of economic reality was widely used by Hitler's propaganda machine to produce Fascism. . . . Given your position of authority and the access you have to public media, to be careless in your public pronouncements is to be irresponsible. . . . really to spread ignorance."

Yet there also seemed, in Jackson's turbulently mixed nature, something clumsily callous, which disquieted even many who wished him well. Jackson himself, in his years as a free-ranging public militant, had complained about "Jewish slumlords" and "Jewish fight promoters," and had denounced Andrew Young's forced resignation from his United Nations ambassadorship, after an exchange at a party with a Palestine Liberation Organization representative, as a "capitulation" to "Jewish" pressure. He struck many observers as, at the very least, recklessly ambivalent in his sentiments. After a wholly innocuous incident at a recent dinner, in which a Jewish member of his party referred to a black member of his party by the wrong name, I was riding with Jackson in an elevator when he abruptly offered, "You know, Jews can just be so insensitive sometimes and not even know it"—a remark whose gratuitous offensiveness he seemed oddly oblivious of. But with far more energy he will also assert, as he did once when he was explaining the unanswerable force of moral right, "Like the argument in '48, 'Jews need a state in Israel.' 'But, man, that'll cost a lot of money to support. You gonna upset the Arabs, and what about the Palestinians there?' 'Yeah, but people need a home. Have to work it out with the Arabs, something fair for the Palestinians. Thing is, Jews need a home. Been homeless two thousand years, suffered, been persecuted—they ought to have a home. 'Cause that's what's *right*.' You keep arguing the moral right of a case, it becomes irresistible, it's the drops of water that break apart those ole rocks of adamancy." But he added, "Of course, it's just as true now for the Palestinians, they got to have a homeland, too. If those two moral rights not reconciled somehow, nobody, including Israel, is gonna be secure. I remember Martin telling me before he died, that was gonna be the next big new tension in the world, about the Palestinians."

Misgivings about Jackson were not much dispelled by reports that, on a stop in Israel during his 1979 tour through the Middle East, he had hurried through the Yad Vashem Holocaust memorial with a cursory impatience; he was also quoted as observing to the publisher of *Israel Today*, "It's about time American Jews stopped putting Americans on a guilt trip about the Holocaust." It was almost as if to Jackson there were some running competition between blacks and Jews for primacy among the historically abused. Then, when he was in Beirut a few days later, he was photographed embracing Arafat—an image that was to linger ever after at the center of suspicions about him.

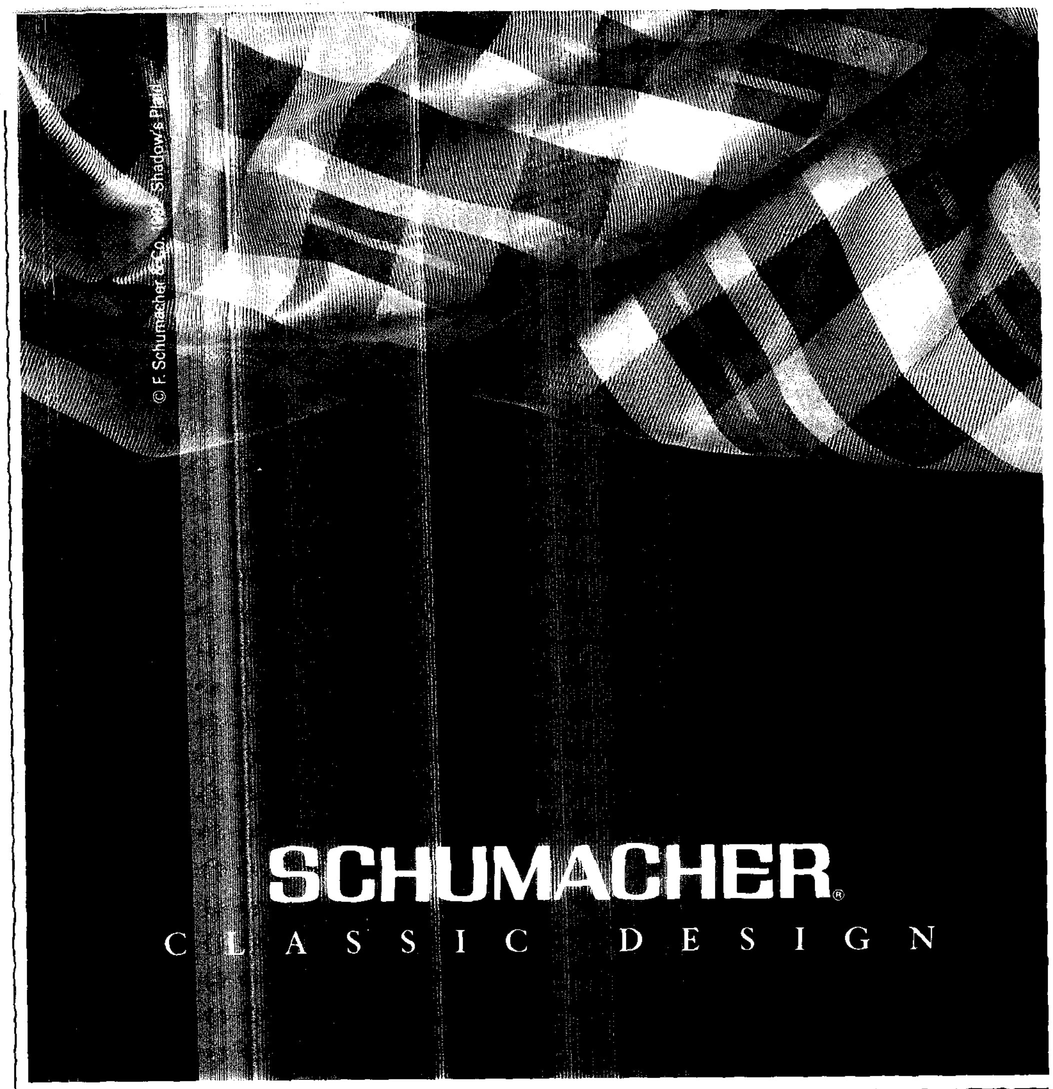


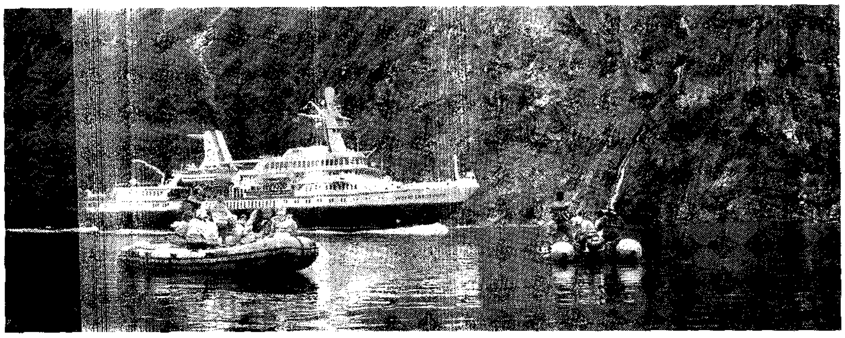
If Jackson's 1979 Middle Eastern trip eventually produced, in his negotiation of Goodman's release, the highest lift for his 1984 campaign, it now also contributed to its lowest moment. "There's an irony with 'Hymie,' " Nathan Perlmutter, of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, commented to Faw and Skelton. "On the scale of insults, 'Hymie' isn't a yellow star pinned on your sleeve. [But] it's what's opened up for somebody like myself the opportunity to be heard on a dimension of Jesse Jackson's character."

In any case, all Jackson's explications and apologies availed little. "He could light candles every Friday night, and grow side curls, and it still wouldn't matter," Perlmutter said. "He's a whore." The scandal had disconcerted not only Jews but many other citizens, of course, and, despite a poll projection back in January, 1984, that Jackson would make a sixteen-per-cent showing in the New Hampshire primary, he wound up with just over five per cent of the vote. But the more battered and embattled he was, the more testily defensive he seemed to become, and that had a way, in turn, of further raising the pitch of the attacks. It is not inconceivable, in fact, that the turmoil over his "Hymie" remarks might have receded in time, as the commotion over Jimmy Carter's "ethnic purity" comment during the 1976 Presidential race had, if Jackson's deepening sense of beleaguerment had not finally led him to consent to the eagerly vituperative support of Louis Farrakhan.

Well before Farrakhan lent his services to Jackson during his sessions with the Syrians, a kind of working accord had evolved between the two men in Chicago's black community, with Farrakhan occasionally supplying bodyguards to Jackson from his black-suited Fruit of Islam stalwarts. Jackson, for his part, was much taken with how Farrakhan's Muslims, with their austere ethic of discipline and pride and their abjuration of drugs, were countering the depredations in the black community. But Farrakhan himself had long been regarded as a malign figure, not only by Jews, whose faith he termed a "gutter religion" while professing admiration for Hitler's leadership qualities, but by whites generally, whom he described as "dirty" and "a degenerate race." Some reporters who have covered him have suggested that Farrakhan may not have been quite the malevolent grotesque that his polemics indicated. Jackson once characterized him as "naïve," and suggested that he was more a tormented creation of America's legacy of racism. But Jackson, after the "Hymie" remarks, seemed to fall into a curiously passive acceptance of Farrakhan's shrill and lurid defenses of him. At one Chicago assembly of Farrakhan's faithful, Jackson stood beside Farrakhan, solemnly listening to him deliver a notice to all accusers: "If you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah this will be the last one you harm." Unusually subdued, Jackson made no demurral. A while later, Farrakhan vowed "to punish with death" Milton Coleman, the black journalist who had first reported Jackson's remarks. Besieged by journalists about Farrakhan's threats in his behalf, Jackson responded, "I discourage violence or intimidation or threats or the implication of it anywhere, anytime." But he still declined to denounce Farrakhan directly.

In the end, Jackson's dogged reluctance to dissociate himself from Farrakhan, perplexing even to many of his black supporters, probably compromised him more devastatingly than his "Hymie" quips. For many observers, it constituted confirmation of a covert and unregenerate anti-Semitism. Jackson at length stirred himself to assert that, while he deplored the intemperance of Farrakhan's message, he would not allow himself to be harried into an outright condemnation of Farrakhan. "My whole life is about redemption," he insisted. "I can't change that now." He then proffered some analogies that could not have pleased Farrakhan: "Jesus repudiated the politics of assassination, but he did not repudiate Judas. . . . I don't have the moral power to condemn a whore. The action, yes; the person, no." In the past, he said, he had "reached out to George Wallace, even though people got killed because of him. I've reached out to some of the lowest-down bastards you can imagine." It was not until the summer, when Jackson was tracking through Central America and Cuba in pursuit of further deeds of mediation, that his office finally produced a statement, with his approval, describing Farrakhan's fulminations as





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"reprehensible and morally indefensible." But the effect of Jackson's long equivocation about Farrakhan was to make Jackson appear guilty of an astonishing moral insensitivity—an impression from which he has never completely recovered. It proved a harsh toll exacted by his dependence on a single, critical resource: mass black support, which included the angry and the estranged. As he still frames the issue, how to keep the trust of his first constituency without alienating a potentially larger one has always been "exactly the dilemma."

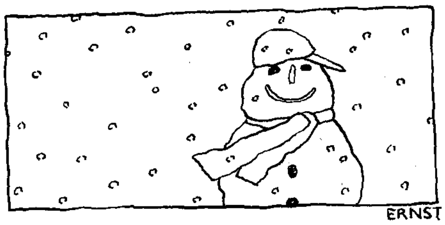
NEVERTHELESS, Jackson brawled on through the primaries to a finish that surprised almost all the political analysts. He arrived at the Democratic National Convention, in San Francisco, with twenty-one per cent of the total primary and caucus votes. Moreover, in the course of his campaigning, both black registration and actual voting turnout had swelled greatly, particularly in the South. In eleven states there, black registration expanded from its 1982 level by nearly thirty per cent, to five and a half million.

Then, at the Convention, Jackson delivered an emotionally billowing oration that quickly had the hall aroar with successive, exploding ovations. "We are much too intelligent, much too bound by our Judeo-Christian heritage, much too victimized by racism, sexism, militarism, and anti-Semitism, much too threatened as historical scapegoats, to go on divided from one another," Jackson pealed out. "We *must* come together." He declared, "Throughout this campaign, I've tried to offer leadership to the Democratic Party and the nation. If, in my high moments, I have done some good, offered some service, shed some light, healed some wounds, rekindled some hope, or stirred someone from apathy and indifference, or in any way along the way helped somebody, then this campaign has not been in vain. . . . If, in my low moments, in word, deed, or attitude, through some error of temper, taste, or tone, I have caused anyone discomfort, created pain, or revived someone's fears, that was not my truest self."

It was one of those moments when Jackson suddenly seemed to become bigger than himself—with an answering expansion of the spirit of his audience. One black delegate from Mississippi later recalled in Faw and Skelton's book, "Gradually I'm realizing that white people around me are crying. I mean the men. I'm not talking about no lightweight little white girls. I'm talking about we're-going-to-fight-you-nigger-till-you-gone white folks. They were sitting there in tears." A white woman in his state's delegation clutched his hand: "I'm standing there next to this white lady from Mississippi who's there in tears on my shoulder. I realized, 'My God, I'm part of something very important.' "

Jackson steamed on for some fifty minutes, and he cried at one point, "As I develop and serve, be patient. *God is not finished with me yet!*" Tabulations later found that, astonishingly, the television audience had kept increasing as he spoke, ultimately reaching thirty-three million. Jackson's own appraisal now is "Once people could hear me—and not hear me through the pundits and critics and reactors, because I was not addressing the American public through a filter, a strainer, for once—it wound up the largest audience ever, the highest ratings, brought the biggest reception ever to the Party." And also, it went without saying, to him.

With that oration, Jackson passed into a national pop-mythic celebrity. He began moving among Hollywood luminaries, entertainers like Willie Nelson, sports-team owners, financiers like Donald Trump. In the black community, he was now widely hailed as King's manifest successor. At around the same time, his estrangement from many in King's old circle, which had endured ever since his claims after the assassination, began to dissolve. After one of his exhortations to a Democratic conclave in San Francisco in 1988, a note was delivered to him in his hotel room from Andrew Young, then the mayor of Atlanta: "You make me feel proud and humble when I hear you speak. Martin would be proud, too. You have my full endorsement as the moral voice of our time." It was like the pronouncement of a final benediction when, one Sunday morning that year, after Jackson delivered the sermon at King's old church in Atlanta, Coretta Scott King stood beside him during a commemoration service as he placed a wreath at King's tomb. He happily reported afterward, "That's how this thing's come full circle."



Even before Jackson's 1988 primary campaign began, polls indicated that he had become, at least in popular notice, a leading prospect for the nomination. Indeed, at one stage of the campaign, after the Super Tuesday primaries in the South, Jackson was actually ahead in popular votes, and with his subsequent startling win in the Michigan caucuses he was regarded, however briefly, as leading the entire field of Democratic contenders. This occasioned a breakfast session with the Party's elders, including Clark Clifford, at the Jefferson Hotel in Washington, which amounted to a kind of political sacrament of recognition. Jackson went on to finish second in the campaign, but won seven million votes, twenty-nine per cent of the total cast; this included twelve per cent of the whites voting—three times the actual number of whites he had drawn in 1984. Afterward, he would proclaim, "No black has ever gotten more white votes *ever*. In the history of the *earth!*" At the Convention, in Atlanta, despite his disappointed Vice-Presidential hopes, he again delivered a mighty oration, and then campaigned with sporting gusto for the Party's nominees, Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen.

A few weeks after the campaign, during a flight to Paris, where Jackson was to meet with President François Mitterrand, he recited, with a certain drowsily luxurious satisfaction, "Gallup poll, top ten most admired men in the world—just heard I been on it for a number of years, something like seven or eight. Me 'n' the Pope." And he gave a long, lionlike yawn.

THROUGH all these years, despite the high winds of the public life in which he had come mostly to dwell, Jackson had still managed to help create a remarkably sturdy home and family—a kind of compensation, perhaps, for the marginal uncertainty of his own boyhood as an illegitimate child in a desperately poor household. Jackson says proudly, "Over twenty-five years. One wife. Five children. Broke the cycle. Stability, security."

He met his wife, Jacqueline, known as Jackie—a small, voluptuous, ex-

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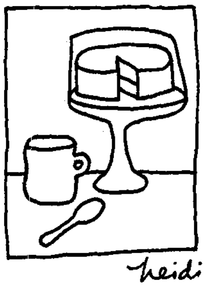
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND

Named "One of the 10 Best Managed Charities" by *Money* Magazine travagantly energetic woman—while they were students at North Carolina Agricultural & Technical College. Their first child, Santita, was born in 1963, and over the next twelve years there followed three sons—Jesse, Jr., Jonathan, and Yusef—and another daughter, who was named for Jackie.

Jacqueline Jackson has persevered as a free-spirited woman, lavish of enthusiasms, with a wide, glad grin and a lusty, belting voice. She is given to dressing in tropic-bright fabrics, high heels, and a profusion of bangles. Unlike Jackson, who studiously abstains from tobacco and alcohol, she smokes steadily, and is not averse to a cognac or two. Politically exuberant in her own right, she has done a formidable amount of trooping about the globe as a partisan for concerns—disarmament, peace movements, the destitute of the Third World—that generally parallel Jackson’s. In fact, after a trip to the Middle East in 1979, she urged Andrew Young, while he was the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, to hold the informal talk with a Palestinian representative that resulted in Young’s resignation.

The marriage has not been wholly placid. She and her husband have not been hesitant about occasionally flashing at each other fiercely before onlookers. “He’s so *serious* all the time,” Jackie has said. “No sense of humor. Can’t take a joke. Always so *heavy*.” She can at times be brusquely unsentimental about the modus vivendi the two of them have arrived at after all these years: as Faw and Skelton relate, when Jackson once offered on her birthday to take her out for dinner she crisply declined, instead cooked him a simple meal and dispatched him to bed, and then set out to enjoy the evening with a few close friends. “Why should we sit there and roll eyes with each other,” she explained, “and ruin my dinner? Him asking me, What does this taste like? Why would you eat that? . . . Because he likes very plain foods.” When questioned about rumors of Jackson’s womanizing, she has readily notified interviewers, “I don’t believe in examining the sheets. I can’t spend too much time worrying about other women if I am to develop myself. You know what goes on in these campaigns—it’s life. But my portion of him is mine. Nobody comes into my house or my bedroom.” Jackson, for his part, will refer to her at times with a kind of happy, snug relish. “She’s grafted onto me,” he says.

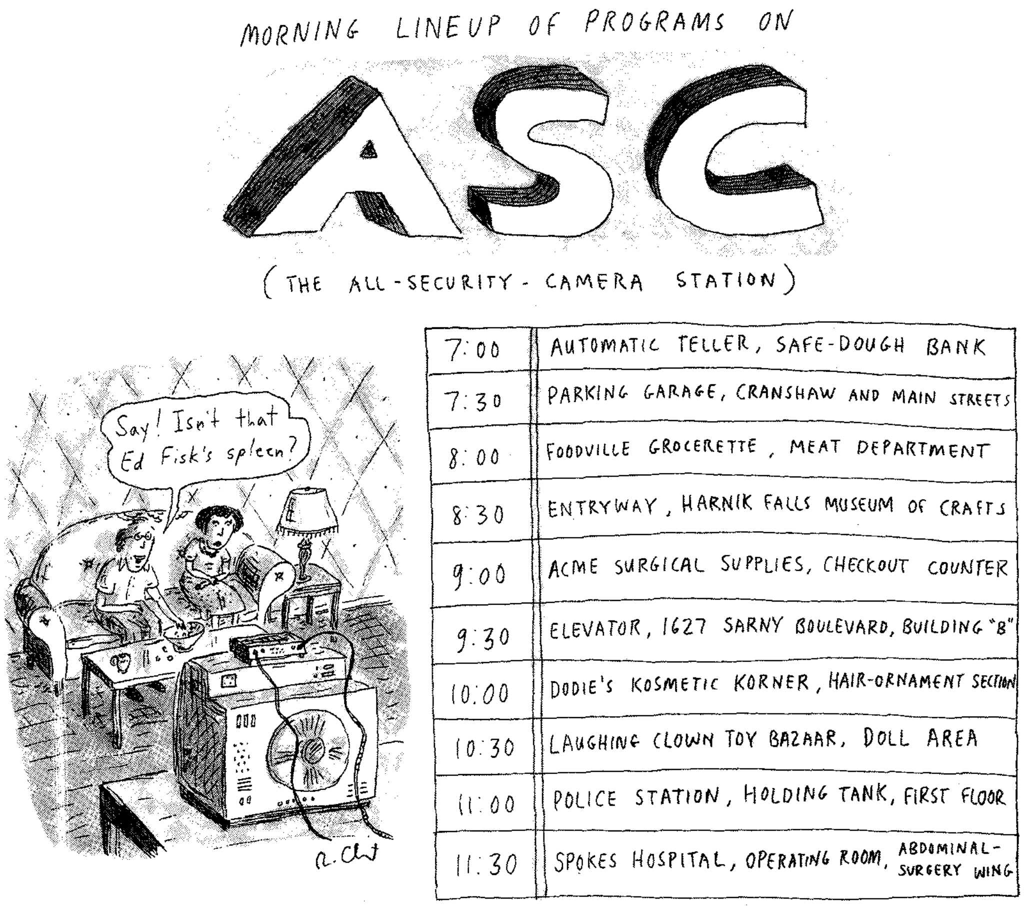


The house in which the Jacksons raised their family, before they moved to Washington, in 1989, was in a handsome neighborhood on Chicago’s South Side—a commodious white stucco dwelling with Tudor trim and stained-glass windows. Visitors have noted a chaotic scatter in its vast, drafty rooms, particularly in the dining room, with its huge table shawled in a white lace cloth that might be strewn with hatboxes, a half-empty sack of oranges, various silver tea trays, opened cereal cartons, an empty champagne bottle, a bowl of lemons atop a portable television set, a capless bottle of corn syrup—all this distributed among an attic’s accumulation of memorabilia, old pamphlets and handouts and posters from former campaigns, mementos from countless excursions abroad, with overgrown banana-leaf and cactus plants plopped about. Other rooms were oddly bare save for long-undisturbed dusty pianos and stacks of Jackson portraits tilted against the walls. Telephones, seemingly everywhere, were insistently shrilling.

For his children, growing up amid this amiable disarray, Jackson’s exact business, through the years of his improvisational activism, was no less a puzzlement than it proved for others who tried to define him. The middle son, Jonathan, who is now twenty-six, recalls, “Kids be talking, you know, one says, ‘My father’s a doctor,’ others say, ‘My father’s a teacher, a policeman, a lawyer.’ When they ask you what your father did, what can you tell them? I couldn’t say he was a reverend, because he didn’t actually have a church. He goes around talking to people, trying to help them? Frankly, I never knew exactly what to tell them. Just, ‘My father—well, he’s Jesse Jackson.’ ”

Despite the demands of his celebrity, Jackson and his wife managed to bring up their three sons and two daughters with a rigorous care, to the point where they now present—it is something Jackson’s antagonists and admirers generally concur on—one of the most refreshing and commendable things about him. Uniformly earnest and open young people, they seem spankingly wholesome and unflaggingly polite. Santita, after studying at Howard University, in Washington, now lives in New York and is a singer; she has appeared in the backup group for Roberta Flack. Little Jackie is in a private high school in Maryland. Jackson seems especially close to his three sons. Jesse, Jr., now nearly twenty-seven, who was born while Jackson was in Selma during King’s campaign there, has a stout, smallish frame, taken from his mother, with something of a puckish, twinkle-eyed look. But his two younger brothers are built like piano movers: Jonathan is an agreeably outgoing and droll-humored young man, who recently got an M.B.A. at Northwestern, and Yusef, who is now a senior at the University of Virginia on a football scholarship, was a starting linebacker in his sophomore year. All the sons have served, off and on, in Jackson’s campaigns, scrupulously referring to their father in public as the Reverend, and they have not always been spared Jackson’s occasional, indiscriminate Lyndon Johnson-style railings at his staff. But great gusts of affection constantly sweep back and forth between Jackson and the three boys. With an unself-conscious openness seldom seen between a father and his grown sons, they are regularly given to wrapping each other in immense hugs when meeting or parting in airport lobbies or on street curbs, giving each other walloping kisses and hooting, “*Love* yuh!” “Love *you!*”

Jackson almost always arranges to take at least one of his sons along on his jaunts abroad. And whenever he summons them to head out, whether it’s to Egypt to meet with President Hosni Mubarak or just across town for a labor convention, they are intrepidly game. They clearly revere him. During a week in late August of 1990, while Jackson scrimmaged futilely to muster funding for an expedition to Iraq as a journalist-intercessor, Jonathan remained privately opposed to the venture, fearing that it could backfire in popular sentiment. “I was hoping all along it wouldn’t work out,” he says. But then, after a final call that seemed to leave the prospect in terminal collapse, “I saw the look on my father’s face, how crushed he was. I couldn’t stand him feeling that hurt and low.” Jonathan immediately phoned two close contacts of his own, Roger and Michael King, at King World Productions, and within ten minutes an arrangement was improvised for financing the journey.


MORNING LINEUP OF PROGRAMS ON
ASC
(THE ALL-SECURITY-CAMERA STATION)
Say! Isn't that Ed Fisk's spleen?

7:00	AUTOMATIC TELLER, SAFE-DOUGH BANK
7:30	PARKING GARAGE, CRANSHAW AND MAIN STREETS
8:00	FOODVILLE GROCERETTE, MEAT DEPARTMENT
8:30	ENTRYWAY, HARNIK FALLS MUSEUM OF CRAFTS
9:00	ACME SURGICAL SUPPLIES, CHECKOUT COUNTER
9:30	ELEVATOR, 1627 SARNY BOULEVARD, BUILDING "B"
10:00	DODIE'S KOSMETIC KORNER, HAIR-ORNAMENT SECTION
10:30	LAUGHING CLOWN TOY BAZAAR, DOLL AREA
11:00	POLICE STATION, HOLDING TANK, FIRST FLOOR
11:30	SPOKES HOSPITAL, OPERATING ROOM, ABDOMINAL-SURGERY WING

AFTER his second Presidential campaign, Jackson continued to insist that he was merely engaged in a political extension of his original ambition to act as an apostle to the nation's conscience. "It's all to transcend society, to make America better," he said. "It's a movement still—more spiritual and less concrete than usual politics."

It's likely that no aspiring social prophet has ever been so elaborately, analytically, volubly aware of himself as this one. Over the months that I was with Jackson, he was ceaselessly citing, as precedents for what he was undertaking, "those great moral leaders who've risen up and applied the principles of conscience—some Jesus, some Gandhi, some King—and always driven society into sanity or up trees." But, he said, it's seldom that a moral hero can survive the system—it's really geared to producing these TV-packaged leaders now. They give three sentences and then check with their aides to see how it might sound on TV." Jackson attributed his own remarkable fortunes in his Presidential ventures largely to the workings of a semi-mystical physics he describes as "the force of the moral center." He explained, "Like Martin used to say, the universe has a moral center like, like its great gravitational center. It can't be— It's *irresistible.* Like the sun. It's the point where all books close, all arguments end, all politics come together. As long as you have a fix on that moral center, everything else falls into place. Because everybody, inside, recognizes it innately, it's an awareness built into us, like it's structured into nature. That gravitational force is something I've struggled to be in the tradition of—out of the movement, Greensboro, Selma, King, Chicago, PUSH, Rainbow Coalition, Democratic primaries, the Conventions, all along the way. It's all been searching for that moral center. And I think we've achieved it, more or less."

Yet over the course of his political ascension Jackson inevitably risked at some point entering into a kind of implicitly treacherous contract. A Presidential campaign may have initially tempted him only as a means to enlarge his public presence as "the moral voice of our time," in Andrew Young's words, but the unexpected success of that political gambit, on a scale that seemed to amaze even Jackson, disclosed to him the possibility of achieving his prophetic fulfillment, unlike King, inside rather than outside the system. Jackson stoutly contended that he had managed to effect the transition hale and whole, but he does admit that he is caught in a continual "inner-outer struggle" now between his original apostolic impulse and the temptations of fame and consequence: "It's the spirit over flesh. It's moral authority over just having power. It's very difficult to be in the traditional political scene, where people always wantin' these unholy trade-offs. Look how many leaders been brought down by temptations of the spirit—the classic ones of power, greed, sex, egomania. There's a constant war inside you against your baser nature."

Jackson arrived early at the enthusiastic recognition that, as he formulates it, "Service makes power. Service *is* power." It has since become one of his central operational theorems. "Power—you realize that service is the way *to* it. It's the keys to the kingdom! We do not *seek* to be powerful, we seek to be good—because if we are good, then we'll be powerful enough!" But one of the costs of Jackson's passage into actual political contention for power was that it changed the terms of everything. He could no longer expect to enjoy tolerant inattention to certain awkward matters from his past as a freewheeling social apostle; he had exposed himself to considerably less spiritual measures and judgments. Beyond questions about his story of King's blood on his shirt, and uneasy memories of his "Hymie" remarks, scrutiny was applied by journalists to exactly how he had subsidized himself all this time.

If Jackson was much inspired by the realization that service produces power, a corollary did not elude his notice—that service also happens to bring cer-

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tain other returns. "People always take care of servants, see. That's why Jesus said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things—*these things*—will be added unto you.' Preacher stands up there and inspires the people when they down, visits 'em when they sick, marries 'em, counsels 'em, preaches their funeral, and buries 'em when they dead. In return—free parsonage for the pastor, free food, lights, telephone, car, vacations, educate his children. What they will do for the servant is unlimited. If you serve, people will hoist you up on their shoulders and keep you there. It's like some divine law of reciprocity. You cannot hurt somebody without hurtin' yourself, and I cannot help you without helping me. Service—you cast that bread upon the waters, it'll return to you, toasted. With *butter* on it."

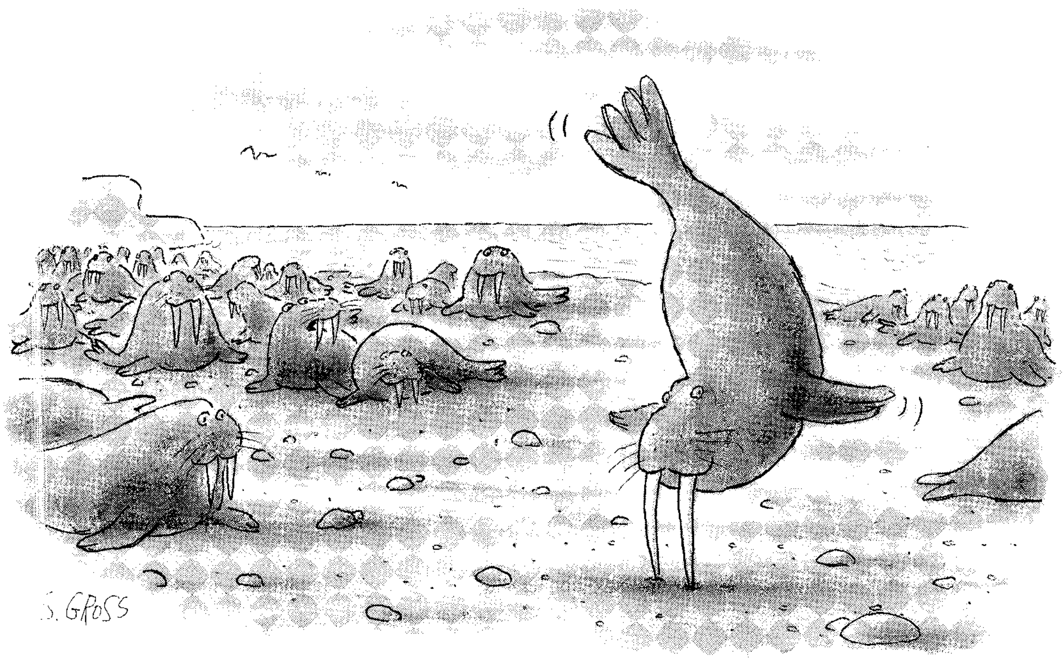
d. ehrenberg

If the divine law of reciprocity has worked exceptionally generously for Jackson, he appears exceptionally vague about the details of the transaction. "You can't be superintendent of education and bookkeeper, custodian at the same time" is how he put it once. As far as can be determined, it has been a casual, ad-hoc, complexly diffuse system, erratic and improvisational in the disorderly fashion of past movement operations, like King's own S.C.L.C. Jackson has continued to derive substantial support from the beneficiaries of the corporate "covenants" he negotiated for black entrepreneurs in the early eighties. "My strongest relationships have been with those people I gave service to," he says. "Interesting leverage in that relationship. Kind of like the one a mother has over you. She's given you more than you can ever give her." Accordingly, from those black businessmen whom he got admitted into corporate concerns, he expects what he calls a "tithe" back to the organization that aided them: "Absolutely. It's like a tax. You pay taxes to the government for services, don't you?" As for himself, though, he declares, "I never once took a franchise or dealership, and I *could* have. But I always felt, if ever I traded off what I was doing for a dealership, I would give up the moral authority I had." But a number of the corporations that he constrained, through confrontation and hints of boycott campaigns, into negotiating commitments to more black inclusion also "built us into their budgets," as he puts it.

In addition, he accumulated over time an extensive and diverse array of other private patrons—variously thought to include Bill Cosby, Donald Trump, and Quincy Jones. Another was a Los Angeles real-estate investor named A. Bruce Rozet, an owner of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, who gave a birthday party for Jackson near the close of the 1988 campaign; in 1989, when Rozet landed in difficulties over reported slum conditions in some Housing and Urban Development-funded properties he owned, Jackson sought to intercede with Jack Kemp, the HUD Secretary—with no success, it happened. Another of these private benefactors, a businessman in North Carolina, settled the twenty-five-thousand-dollar hotel bill in Damascus after Jackson's 1983 journey there to retrieve Goodman. Jackson's funding procedures tend to work in such ad-lib and informal ways.

It becomes evident to anyone accompanying Jackson abroad that he has also assembled a community of personal patrons among business figures in countries—Nigeria, for example—where he has spent some time. Beyond that, some governments overseas have directed disbursements into his operations; these have reportedly included two donations to PUSH-Excel, totalling two hundred thousand dollars, from Syria through the Arab League, and a ten-thousand-dollar gift to PUSH from a Libyan diplomat in 1979. To criticisms of his accepting assistance from such sources, Jackson protests, "If the Arab League can contribute to Harvard and Georgetown and other institutions of higher learning, can they not contribute to the PUSH foundation?" For that matter, between 1978 and 1982 United States government agencies supplied PUSH-Excel with over six million dollars in grants and contracts for its programs in the black community—money so haphazardly and leisurely accounted for that the arrangement was finally cancelled, and the organization eventually agreed to pay a half-million-dollar fine to the federal government.

Further support has come from provisions of personnel and services



"Is it mating season already?"

from labor and trade unions, and accommodations from foreign governments. For instance, for most of Jackson's trip in 1989 through Africa, including the flight from the United States and back, Gabon's President El Hadj Omar Bongo furnished his own Gulfstream executive jet, complete with its flight crew, as well as hotel rooms in Libreville.

Meanwhile, supplementing this network of subsidies, Jackson continues to gather fees from a ceaseless round of speeches at assorted conventions, conferences, dinners. And at the close of almost all his appearances before black groups, especially in churches, he will take up a collection, appealing, "Now, don't make me beg here. I can beg if I have to, but please don't make me have to do that. Just ten dollars for this movement. Will you please stand?"

Finally, as he troops back and forth about the country, people occasionally come up to him in hotel lobbies and airports and produce an envelope: "Should I give this to you or should I mail it?" And Jackson intones, "Awww, thank you, friend, I'll take it, thank you so much, buddy, ain't this wonderful."

For all the random and obscure workings of Jackson's system of financial support, it has sustained him comfortably enough—in the mid-eighties, his income was reported at over two hundred thousand dollars a year. Jackson had earlier asserted that he could allot himself far more if he chose, and that his income was far less than what the heads of comparable organizations and foundations received. But he has also acquired such assets as an interest, under Jackie's name, in the privately held company Inner City Broadcasting—an interest worth over a million dollars, it was estimated in 1988 by the company's former chairman, Percy Sutton, the onetime Manhattan Borough President, who has long been a Jackson ally. On the whole, Jackson lives quite amply—almost always flying first class, sometimes occupying two hotel suites. There are many stories like one related by Faw and Skelton, of an instance in 1985 when, with the Rainbow Coalition's finances so troubled that most of the staff had gone unpaid for three weeks, Jackson nevertheless elected to fly back from a speaking tour of Europe on the Concorde, along with four of his children and several aides, at a cost of more than two thousand dollars each. When one of his staff suggested afterward that that might have been a slightly intemperate indulgence, Jackson's incensed rejoinder was "You're trying to sabotage my spirit."

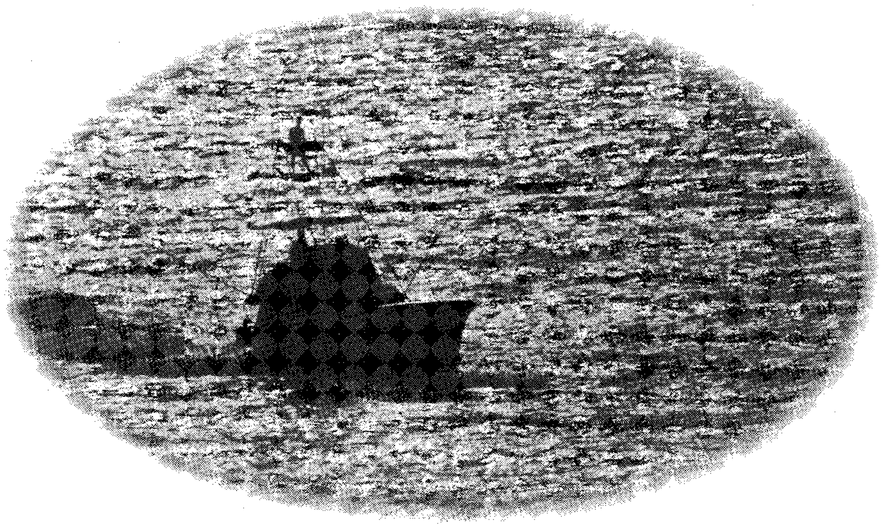
BY the spring of 1991, Jackson still had not fixed on what might be his next major moment of truth—whether a third Presidential campaign or some other appropriately large manifestation. In the summer of 1989, after his move to Washington, he had been widely urged to run for mayor of the city, to replace Marion Barry, who was beset by allegations of drug use. But Jackson was aware that much of the enthusiasm for him to assume the mayoralty was an enthusiasm to have him thus removed from the Democratic Party's national field of vision. "My mama didn't raise no fool," he said. "They want me in that job so they can pile up rocks on my head." Besides, he said, "my destiny's larger than that." Nevertheless, he was stunned by the widely scornful reaction when he announced he was abstaining from the mayoral race. David S. Broder, for one, wrote in the Washington *Post*, "What is disturbing . . . is his readiness to deny himself a challenge from which he would have learned much. . . . My guess is he'll never be taken as seriously again." It was an impression hardly repaired by his election to the mostly token position of shadow senator from the District. Moreover, for a brief period in 1991 PUSH—virtually his only palpable creation and enterprise—seemed about to dematerialize altogether, while trying to sustain a faltering boycott campaign against Nike.

By now, there was reason to suspect a certain helium quotient to the whole long pageantry of Jackson's career. He moved through a constant light show of large ideas: a domestic Marshall Plan, to be financed from the reservoir of pension funds, to restore America's inner cities and thereby its general economic health; a joint American-Soviet television extravaganza to rally funds for rebuilding Armenia after the earthquake there. The problem was that so few of these great umbrella-spray flares ever settled to earth and formed into actuality.

In 1990, he tried for a while a mutation into a television personality, as the host of his own discussion program, syndicated by Time Warner and produced by Quincy Jones. One difficulty from the outset was that he was unable, in this shift to the role of a television moderator, to divest himself of his morally pedagogical comportment. During a story conference about a program on the hidden messages of comedy, he complained, "But what I'm not clear on yet is exactly what is the *redeeming social value* of this show? That's what I ain't quite got yet." Most of all, he seemed locked in a battle with the very nature of television. Jackson's essential quality has always been the spontaneous, assertive vitality of a protagonist, and in his attempt to pass from that into the role of moderator of his own program he became oddly compressed, gawkily confined by the stylized manners of the medium. He seemed especially at war with all its technological paraphernalia. He fretted to his producers, "Why can't I get up and go into the audience when the spirit moves? But got all these damn wires, earplug, microphone here. That thing in my ear, once had *two* in my ears—one of 'em, somebody tellin' me to do one thing, on the other somebody tellin' me to do the exact opposite, while at the same time I can hear them talkin' to each other, cussin'. Tell you, it's a *nightmare*."

Jackson finally retreated to La Costa, a golf and health resort just north of San Diego, to confer for several days with his producers. To tutor him in nuances of gestures, postures, attitudes of questioning, they showed him cassettes of John McLaughlin, Ted Koppel, Oprah Winfrey, Phil Donahue, Pat Buchanan, and Barbara Walters. But Jackson merely slumped lower and lower in the corner of a sofa, until he was almost horizontal, and he finally blurted out, "See, see, the problem is—there's the me that's *me*, and there's the me that's *TV*." One morning in Burbank, he was urged into taping a series of promotional spots for broadcast on local news shows of stations carrying his program. As he paced through these recitations, the next location to be named by him would be called out by a young assistant in the rear of the studio, and she once hesitated. "Birming— Birmingha— Is that with an 'n' or an 'm'?" Jackson stared out into the gloom at the back of the studio, from which her question had come. "I know what it is," he said quietly. "Let's go on."

Nevertheless, when Time Warner finally cancelled the show, in the summer of 1991, Jackson had already begun negotiating with Cable News Network to conduct a discussion program. This was only one indication that he might not make a third Presidential run. Polls throughout the spring had found significant popular support for him as the next Democratic candidate; he and Mario Cuomo led by an appreciable margin the long train of other prospects. But Jackson seemed increasingly ambivalent about launching out this time. In April, he had led a rousing mass rally in downtown Los Angeles, to protest the videotaped police beating of Rodney King, and on the drive back to his hotel he began reflecting aloud on "how much more authentic" such popular demonstrations were than the "pseudo reality" of the official political estate, with "all its committees, resolutions, parliamentary procedures." Elective office, he went on, can in fact work "to separate you from the people. Those guys at the top, they got big positions but small agendas." He suggested that he might be more effective operating outside the system. "That way, I got access to both—to the people



like those back there at that rally and, because of that, to the people in the system, too."

But his position as a black populist spokesman presented certain complications when President Bush nominated Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court. Thomas's history, as a poor black youth who managed to lift himself far beyond his origins, was much like Jackson's own, and it inevitably touched something in him. "Makes it sort of hard to be against him, in one way," Jackson said. But Thomas's neoconservative inclinations, and especially his criticisms of affirmative action, finally prompted Jackson to declare, "It ill becomes anyone to put the axe to the roots of the tree whose fruits he and his people have prospered from." He kept virtually mute, though, through the subsequent garish drama of the Anita Hill hearings.

As late as last September, Jackson was still deciding about the Presidential race. One mild evening, he sat on the back patio of his home in Washington, wearing a black warmup jacket and leaning his wrought-iron chair against the brick wall behind him, and said to a visitor, "I'm just tired. After all these years, I'm tired physically, mentally, spiritually. I got to have a breather here. I need some time to regather my inner energies. Fact, it could actually leave me even stronger for '96, you know?" He was still carrying an oppressive debt from his 1988 campaign—around six hundred thousand dollars. Also, he said, "there are all these cultural forces still arrayed against me," including, he said, "the major media, all the high pundits and analysts."

Despite his widely acknowledged feats of voter registration for the Democrats in the past, which had largely accounted for their regaining control of the Senate in 1986, he complained that he was still mostly a Party outcast: "Last three Jefferson-Jackson Days, you know I haven't even been invited to any dinner?" He left unmentioned the additional liability that, while polls indicated he still enjoyed substantial popular support, he yet could be in danger, with another run, of coming to be regarded as the Energizer rabbit of Presidential politics—mechanically beating on and on. He said that his children had only recently disclosed to him the ordeals visited on them through his past two campaigns. Jackie herself was implacably set against his trying it again. ("What for?" she had said earlier that evening. "What's it gotten us? What difference did it really make? I just don't have the spirit to go through it again.") Beyond that, he said, while he had always been careful not to advertise it, he and his family had received more threats of violence than had all other candidates combined.

In early November, when Jackson publicly announced his decision not to run, he insisted he would still be pressing on with his own free-form social ministry. Around that time, he was leading demonstrations in Connecticut to appeal for national attention to the economic devastation there. He travelled to Hamlet, North Carolina, to "witness" about the labor conditions in a chicken-processing plant where twenty-five people had died in a fire. He recently attempted to intercede with President Bush in behalf of Haitian boat people who are being forcibly repatriated. On the day of the sched-

How often do you watch

fish darting playfully about? Or listen to the

haunting repetition of a gull's cry? Surrender to the gentle

rocking of the sea? Feel the breeze kiss your skin? Breathe

the sweetness of the Atlantic air? Let that air settle on

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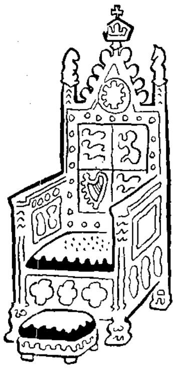
uled execution, in Arkansas, of a convicted murderer who had been left mentally impaired when he shot himself in the head, Jackson telephoned Governor Bill Clinton and, beginning with "Now, Bill, I just want to explain to you," went on to admonish him that it was simply wrong to execute a man who was brain-damaged and who would otherwise be locked up for the rest of his life, unable to hurt anyone else.

Jackson's voice may go unheeded, but it is not unheard. He still had enough political heft to oblige all five major Democratic candidates to present themselves before a Washington conference of his Rainbow Coalition, on January 25th, to audition for its approval. On the whole, he says, "what we doin' is keepin' a real profile of activity goin'." Jackson continued to make mutterings, in fact, of some "alternate route '92." Through recent weeks, he has been striving to mobilize—"like we did in '84"—masses of newly registered voters in states like Mississippi and Arkansas. When he is asked why, he will say only, "So they'll be there. So they'll have to be taken into account as this process goes along." He expects increasing resistance from Party squires, though. "All those new voters makes the Democrats stronger, makes us stronger. But lot of those guys in the Party rather *not* be stronger if it means we are, too."



Meanwhile, his political preachments echo those of his Presidential campaigns. After Bush's State of the Union address, Jackson proposed, "State of the Union is measured by how we treat the least of these. Everybody emphasizin' the middle class now. Well, that's good, that's right, they are hurtin'. But what about those hurtin' on the bottom? The jobless, the homeless? If your caring is large enough to reach to those least of us, it's surely gonna also cover the middle class." On the economy, he says, "We givin' away jobs to countries like Japan in return for VCRs and video games. You can't keep exporting what is essential to get back what is irrelevant." Of Bush's recent visit to Japan with a group of corporate chairmen, including the heads of Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors, he remarked, "Here're the strongest symbols of American manhood, goin' over there beggin' for a break. Askin' for international, corporate affirmative action. Get my point?"

What still principally occupies him, Jackson says, "is to keep the plumb line of justice holding down steady in it all." In past weeks, he has spent nights in homeless shelters in Los Angeles, in New Hampshire, once even on the sidewalk outside the White House. Through this peripatetic gospel-populist ministry, his old, original compulsion still abides: "When the curtain finally falls on me, all I want is for history to say, 'He was a part of the conscience of his time.' I'll rest then."

That evening back in September, on his patio, when he had been riffling through his reasons for forgoing the race, Jackson suddenly leaned forward and professed misgivings about his whole venture to transfer the movement's moral vision into a competition for the Presidency. "It's been dealing with the Devil, to an extent. Secret of that is, don't give away any more than you can get back by sundown. But, after a while, get to wonderin' if you can tell all the time. Way I feel now is like what Martin said the night before he died—I just wanna do God's will. I don't want to live to do the will of the Democratic Party. Don't want to live to do the will of Congress or the White House or the media. Just wanna do *God's* will." Another circle appeared to be closing. Taking himself out of the contest for the Presidency, he said, should remove from his continuing political ministry the suspicion of a personal ambition. "It's a way to protect my authenticity. If I don't have that, I don't have anything else. I still got what I treasure most—my freedom. People say, 'He got seven million votes. Not looking for some sort of high official position? What *does* he want?' Well, one thing I know is that, by operating without formal trappings and encumbrances, I can feel *truly* free. To keep on movin'."

Jackson's journey to Iraq, in the early days of the Gulf crisis, to try to persuade Saddam Hussein to release the foreign nationals he was holding hostage there, was an episode that turned into something like a coda of all the mixed compulsions and meanings in Jackson's own history. During this trip, what was both extraordinary and petty about him seemed to come into a kind of ultra-focus.

In the first days after Saddam's invasion of Kuwait, Jackson startled many by endorsing a military response: "Unilaterally or multilaterally, send military troops in and get Saddam's ass out of Kuwait." Then, after Saddam announced that he was detaining foreign citizens, mostly Westerners, and intended to distribute them among potential military-strike targets, Jackson became intrigued with the possibilities of another mission of personal intercession, like his earlier one to Syria. After mulling it over for a few days, he decided to try it, and he obtained a letter of invitation from the Iraqi Embassy.

He happened at that time to be working on the final arrangements for his first television talk program, and his initial notion was simply to have its producers subsidize the expedition as the subject of the first broadcast. By going as a journalist, he could comply with recently imposed United States advisories against contact with Iraq. To doubting queries from a group of reporters, Jackson solemnly maintained, "Well, I *am* a journalist. After all, got my own television program, discussin' issues. What I'm doing is movin' into a gap here. Nobody's talking directly to each other, they just observin' the other side talkin'. So journalists are filling that gap, the diplomatic gap, like Koppel and Rather. Like journalists have done before—Cronkite, Walters, back when Sadat and Begin wouldn't talk to each other."

Jackson met with General Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who, Jackson says, told him that the Administration was not exactly enchanted with his idea but added, "I can't really tell you not to go." He also had a chat with Secretary of State James Baker. Meanwhile, however, Time Warner was developing a pronounced queasiness about the project, principally because of strong signals from the Administration. Before long, the whole venture seemed off. Finally, Jonathan Jackson managed to put together the arrangement with King World Productions, which would fund the trip and use the footage brought back on its week-night telecast "Inside Edition." A call came to me at my home, in Los Angeles: "This's yo' brother—Jesse Jackson, from Greenville, South Carolina. Catch a red-eye tonight. We goin'."

At a terminal in New York's Kennedy Airport, as we stood waiting for our baggage to be collected for transfer to a Royal Jordanian plane, Jackson, with most of his party of fifteen gathered around him, started to declaim, in what was like an impromptu mini-prayer meeting there at the gate, "Now if the Lord be with us—the *Lord* be with us—who can be against us? The *Lord* is our strength. Of whom should we be afraid? We settin' out on the Lord's work here, everybody. That right, say Amen!" Through the long flight to Amman, Jackson dozed, leaning back under a light blanket with his tray table still opened before him, and on it, I noticed, rested a small book with waxy yellow covers, "The Complete Sayings of Jesus," as annotated by Norman Vincent Peale.

Two days later, after an unexpectedly brief flight from Amman, we arrived in Baghdad. At the airport, which had a derelict, abandoned look, government cars were aligned along the curb outside to take us in to the city and the Al Rashid Hotel. Late in the afternoon, Jackson called at the United States Embassy and was greeted by the chargé d'affaires, Joseph C. Wilson IV, who had taken over for Ambassador April Glaspie after she was left stranded abroad by Saddam's invasion of Kuwait. Wilson, a somewhat rumpled and harried-looking man but with a carefully measuring manner, at first assumed the official attitude about Jackson's presence: "These are the rules for journalists. . . . This is on background for you as journalists. . . . While you're here, if you wish to use the phone in the Embassy here to file your reports . . ." But Jackson, in his remarks, quickly moved to an implicit position as a potential mediator, and Wilson as quickly followed. He told Jackson that, despite Saddam's proclamation just the day before that foreign women and children would be allowed to leave Iraq—"a headline was all it was"—Iraqi officials had introduced endlessly changing procedural complications that left all the detainees effectively still hostages. "We're completely stymied," Wilson told Jackson. "So anything you can do . . ." His voice tapered off.

On the drive back to the hotel, Jackson kept turning to peer at the billboard-size portraits of Saddam Hussein, in a medley of costumes, which towered with a monumental redundancy throughout Baghdad. "Homeboy sho likes his picture took, don't he?" Jackson said. "Just in case you maybe forgotten about him after going two blocks." Turning in at the hotel past yet another grand-opera portrait, Jackson shook his head. "There he is, done changed his clothes again."

Early the next morning, a call came from the Iraqi Foreign Ministry, inviting Jackson to a session with Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz. Before dressing to leave, Jackson threw himself into an accelerated sequence of his usual morning exercises, vigorously pumping away at pull-ups and push-ups. Arriving some thirty minutes later at the Foreign Ministry, he was immediately enclosed by a contingent of functionaries and escorted up to Aziz' office. The two of them, after a short exchange of pleasantries, seated themselves in easy chairs. Aziz, a portly man in thick horn-rimmed glasses, with a bristly patch of a mustache, was attired not in his customary diplomat's dark business suit but in a deep-green military-style Baath Party uniform with epaulets, the shirt open at his throat.

At length, Jackson swung into his presentation, for obvious relay to Saddam. "We rassled to come here against all kinds of resistance," he began. "We were under embargoes not to come. The feeling among those who resisted was that it was not journalistic but diplomatic." Beneath Aziz' mustache flickered the faintest smile.

"But even though I am here as a journalist we feel a keen sense of obligation. We want to give the conflict a broader perspective. War is intellectual and moral failure. But if preconditions for talks are too high war is inevitable. The time has come to start trying to reason together. Can't have babies at certain times of months"—he was recycling one of his favorite metaphors—"but now it's pregnancy time." Jackson then advised Aziz, "If hostages, detainees, guests, whatever, are kept, I think Bush and that group will level this place. The power is in the hands of President Hussein. There must be some pictures of people coming back, by bus, boats, planes. Think it needs to be more than women and

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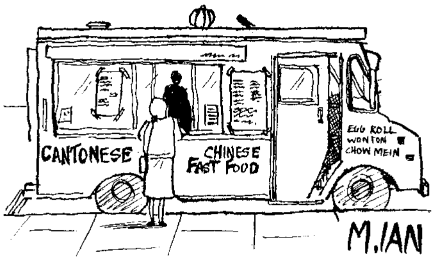
children, too. Send 'em out on Iraqi Air, if you want. But bold steps like that would have a neutralizing impact, might even have a reversing impact, on this blind rush now to war." Then, referring to the United States Embassy in Kuwait City, which Iraqi forces had isolated, he added, in a gravely rueful tone, "But this business of cuttin' wires at embassies, cuttin' off water, stuff like that, doesn't really do anything, what I'm tryin' to say." Of his own career as a negotiator in civil-rights confrontations, he declared, "I've found that such tit-for-tat struggles are distracting, diversionary."

As Jackson elaborated, Aziz periodically made notes on a large pad. Jonathan Jackson, who was slumped sidewise in exhaustion on the end of a sofa beside his father, fought to stay awake, and lost. "These are good ideas," Aziz finally responded. "If they're put on the table, they will be considered." He then seemed to feel obliged to remark that much of the tension between the United States and Iraq was due to "misunderstandings of the American press," because "Zionist circles are so powerful in your country they want to burn bridges between us." At this, Jackson, though refraining from comment, gave a noticeably impatient twist in his chair.

Before the meeting was over, Aziz said to Jackson, "We know your role as a prominent American politician in your own country. You are not yet in power, but we hope you will be sometime—we'll negotiate a lot more agreements." But it became clear from what Aziz was saying that the Iraqis were having difficulty believing that Jackson was there really as a journalist. Aziz referred once to Jackson travelling to Iraq as "a statesman," and Jackson retorted, perhaps a touch too playfully, "Journalist, Mr. Minister!" Aziz grunted. "Journalist, then. Whatever you want to call yourself." (That the Iraqi government might even suspect that he was an unofficial emissary from the White House, Jackson later suggested, "might not be that bad a thing, if they thinking that—know what I mean?") Now Jackson began pressing for an interview with Saddam, and Aziz, still uncertain whether Jackson was serious, replied, "Well, this is, after all, a matter of chemistry between you and my President—between two leaders. He knows just Jackson the politician—he did not know about the journalistic connection. Just use on him your chemistry about that."

LATE that afternoon, Jackson was abruptly summoned to the Presidential Palace for the first of two talks with Saddam. Rushing out of the hotel, he managed to gather only a few of his aides. By their accounts, after it was made plain, on Jackson's arrival, that there would be only discussion and no interview at this particular encounter, Jackson swiftly assumed a manner of actually ministering to Saddam. Addressing him as "Brother Saddam," Jackson assured him, "I do not underestimate your anguish. I know you feel ignored, isolated, ignored." He fell into a pulsing syncopation of phrases, as if he were delivering some gospel devotional in a black Baptist church in Alabama. He even unblinkingly essayed an improbable symbolic allusion to Jesus, as a figure who demonstrated the essential difference between right and might—and how much more powerful was right, in the end, against temporal forces. Jackson went on to propose that although Saddam might have been for years a man "ignored" (Jackson afterward explained, "Seemed sort of better to use 'ignored' instead of 'despised,' you know"), he now had a chance to captivate the world. "The wisest among us must change the course of events" now mounting toward war, Jackson said. "Don't wait for what Bush is gonna do. The world is waiting for you to make a bold new move."

Altogether, what he said to Saddam in this first meeting, as recounted afterward by those who were there, largely repeated what he had put to Aziz earlier: "The substance of your case is getting lost in the cutting of wires at embassies in Kuwait. It's being lost in hostages, detainees. And this idea of annexing territory, recovering lost lands, and all that—Syria could annex Jordan because of history, Israel says the Bible gives it the West Bank. Even your allies feel threatened by this annexation thing. The question now is whether we can do a harder thing than fight, and that's *think*. Iraq has finally got center stage to make its case about all its grievances, the outlet to the Gulf, the stolen oil fields you say, the undercutting of oil prices, all that. But what's your case right now? You saying, 'My case is, we'll close the embassies, hold 'em prisoner.' Saying, 'My case is, we'll hold the people against gettin' bombed.' There's a real danger of losing your case, because the real case is not being argued by things like that. Mean, holdin' *the sick and old*. What I guess *I'm* arguin' for—without government portfolio—is that you have the power now to redefine the reality of the moment. You have the power to avert a war. And I think you should be secure enough in your real case to make the first move, daring moves that will in fact cost you nothing. Say, three or four planes of people coming out of here. Releasing a thousand people, to start with, will cost you nothing. It could, in fact, shift the agenda." With Saddam now and then taking notes with a fountain pen, Jackson suggested that he could condition a withdrawal from Kuwait on the formulation of a new international aid plan for all the Middle East, whereby its oil-rich principalities and the West would commit themselves to developing the poorer nations in order to regenerate the entire region. "Now, the world will identify with *that* vision," Jackson said.



To all this, though, Saddam reportedly responded with a glumly ritualistic formality—at least, he did not seem particularly stirred. He did mention that, since the visit of Ambassador Glaspie back in July, no one else from the United States, "not one, has come to me to talk," and he thanked Jackson for coming. He said he now felt there was "a human bridge" between himself and Jackson, whom he pronounced unlike most American politicians, who "refuse to show what they believe inside as human beings." But then he appropriated Jackson's earlier evocation of Jesus as, bizarrely, an emblem of himself and his own situation now in the world community: "At the time of his death, he had eleven disciples"—as Saddam recollected the count—"and was betrayed by one of them. But ultimately he had millions of followers." As Saddam expanded on this conceit, he seemed to be suggesting that he meant to take on himself all the centuries of abuse and vilification of

Arabs by the West, to present himself as a sacrifice in an apocalyptic firestorm of war, in which he would be immortalized among the Arab people. This message may have been calculated for transmission by Jackson to the Bush White House, especially if Saddam still supposed Jackson might be an informal, exploratory emissary. But it cast a chill on those sitting with Jackson.

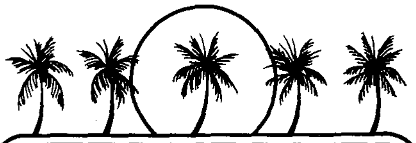
Jackson managed to come away with one important achievement—permission to fly down on an Iraqi plane to Kuwait City the next morning, the first visit there by any outside observers since Iraq had seized the country. "Make do with that for now," Jackson said.

THE marbled expanses of the lobby of the Kuwait International Hotel, across the street from the United States Embassy, were patrolled by Iraqi soldiers and by security men wearing loose-hanging sports shirts and holding AK-47s. When we arrived, Jackson's party, enlarged by several reporters who had joined us in Baghdad, began scampering about with a certain skittish excitement at simply being there, the print reporters and the TV crew circling for some starting point for their coverage. Jackson finally called out, "Everybody, we gonna have a staff meeting right now. Little staff meeting. Everybody come up close here." When his group had clustered around him, he said softly, "Now, look. We runnin' around in this place like blind dogs in a slaughterhouse. We kind of getting out of control. We actin' like American brats or something. We not in Six Flags or New York City, Rockefeller Center, here, you know. And those guys"—he nodded toward the Iraqi security men deployed around the lobby—"they not too sure what they doin', either. They not in complete control of this situation themselves. We don't want to be havin' any incidents or misunderstandings. So let's just stay cool and disciplined. Only one person in control of us in this thing, and that's me." It served to compose his party remarkably.

For the next several hours, Jackson applied himself to a phone on the counter of the reception desk, talking to the deputy chief of mission, Barbara Bodine, in the Embassy across the street, and trying to arrange some means of seeing those in the Embassy. The Iraqis had forbidden anyone to enter, and those inside the Embassy refused to leave the grounds. Jackson's phone negotiations on this double-lock impediment continued through the morning and into the afternoon.

Eventually, the hotel's management took Jackson, accompanied by his entourage and several Iraqi guards, up a labyrinth of murky back passageways that finally opened onto the hotel's flat, gravelled roof, which, we saw when we wandered to its edge, overlooked the Embassy's sprawling grounds by the sea. A walled enclave, with its water and electricity and all deliveries of food cut off, the place had a remote, dreamlike look in the hot afternoon sunshine. We saw a few tiny figures stirring under the edge of an awning beside a long swimming pool, another minute figure jogging alone on a pathway. A call from the lobby phone downstairs had informed the Embassy that Jackson would presently be on the hotel roof, and, as he now began waving his arms in high sweeps, far below several figures trickled out from under the awning and gave barely perceptible waves back.

Down in the lobby again, Jackson concluded by phone an arrangement to walk across to the Embassy, with an escort of four Iraqi security police, and to talk, through the locked front gate, with Bodine and Ambassador W. Nathaniel Howell III. As it happened, Jackson had visited the Embassy once before, in November of 1987, and he now said to Howell, as they clasped hands through the bars of the gate, "Good to see you again." Howell, tall and bearish, with a grizzled beard, and wearing a pale-blue T-shirt, orange gym shorts, and loafers with no socks, looked exhausted. Bodine, a trim and brisk woman, was wearing a yellow sundress, and her dark hair was pulled back from her taut face. They hurriedly reported to Jackson their most critical needs at the moment—evacuation of the women and children among the eight staff members and forty-two civilians inside the compound, as well as several elderly or sick Americans there, and delivery of bottled water and of diesel fuel for the generators, their only source of electricity. Jackson promised them that he would confront Saddam with those matters when, as he hoped, he met with him the following day. Before leaving, Jackson reached for their hands again through the barred gate, and said a prayer: "We know peace will



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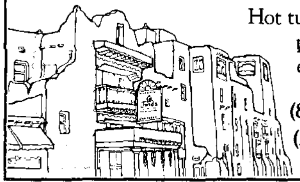

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come. Bless our nation. Bless its people. And bless our world."

Later, on the flight back to Baghdad, he reflected, "Least, if there's nothing else gonna happen, least there's been this. Given those folks their first live contact with somebody from the States since they been shut up in there. That's *something*."

ONLY a short while after arriving back at the Al Rashid Hotel, just before sundown, Jackson was summoned to the office of the Culture and Information Minister, Latif Nusayif Jassem, to work out particulars for a possible television interview with Saddam the next day. "Hardly time to catch my breath," Jackson mumbled. "But no choice but to go, if this thing's gonna come off." Jassem, too, appeared somewhat abstracted, and was damp with sweat. Jackson was proceeding to unfold his appeal once more, now to Jassem, for a release of the hostages, when an aide brought in a note for Jassem. As Jackson orated on, Jassem read the note closely, and then interrupted Jackson to announce, "Now we will take the tour." Jackson stared, momentarily puzzled, then his face quickly assumed a bland expression of suspicion as he stood with Jassem. We were driven through the Baghdad evening in a wayward meandering for an hour or so, before we finally passed through a succession of giant iron gates into a kind of fortress-park of immense lawns underneath palms and eucalyptus trees. We turned at last in to a drive leading to the floodlit façade of a colossal building that resembled some grand Mediterranean casino-hotel—the palace of Saddam Hussein. Inside, everything was constructed on an epic scale: megalithic columns and great ringing corridors of sandstone and marble. The news, months later, when the bombing began, that this palace had been turned to rubble was dumbfounding; it seemed, that night, to have a monumentality that could withstand a meteor collision.

Despite the grandiosity of his palace, Saddam himself struck me, as he went through the introductory handshakes, as a middling figure. Like his handshake, he seemed oddly unvital—a formal, darkish man, in a graphite-blue suit, a shirt of powdery whiteness, and a light-blue floral tie, who had the careful comportment of a funeral director. His face was rather baggy, and of a pallor that gave a certain stark blackness to his heavy eyebrows, his mustache, his inky hair, which looked dyed. His expression hardly changed as he began to address Jackson, through an interpreter, in a voice with a peculiar drab, harsh, machinelike quality.

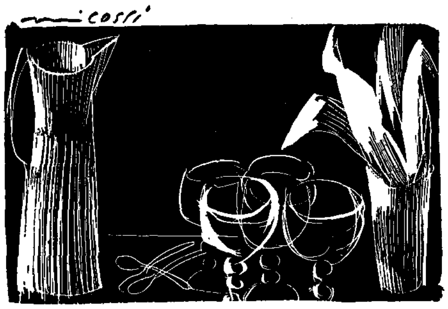
Jackson, perhaps a bit overbuoyant now that he had apparently arrived at the decisive encounter, brought up the matter of the hostages. Saddam interjected, irritably, that the American nationals among them still showed great mistrust of him. Jackson told him, "The women and children are afraid."

"This is Bush!" Saddam retorted. "Because he keeps threatening war."

"Let me say it another way, Mr. President," Jackson said. "Fear makes people irrational."

Saddam replied, "After a while, we will have to say that any adults still hiding themselves will be regarded as spies." He did not seem, on the whole, in the most promising of humors. Jackson pressed on, nevertheless, about possible arrangements for a release, until Saddam said, "We are not in the custom of having the head of state discuss details like this"—which, despite its nettled tone, was the first intimation that he might already have come to some larger decision. In any event, it was clear that at least the television interview with Jackson was on for this evening. Saddam finally allowed himself to venture the vague drollery that, while he very much liked Jackson the politician, "let us see how we are going to like him as a journalist."

The television interview, which took place shortly afterward, turned out to be a heavy-slogging exercise. Jackson asked rigorous, journalistically respectable questions, but Saddam responded with extended polemical lectures about historical honor. After repeated attempts to somehow hot-wire this hortatory address into a conversation, Jackson began to glance around in furtive dismay. When he finally undertook to ask Saddam about the hostages—"What steps are you willing to take now to release persons who are designated as a guest against their will, within the next twenty-four to forty-eight hours?"—Saddam shifted forward, flapped his hands open, and replied, stonily, "This is a matter that I have addressed in more than one interview, and with more than one journalist. I have made the position clear on that matter, and there's nothing more to add as regards my position in the coming forty-eight hours." Jackson seemed to assume that that was that. The interview ended shortly, and they both stood up and shook hands.



Saddam then proclaimed, "It has been a good evening. And a deep human exchange." He continued, "And in honor of every American who looks at the Arabs and the legitimate rights of people in the way that they deserve, so we shall transfer the hospitality"—which in this context, according to the interpreter, could also imply the "care and keeping"—"of four of them who are allegedly sick to join you on your plane to the United States."

Jackson—standing very still now in front of Saddam, with his hands poised at his waist, his fingertips lightly touching—blinked. So four, at least, would be getting out. Had Saddam simply been cat's-pawing him on this through the whole night's session? Jackson said, "Let me express my thanks to you for that, Mr. President." Then, with only the slightest pause, he decided to venture further. "And about the women and children—could they, is it possible they could be included in this?"

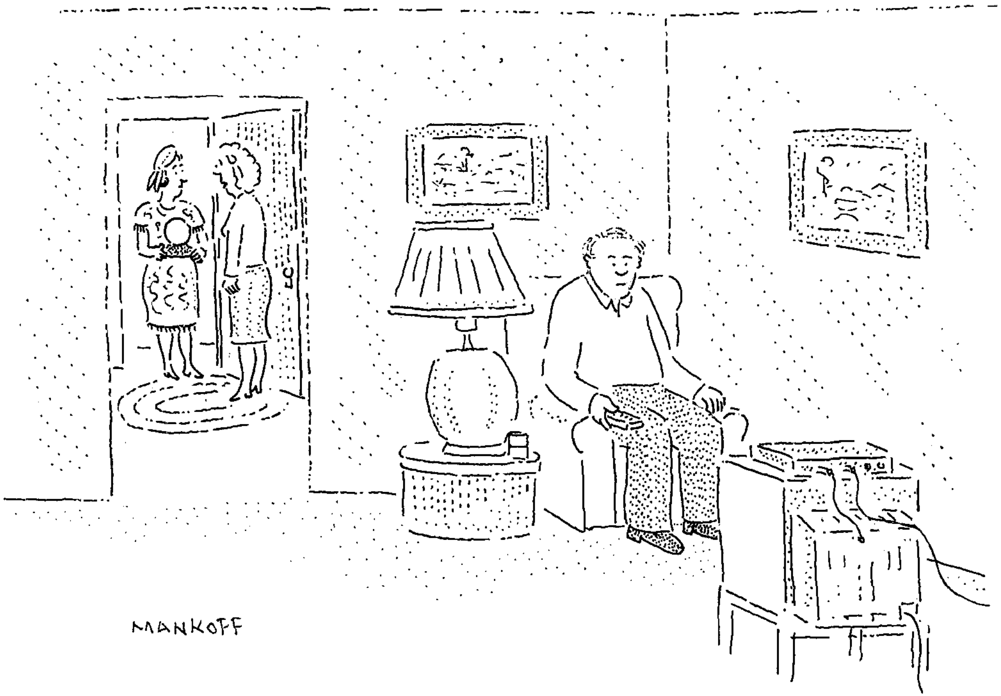
Saddam's voice rose a bit. "The women and children wanting to leave Iraq? You want to take them tomorrow?"

For some reason, Jackson appeared momentarily stunned. He glanced over Saddam's shoulder to where I happened to be standing, just a few feet behind Saddam, and without thinking I nodded vigorously. Saddam had begun to turn to see where Jackson was staring when Jackson said quietly, "Yes."

"You want to take them with you?" Saddam repeated, in almost a shout.

More resonantly, Jackson declared, "Yes. Yes, I do."

"Yes, then!" Saddam exclaimed, and the translation now began rushing along after his voice. "Yes, all right! You will take them with you on the Iraqi plane to—" And, showing more animation than he had all evening, he threw up both hands, tossing the whole



"*Thanks for coming, Olga—I want you to help me contact my husband.*"

matter to the heavens. One briefly wondered: Had he been moved to this flush of generosity by Jackson? Could Jackson's principle—which he had often propounded before—that we feel a special affection for those who prompt us to feel that we are good be at work now even in Saddam Hussein? In any case, Saddam went on, "Take the women, the women who are allowed to leave, and the children, yes, and take four of the men who appear to be sick—" It grew giddying. "We will send them on the Iraqi aircraft that will take you to the United States. They will take you to Amman and from there to Washington—or wherever!"

Jackson gazed down at Saddam, his face impassive, completely composed, attentive, waiting, as Saddam said, "This is in your honor. I'm doing this for you—not Bush! I have no respect for Bush. But for you!"

Jackson then gently, softly proceeded. "Kuwait as well as Baghdad."

In fact, he had him—a small hold, at least. Saddam had finally, in this sudden access of sentiment, bent from the rigid posture he had maintained all evening just enough to give Jackson for the first time a hold on him. Quite likely, Saddam had been prepared from the start to grant some releases; Jackson, as an unofficial intermediary of high standing in the United States, presented to Saddam a means to begin relieving himself of an increasingly unprofitable and cumbersome liability without seeming to capitulate to the demands of the United States and other Western governments. But now, in the high spirits of his doing that, Jackson was swiftly expanding the transaction beyond what Saddam had probably reckoned on, especially with the inclusion of the people in Kuwait. What it had become, in the past few minutes, was a kind of bazaar-booth haggling over the number of lives to be freed—from four quickly now to hundreds. "Kuwait, too?" cried Saddam. And then, "If you have a list . . ."

It ended in a noisy exhilaration among everyone there. After repeated handshakes between Jackson and Saddam, who appeared almost bouncy, Saddam abruptly left, his haste suggesting an ambush of embarrassment at his feelings. It was the last we were to see of him. The suspense hanging over the rest of our hours in Iraq was whether, like Pharaoh, he would come to resent his concession and move to retract it.

Back in Jackson's suite at the Al Rashid, he quickly changed into khaki shorts and a black T-shirt for the business that still lay ahead that night, and logistics began to be worked out in a barrage of phone calls, amid a gleeful furor enlivened by the hospitality bar. The United States Embassy was notified, then Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, in Washington. Saddam's secretary called once to insist to a Jackson aide that only four of five men listed as ill on the Embassy roster supplied to Jackson could be permitted to leave. "Will you pick who those four will be, and call us back?" he asked. Told of this request, Jackson said, "No way we gonna get into making decisions like that. That's actin' God." He called the secretary back. "Mr. Secretary? 'S Jesse Jackson. Now, look—" and he went into a quietly earnest disquisition for about a minute. When he hung up, he said simply, "All five." The actual count of those to be taken out, from both Baghdad and Kuwait City, began to blur in the tumble of phone negotiations during the night. All that was clear was that the number was still, amazingly, expanding.

At one point, Joe Wilson, the Embassy's chargé d'affaires, entered the room, a little dishevelled but now radiantly convivial. "You've done good work tonight," he said, slapping Jackson on the back.

"Ain't over with yet," Jackson said.

Even after nearly everyone save Jonathan had left the suite, he stayed up, as Ray Charles tapes played through the rooms, making calls, pacing, assessing, scrawling stray notes, until dawn.

AROUND seven in the morning, Jackson presented himself in the lobby looking a touch weary but boomingly eager, arrayed in a double-breasted gray hound's-tooth suit, a tie in a large red-and-black pattern, and a Rainbow Coalition button in his lapel. "When you talk, you act, and when you act you change things," he jubilantly announced, and then, unable to resist one of his scriptural evocations, he added, "Settin' out to free the captives, homeboy! What it's about." There appeared in the lobby Sadun Zubaydi, the President's translator, a willowy, fastidious man who had achieved a brief notoriety as the officious interlocutor at Saddam's globally televised chat with the children of English hostages. Having visited Jackson's suite the night before, he had been quickly caught up in the effervescence of developments and had decided now to come along with us as a general facilitator. On the flight to Kuwait City, Zubaydi was barely able to contain his festiveness. Bobbing down the aisle to retrieve his coat from a back seat, where it lay, its pockets stiff with papers, he chirped, "So many secrets! So many secrets!"

The plan was to pick up the evacuees collected at the Embassy in Kuwait City, fly back with them by early afternoon, pick up three hundred or so other evacuees waiting at Baghdad's airport, and then fly out with them—all before sundown. But by the time we pulled up again at the International Hotel, across from the Embassy, indications had reached us that Jackson's transaction with Saddam the night before had set loose an even larger evacuation. More flights were now being organized in Baghdad to fly out with us, in what was turning into something of a hectic mass departure. Partly for that reason, the wait in the hotel lobby once again stretched into the afternoon. Meanwhile, the Embassy continued to transmit additional names to Jackson, so that he could negotiate, with Zubaydi's assistance, their inclusion on the list. He was also trying to gain the release of other foreign nationals. Clearly enjoying all this, Zubaydi at one point said, "More names? You have more names? You people!" But he acted with nimble decisiveness through those hours in winning further clearances, one after another, from Baghdad. With his aid, Jackson managed, in the lobby of the International, to enlarge the list of Americans to be taken out of Kuwait City to a total of thirteen, as well as to negotiate the release of some thirty people from various other countries who were hiding in the city.

Then, late in the afternoon, when most of those to be freed had been assembled at the Embassy in Kuwait City and at the airports in Kuwait and Baghdad, Jackson waved me over to where he was sitting with Zubaydi. Motioning me to lean down, he whispered behind his hand, "Somebody told me just a bit ago there's this lady up on the third floor here, wants to leave with us. Room number is 306. Says she has an American passport. Slip up there discreetly as you can and check. Room 306. If she's got her passport, tell her she can come with us."

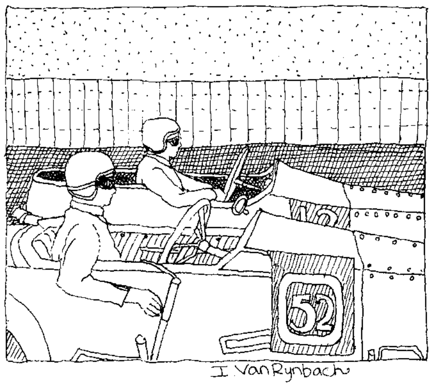
Joining me at the elevator to ride up to the room was Jeff Griffiths, a veteran aide of Jackson's. Griffiths—a long, lean, surpassingly gentle and soft-spoken man—is a black radio journalist who attended to Jackson's audio feeds. With Iraqi security police thick around the lobby, Griffiths and I eased into an elevator as unobtrusively as possible and rode up to the third floor. The corridors were empty, soundless. We found Room 306 at the end of a corridor, and Griffiths tapped on the door. After a long moment, it swung open, and a woman in her early forties, handsome, with dark eyes and hair and wearing a grass-green pants suit, stood peering at us with uncertain alarm. Behind her, the room was filled with stacked boxes, closed suitcases. I told her who we were, and asked if she had an American passport.

"Yes. Yes." Her face took on a stare of disbelief. "You mean I can leave? You mean, *right now*?"

"Right now," I said. And she threw her arms around me and pressed her head against my chest, crying, "Thank God, thank God, thank God."

We all moved into the room, shutting the door noiselessly behind us, and the woman sank down on the edge of a small couch, still gazing at us, astounded. An American of Arabic descent, she had a home in Florida, where her daughter also lived. She had been working as an assistant manager at the hotel when the Iraqis invaded, and had been hiding in this small room throughout the four weeks of the occupation, hearing reports of random abductions, street executions, tortures, rapes, disappearances. Sitting now among her packed belongings, she began trembling. "But what about the Iraqis?" she said. "Have the Iraqis given their permission?"

Her hands were twisting together in her lap in a terror that was almost childlike, and somehow shocking to see—this mature and agreeable-looking and ordinarily, no doubt, pleasantly sensible woman reduced to a wild dread. She was obviously still too frightened to move from the room, and, leaving Griffiths to keep her company, I went back downstairs to get Jackson.



He was sitting with Zubaydi, and when I told him the woman was in a panic about the Iraqis he turned to Zubaydi and explained the situation, concluding, "She has her passport. President has said women and children can go. So no problem in her coming with us, is there?"

Zubaydi, in this instance, was less jaunty. "But why has she hidden?" he said, thinly. "Why has she not come forward before now?"

Jackson said, "Like I been trying to explain to you, man, people are *afraid*."

Zubaydi gave a large sigh and shrugged. "Well, yes, all right. We are bending the rules, but we have been bending the rules everywhere today."

Jackson said, "And I want you to come up with me to tell her. All right, buddy? Just to reassure her."

About this, Zubaydi had even more marked reservations: after allowing Jackson to hustle him as far as the elevator, he stopped and held up the palms of both hands, "No, no, actually, better you go up first. I'll wait here. You can send for me if you need."

This time, just before the elevator doors closed, a young plainclothes security operative quickly stepped in with us. He said absolutely nothing, did not look at us—not even when Jackson said, "How y'doin'?"—as the elevator rose. When Jackson and I got out, he followed us down the hall to the room, and leaned back against the wall outside as we went in.

When the woman, still sitting on the couch, saw Jackson looming before her, she looked as if she were beholding an apparition. She slowly stood, dazed, as Jackson came toward her and enclosed her in an immense hug: "We gonna take you home, honey. You ready to go? You comin' with us." But even with Jackson's appearance she could not quite escape the hold of her weeks-long terror about the Iraqis.

"Have they given their permission?" she asked. "I mean about me? If they find I have been hiding up there, they will take me out and—" Jackson, studiously making no mention of the agent who had followed us down the hall, asked me to return to the lobby and bring Zubaydi on up. When I left the room, the agent was still leaning against the wall of the corridor.

Reaching the lobby, I saw Zubaydi engaged in a spirited discussion with three burly men in civilian clothes who were obviously security officers. When I walked over, Zubaydi said in a distressed squeal, "It is impossible, I am afraid. They say they have known about this woman up in the room all this time. She should not have hidden. It is very, very bad. She cannot leave today." Zubaydi's authority, impressive as it had proved up to now, was superseded here in Kuwait, it seemed, by that of the military, since it was territory under military occupation. I told him, "Well, why don't you come on up and explain all that to the Reverend. He wants to see you upstairs." He relayed this to the three security men in Arabic, in which I detected a distinctly apologetic strain, and as we headed for the elevator two of them followed and got on with us. It was almost certain that they were from the *mukhabarat*, Iraq's notorious secret police.

The look on the woman's face when she saw the two of them piling into the room with us—she was still sitting on the couch, Jackson standing over her—was one of doom. Zubaydi took a chair beside her, the two police agents hulking behind him. The woman began shaking. Zubaydi started questioning her in a querulous voice: "Why did you not come forward? What were you afraid of? We are not animals, you know." The woman, her hands twisting together on her knees, merely whispered, "I know you're not." But Zubaydi, perhaps aware that he was himself under surveillance, kept on in a scolding tenor, "Why have you not been open with us? There are procedures you must go through to leave. Why did you think you were an exception?"

She murmured, "I didn't. I'm not an exception."

"Where is your passport, for instance?" Zubaydi said, and then plucked it from her fumbling fingers and handed it to the police agents behind him. Their heads quickly bent together over its pages, and they began speaking in guttural tones to Zubaydi, for translation to the woman. She appeared to be in the deepest trouble.

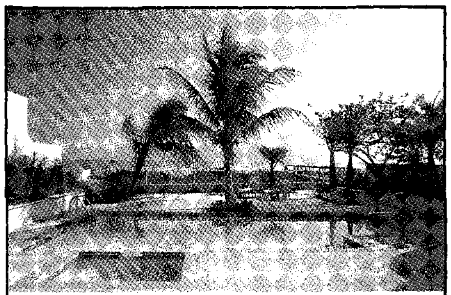
Jackson had been watching all this silently, standing motionless over the woman, his hands folded at his waist, his face expressionless. Then—as the voices of Zubaydi and the two policemen began racketing more loudly at the woman, who seemed to be trying to huddle yet tighter into herself on the couch—Jackson suddenly spoke into the rising clamor, quietly and simply: "Let her go."

There was an immediate hush. Zubaydi and the two police agents stared at him.

"Let her go," he repeated gently. He then placed one hand lightly on the woman's shoulder. "She just told me a minute ago she has cancer. She just wants to go home to be with her daughter. Let her go." It became like a soft incantation—"She's no threat to the state. You can let her go"—in the lilt and beat of one of his campaign-rally orations, and it sent a kind of thrill through the room. Zubaydi noticeably gulped. The woman looked up at Jackson with tears filling her eyes. "Just wants to go on back home now," he said, his hand still on her shoulder. "Let her go."

Zubaydi was blinking very rapidly behind his glasses. One of the police agents, apparently sensing a change in the emotional barometrics in the room and wanting to know what was going on, spoke in Arabic to him. He answered in Arabic, but plainly something of the register of Jackson's appeal was lost in translation. The two agents glowered as they responded. Zubaydi said to Jackson, "The problem, you see, they say she has broken the law." He then suggested, almost as a plea, "Let us go downstairs for now, and discuss it further."

As we turned to leave the room, the woman lurched to her feet, as if in a panic at being left alone there. Jackson said, "Can't she come with us?" When Zubaydi translated this to the senior officer, who was holding the woman's passport, he shook his head and waved a hand back and forth. Jackson said to the woman, "Don't worry, honey. We'll be back." Nevertheless, she trailed after us as we began filing out of the room, and at the door made several weak lunges to follow us against the restraining hands of the policemen. At



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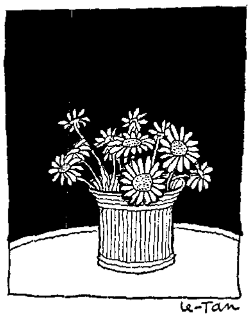
this, Jeff Griffiths, for all his unassertive mildness, wheeled on the Iraqi police agents. "Now wait a minute. She's an American and I'm an American—"

Jackson quickly called to him, in a low, level voice, "Just come on now, Jeff."

As we headed down the corridor toward the elevator, Jackson muttered, "Yeah. The one lost sheep." It was another of his gospel evocations. "Others already gathered in, you know? Waitin' over there at the Embassy, at the airport in Baghdad. They all right, they bein' cared for. But there's this one still lost. Can't rest till that one's safe, too."



Back downstairs in the lobby, Zubaydi told Jackson, "If it were only up to me, I assure you, there would be no problem. I hope you understand."

Jackson replied, a little tartly, "Well, see what you can do about it, then."

Zubaydi took the two police agents into a small glass-fronted office adjacent to the reception counter—evicting a hotel manager, who was left to wander aimlessly about the lobby—and began placing calls to Baghdad, between lively exchanges with the two agents. Jackson, allowing them to argue the matter among themselves for a while, nevertheless made a point of stalking conspicuously back and forth right outside the glass wall as they conferred, pausing occasionally to glower in the doorway. Zubaydi would now and then emerge to report to Jackson that it looked hopeless—for one thing, most government offices in Baghdad were now closed for the day.

"What about the President?" Jackson said. "You got his number, I imagine."

Zubaydi insisted that that would be the most impossible thing of all. In fact, the affair of the woman in Room 306 had already taken up almost three hours. With everyone collected in the Embassy across the street, and with hundreds of people waiting at the airports, inevitably an uneasiness grew as to whether the whole undertaking was being jeopardized now for this one case. But after members of Jackson's party raised with him another question—whether any of us should leave at all until the woman was released—Jackson called Zubaydi and the two police agents out of the office. Leaning back against a pillar with his hands clasped behind him, he casually observed to them, "You know, I just, I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to leave here until that lady's turned loose. I just can't really do that. Translate that to these guys for me, will you please, Sadun? I'm gonna have to stay here in Kuwait City until she's free to go with us." He was, in effect, now making himself a hostage, for the sake of getting this last one out. He did not neglect to add—"Tell 'em this, too, Sadun"—that his having to remain in Kuwait because of their reluctance to give up this one ill woman might be somewhat irksome to their President, after such a productive meeting the night before and his goodwill announcement that all women, children, and the sick were free to return to their countries. "She qualifies twice. She's a woman, and she's ill. You don't want to be embarrassin' your President 'cause you got some little technical legal problem here, do you?"

With that, Jackson, Zubaydi, and the two police agents returned to the office, where, between more phone calls to Baghdad, Jackson proceeded to exhort them at full throttle. Word of what was happening had spread through the lobby, and soon a considerable gallery was collected outside the office at a circumspect remove—hotel clerks and supervisors, other journalists who had come down with Jackson, curious Iraqi security personnel, assorted other onlookers—watching Jackson operate behind the glass wall: gesturing in his pulpit manner, leaning from his chair to clap his hand on nearby knees, standing up to briefly pounce about. Finally, after a last phone call, those watching from the lobby saw them all stand and shake hands. Jackson came striding out with both arms flung high, thumbs hooked backward in rejoicing. Flashing a grin, he declared, "She's comin'."

The two police agents came shambling up beside him, and, when he impulsively gave them both vigorous shoulder hugs, faltering smiles appeared on their faces. We all then crowded into the elevator—the two police agents, Zubaydi, Jackson, Jeff Griffiths, and I—and rose in a kind of euphoria to the third floor.

When we entered the room again, the woman, sitting in the same spot on the edge of the couch, gazed at us dully. Zubaydi told her that she was free to leave. But she seemed lost in some trance—it was the second time that afternoon she had been told this. She moved to stand only when one of the policemen brought her passport over to her. Zubaydi, who seemed immeasurably relieved, sang out, "What do you wish to take?"

"What?" she said. "To take? Oh—" She absently pointed at two suitcases. Zubaydi glanced at her other belongings stacked around the room. "You mean, you are leaving all this?" he said.

"Leaving? Oh—" She indicated that she would send for the rest of her things later. Then she said, "Is this really true? Is it really happening?"

Zubaydi happily crowed, "Yes! Yes! You can go now!"

She said, "My God," and headed for the door.

"Wait," Zubaydi said. "We must wait for the Reverend Jackson." With his five-hour marathon of negotiation at last ended, Jackson had, as soon as we came through the door, availed himself of the opportunity to repair to the bathroom. Zubaydi noticed a basket of candy atop one of the packed cartons, and he lifted from it a large striped lollipop. "May I have this?" he cheerfully inquired.

The woman stared at him—she was in a suppressed torment to get out of the room—and blurted, "Of course. It was to be for my daughter, but of course, please."

Zubaydi grinned, "Well, then," and tucked the lollipop into the inside pocket of his coat. "It will be a gift from your daughter to my little girl!"

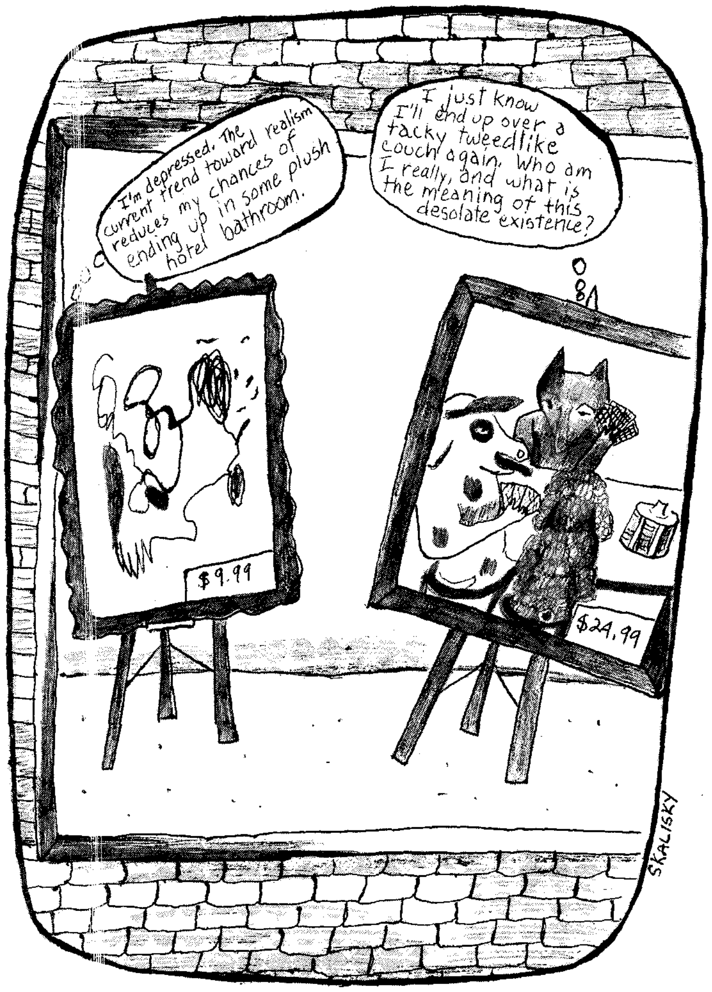
Jackson reappeared, and the entire motley procession headed to the elevator and, a moment later, spilled out into the lobby, to an outburst of applause from the small throng waiting there. We then swept across the street to the Embassy, to see Jackson greet hostages, one by one, as they straggled through the gate, unsteady and blinking, into the glare of television lights.

The two police agents came along in the vans that carried us from the hotel to the airport, where the other freed hostages were waiting. The agents tagged after us onto the plane, crowding close to Jackson in the aisle, all for no apparent reason except to stay a part of this novel event for as long as they could. Once everyone had been settled, Jackson turned to the senior agent and gave him an Arab multi-kiss embrace, then hugged his head to his chest. The man emerged from Jackson's clasp clumsily, momentarily off tilt, with a little unaccustomed lopsided smile, but he was clearly moved; it was not the least of the wonders worked by Jackson the past two days that he had managed to stir some glow of human warmth in this *mukhabarat* agent. It wasn't until the last instant before the cabin doors were to be closed that he and the other agent slumped back up the aisle, with obvious reluctance, to get off the plane; he actually waved his blunt hand in general farewell to the cabin, and to the woman of Room 306 in particular, who, nestled against a window, replied with a semblance of a smile.

WHEN we landed at the Baghdad airport, the released hostages assembled there had been waiting for over six hours, with little knowledge of what was happening in Kuwait City. Two other aircraft filled with freed hostages had already taken off. As Jackson was boarding the Iraqi Air 747 that was to take us all out of the country, one woman snapped, "We've been waiting on you since one o'clock this afternoon. Now, when are you going to go back down there and get my husband out?" This seemed to hit Jackson like a torpedo concussion. He stammered some explanation of what had taken him so long in Kuwait City, but as he made his way to his seat, in the upper-deck section of the plane, he was sunk in a sudden, intense gloom. Already, a brackish tinge had settled on what had seemed to him the overwhelming sweetness of the outcome of his labors here. After we lifted off, on our way to Paris, the first stop, Jackson leaned over in his seat to remark, "You know, I been thinking about when Jesus went up on the mountaintop, had his transfiguration experience. When he came back down, everybody started picking at him, picking at his robe, fussin' and complainin', 'Do this for me, do that for me.'" He sat back in his seat. "Just been thinkin' about that, last few minutes."

But later that night, when the plane was somewhere high over the Mediterranean, he climbed down from the upper compartment to the darkened cabin below, which held nearly three hundred sleeping people, mostly French, British, and American, and he took a walk up and down the aisles, in something like a solitary survey and reconfirmation of what he had done, of all the sheep now gathered in. He returned then to the upper compartment and fell into a deep doze himself, his first sleep in some thirty-six hours.

Nevertheless, as the plane proceeded westward, for Jackson it was as if he were flying from the great exaltations of what had taken place the last few days back into a chill and drearily familiar atmosphere of indifference and disregard. We landed at Heathrow, in London, just before dawn, and the instant the cabin door was opened a British official pushed in with a bustling imperiousness and, ignoring Jackson standing beside him at the door, snatched a bullhorn and blared through the cabin, "Where are the Brits? All right, let's let the V.I.P.s get off first, and then we can welcome you home." It was a stupefying rudeness, and, when Jackson gamely reached out anyway to shake the official's hand, the official clipped, "Oh, yes. Hello." As the plane lifted off from London in a pale dawn, heading now for Washington, one sensed that the entire affair was going irretrievably flat for Jackson. After everything he had brought about in Baghdad and Kuwait City, the accumulation of slights and discountings along this return journey had thrown him back into old, bitter broodings. A few hours before we were scheduled to land at Dulles, he returned to the lower cabin to visit the group he had brought out of Kuwait, and he sat with them for about half an hour, answering questions and sketching out for them just what he had done to get them out. Most of them were only learning this fully now for the first time, and they expressed effusive gratitude, several of them weeping. He then assured them that if, after arrival in Washington, they were short of funds for air transportation from Dulles to their respective homes, his Rainbow Coalition would take care of their tickets. It seemed, on the whole, the warmest of sessions. But back in his seat upstairs he remarked, with an abrupt, morose detachment, "All of 'em were praying for a savior to come and get 'em out, and when he shows up he's black. Like they hadn't quite got used to that. Just can't quite accept that yet." He seemed to have retreated so completely into his old, pained, racial aggrievement that it now included even the profusely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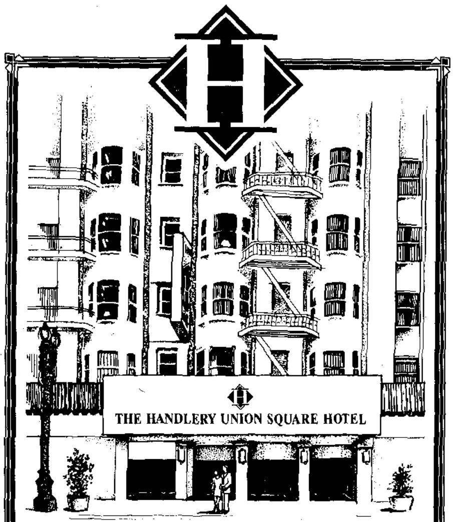
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appreciative people he had liberated. Indeed, after no doubt exorbitant expectations of a flight back in triumph and glory, the subsequent dismissals he met with instead had left him not only hurt and furious, dourly projecting the reception that was likely awaiting him in Washington, but also determined that the meaning of what he had done should not be completely stolen from him. Once, speaking of the image of his expedition to Iraq which might emerge in the press, I tried to suggest, a bit playfully, "But we're not concerned about how things look, are we?" and he shot back, not at all playfully, "That's why we got eyes—to look."

The arrival at Dulles turned out to be, not unpredictably, an appalling climax to the last few days. Jackson quickly gathered as many of the released hostages as he could extract from the keeping of United States officials—it was no more than five or six—and brought them to stand beside him before the bank of media people massed behind a rope just outside the arrival gate. While someone searched for his notepad, which he had misplaced and on which he had carefully compiled notes for delivery at this moment, the small huddle of released hostages, haggard and groggy from their journey, stumblingly replied to questions from the journalists. They also had to listen to oleaginous pronouncements from the Iraqi Ambassador to the United States, who had shown up to welcome them back.

Jackson was at last handed his notepad, and he began to expound on his visit to Iraq and his proposals for averting a conflict, with the returned hostages still agreeably standing beside him, two or three of them tottering just slightly. As Jackson talked on, one, then two turned to slip away, including the woman from Room 306. None of this served to mellow the humor of the journalists—Jackson refused to resign himself to the evident fact that they wanted to hear not from him but from the returned hostages—and shortly, sure enough, their questions came snicking at him. It was exactly what he had expected. When the few returnees remaining beside him did at last step to the microphone to speak, one of them—Lloyd Culbertson, a seventy-six-year-old electronic-engineering teacher—had to be reminded by Jackson, leaning down to whisper, to acknowledge appreciation for his effort. This, to be sure, Culbertson did readily and lustily enough: "But for the grace of God and Jesse Jackson, we wouldn't be here. I want everybody to know—God forgive me for saying it—our State Department hasn't lifted a hand for us."

But, whether because of Jackson's sheer weariness or his final despairing frustration at the brittle receptions he had met with since Baghdad, or both, it was an altogether ghastly show. Later, at the curb outside the baggage area, as Jackson was about to get in a limousine to go to a church service in Washington, I declined his invitation to come along, and when we shook hands in parting it was with, for the first time in all the months I'd been following him, an empty awkwardness. He himself seemed to be beginning to suspect the calamity of the scene at the gate.

OVER the following days, Jackson's mission to Baghdad and his role in setting in motion what turned out to be a continuing, wholesale exodus of hostages from Iraq were accorded only incidental and cursory notice from Washington and the news media. The State Department dispensed one glancing acknowledgment of his services: "We understand that the departure of several individuals was facilitated by Rev. Jesse Jackson." That was it. The suggestion that had been directed at him on his return from Syria with Goodman was revived: that he had been manipulated by his vanity, to serve, in this case, Saddam's own purposes. Later, Jackson's rejoinder was "Well, anytime anybody wants to use me in a way that gets hundreds of people out of bondage, I'll be used for that anytime." Saddam, at least, after the bombing storm fell around him, reportedly grumbled that he had permitted himself to be cozened by "hypocrites from the West" into releasing the hostages and thereby clearing the field for the air assault. But what may have amounted to the most remarkable enterprise Jackson had pulled off in his entire career had registered in the general mind only flickeringly, and rather tackily at that, and then had disappeared with virtually no trace.

Part of the press's dismissal of Jackson's mission was due, no doubt, to his many years of eagerly skirmishing for their recognition of what he felt was his special public import. One journalist remarked afterward, "It was just Jackson showboating and grandstanding again." But the general unappreciative disregard seemed, in the following weeks, to knock the wind out of Jackson's spirit. He remained curiously silent about the whole business, as if even he had begun to wonder whether what had happened in Baghdad and Kuwait City had been wholly real.

It was only some days after we returned to the United States that I recalled a moment back at the Embassy in Kuwait City that hot night after the hostages had come shuffling out into the blaze of the television lights. Among them was a thin blond girl of about twelve, huddling against her mother. The two of them were ushered through the gate and presented to Jackson by the girl's father, who had to stay behind, with the words "Take care of them for me, Reverend Jackson." The girl was stooped over, knees bent, and was shuddering convulsively, and Jackson, taking her hand, and then her mother's hand, into his, began to weep—no doubt from a final immense exhaustion after the exertions and emotions of the past few days but also, one could not avoid noting with a cold little nip of suspicion, in the brightly lit televised theatre of the event. It was the same uncertainty I had felt when, in Armenia, he was photographed with eyes watering in the hospital for children injured in the earthquake. But that evening in Kuwait City, as the released hostages proceeded amid a crowd of journalists and the brilliance of camera lights to the vans waiting to take them to the airport, I realized that Jackson was nowhere among them.

I looked around and saw that he had hung back, and was following at a considerable, solitary distance behind them. And then I saw that—out of the witness of any camera, all by himself in the dark—he was still weeping. Sobbing soundlessly but so deeply and unstoppably that when I went back to congratulate him and asked what might be the significance of how things had turned out—the sort of question he usually could not resist expatiating on—he could not reply. Could not speak. He simply went on weeping.

—MARSHALL FRADY

(This is the third part of a three-part article.)

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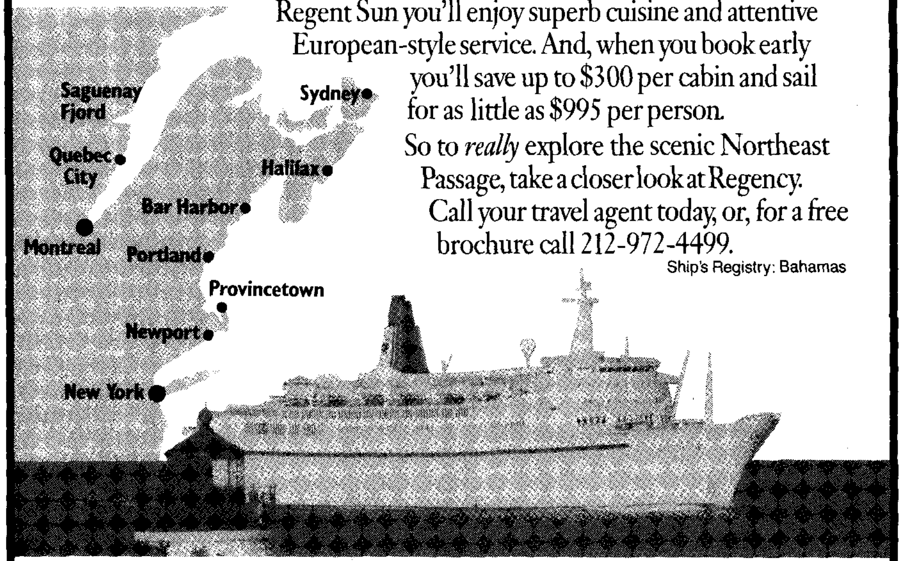

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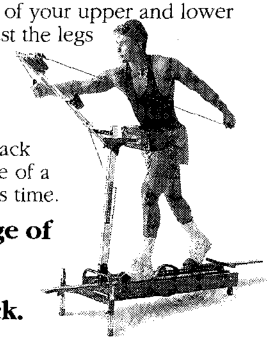

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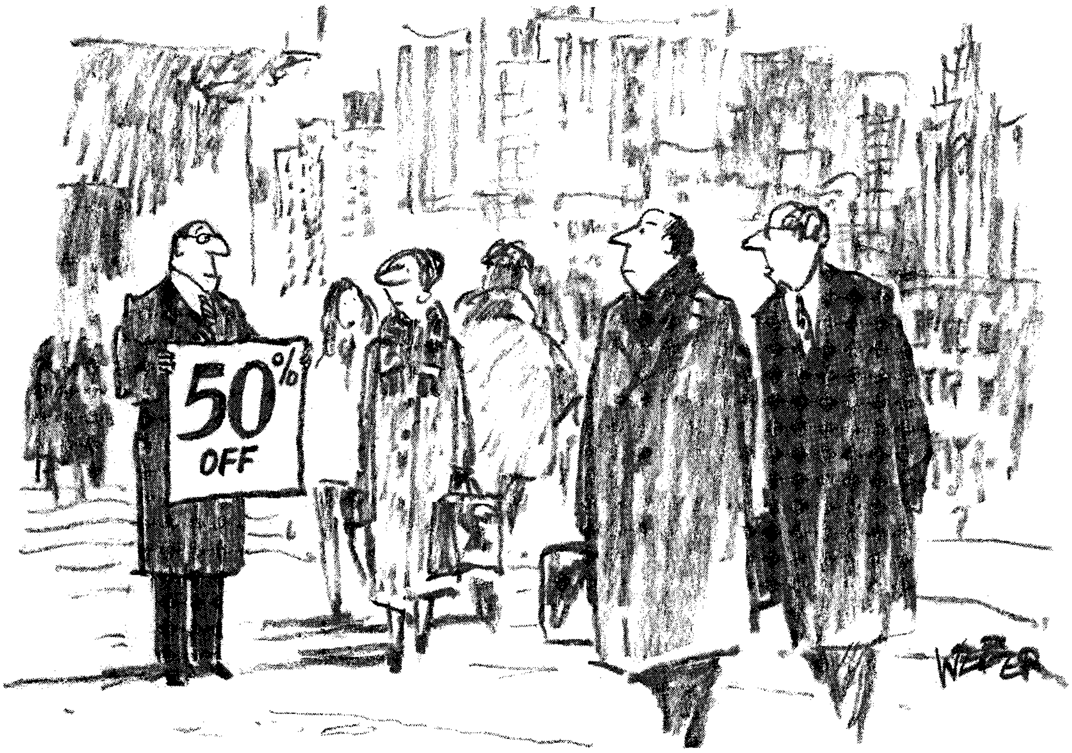
DANCING

Let’s Twist Again

“Deuce Coupe,” Twyla Tharp’s famous crossover ballet, will be twenty next year. She has renovated it in various ways since its première; her latest version, called “Deuce Coupe IV,” was recently performed in a two-week season at the City Center by her new pickup troupe, Twyla Tharp and Dancers. It’s my bad luck that—unlike, I guess, everyone else in the City Center audience—I’ve never seen any previous “Deuce Coupe.” But I grew up with its Beach Boys songs, and this revival makes me happy in the way they do now—as a bright and tender reminder of the astonishing exuberance one felt about the world when it was still young. When Stéphane Élizabé, landing suddenly out of nowhere, hits fifth position on the *pow!* downbeat of “Wouldn’t It Be Nice,” I not only recognize something that I’ve read was marvellous in 1973, I also thrill to a meeting of sight and sound which is exciting in 1992. “Deuce Coupe” connoisseurs tell me that, though they’ll always miss the live graffiti art created at the back of the stage for every performance of the original, the current text is nearer to that first version—given by the Joffrey Ballet and Tharp’s own company in tandem—than Versions II and III were. The present-day cast is gloriously appropriate: the ballerina in white is the exquisite young Delphine Moussin, from the Paris Opéra Ballet, while leading the sixties pop revels is the luscious Sara Rudner, a founding member of Tharp’s old company and a survivor from “Deuce Coupe I.” Moussin and half the women dance on point, while Rudner and the other half are in low-heeled shoes; the beauty of the piece is still that classical and pop are not contrary but akin. This becomes especially touching during the split-focus choreography for “Got to Know the Woman,” where Moussin, suffused in blue light, executes a chaste solo on one side of the stage, while, in a red light on the side opposite, Rudner ripples through a quite different solo. It’s as if you’d chanced upon Artemis and Aphrodite bathing in the same grove. And yet the juxtaposition is judicious and satisfying. To watch either would be contentment enough; to watch both is transporting. As Tharp said in the script for “The Bix Pieces” (1971), “So, you see all things can be profoundly and invisibly related, exactly and not at all the same.”

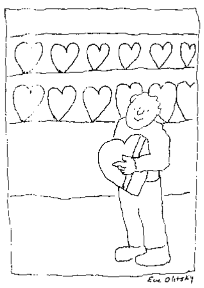
The ballerina, who is central to the proceedings but never involved in them, becomes an abstract ideal. She is Forever, and everyone else is Now; she is impersonal, they are characters. The gap becomes poignant in recollection, and fascinating in the context of Tharp’s career. Tharp breaks the barriers between separate compartments; fusion is at the heart of her work. That she mixes jazz, pop, rock, modern, ballroom, ballet, and more has been part of her legend as long as she has had a legend—since “Deuce Coupe” and “Push Comes to Shove.” She has been as a choreographer what Baryshnikov has been as a dancer: the Great Absorber. So it’s no surprise that Tharp’s new company includes dancers from various national and stylistic backgrounds. One of the joys of the recent season came simply in looking down the line of seven couples taking bows after the classic “Nine Sinatra Songs.” Here was Moussin with Keith Young, who used to dance in Tharp’s company and appeared in this work’s première. In the middle of the line, Jodi Melnick, who has performed with several downtown choreographers, was with Jamie Bishton, one of the dancers who followed Tharp into American Ballet Theatre and out of it. Farther along, Stacy Caddell, hitherto a New York City Ballet soloist, was with Élizabé, a Paris Opéra danseur. A wonderful array! In recent years, Tharp has choreographed for several of the world’s leading ballet companies, but she hasn’t found a home. What a pity that this pickup group, with its dancers American and French, ballet and modern, can’t be permanent.

“Men’s Piece”—one of four new works this season—is, Tharp says, about the twist. Standing onstage in baggy overalls over her dance gear, she reminds the audience that in the late fifties and early sixties the twist tore apart the couples who had formerly swirled around old-style ballrooms. It wrenched men and women from each other’s embrace, and so led to “the randomly placed little podulettes of madly gyrating egos that we see in today’s clubs.” She goes on



“That’s J. Mudford Rourke. They said he couldn’t be bought.”

to ask the question that is the real subject of this work: "Will it ever be possible for a man and woman to find the common ground to dance together again?" She tries out, mainly with Kevin O'Day, who is her partner here, various options: a canonic study; a vaudeville-type number with herself as the fall guy; a top-speed sketch of changes in social-dance duets over the centuries; a march dance for herself and four men working together; a fluent after-Astaire ballroom duet; and a duet of give-and-take improvisation. And she keeps asking her sound technician, the refreshingly unstagy Brian Haynsworth, for his views; she ends by offering to teach him how to dance. The whole affair is as impossible to categorize as anything she has ever done—it's a lecture-demo, a collection of sketches in progress, a life-in-the-day-of-a-choreographer piece—and most of it entertains successfully.



Tharp has only ever had two main subjects: dance itself, and how things are between men and women. And the questions raised by the twist and its era are not new to her. She has been dealing with solutions to male-female dance coöperation since "Deuce Coupe" and "Sue's Leg" (1975), and she has been one of the world's experts in male-female partnering at least since the 1979 "Baker's Dozen." The improvised number at the end of "Men's Piece" is something new, but I take it that Tharp doesn't mean that improvisation is the final solution to male-female doublework in dance (merely in life). "If you're speaking of love," she says, "you must include an element of uncertainty." What she is aiming at in this deliberately unfinished work is a dance picture of love as "an art of constant maintenance." O.K., but hasn't she shown us this in a number of duets over the years? (And wouldn't it have been good to see a *dance* improvisation? All that happens here is that Tharp and O'Day cling to each other while taking turns hoisting each other this way and that. No steps.) Tharp milks plenty of fun out of every situation. She divides the stage into Work (left) and Play (right), and then finds that the division between the two drives her crazy. (There's one tacky bit of clowning when O'Day comes on as a Wife, with a headscarf tied under his chin, a shelf stuffed up his sweater, and a mop, to stop Husband Tharp from working.) Most of the dances are agreeable, if not vintage; and Tharp herself, her hair now stylishly gray, dances with her old lithe authority. The march for Tharp and the men, though it doesn't go beyond "Brahms/Handel" as a view of men and women "engaging in a common enterprise, working side by side," is felicitous: as they leap and turn seriatim, the stage area is suddenly filled by one huge arc of motion upon another.

Tharp has often spoken to her audiences before, on the stage and on screen, and in this she follows the two other great American female dancer-choreographers of the century, Isadora Duncan and Martha Graham. Her autobiography will be published this fall. How clearly, I wonder, will it distinguish between the stages of her career? The difference between her sixties experimental work and her seventies choreography is well known: principally, it has to do with adopting music and musical rhythm. I believe that we can now see a similar difference between her seventies and eighties styles. Tharp in the seventies was always invading new terrain—music, partnering, ballet—and making it her own. What was intoxicating was that she was also the virtuoso of spontaneity; it was very hard to believe, on first sight, that such dances as "Eight Jelly Rolls," "Sue's Leg," and "Ocean's Motion" weren't largely improvised. After 1980, that improvisational look began to recede. One couldn't help sensing during the next decade her increasingly tight control over everything. Certain of her major productions—"The Catherine Wheel," "Fait Accompli," "In the Upper Room"—were archetypally eighties in their deployment of special design effects and blastingly intrusive lighting. And several of the works—even the durable and exhilarating "Nine Sinatra Songs"—seemed to be proclaiming, à la Muhammad Ali, "I'm the greatest."

HOWEVER the nineties turn out, we can already tell that Tharp is on the move again. The most engaging thing about "Men's Piece" is its sheer spontaneity—a reversion to "old Twyla." Her new works make no effort at spectacle: lighting, scenery,

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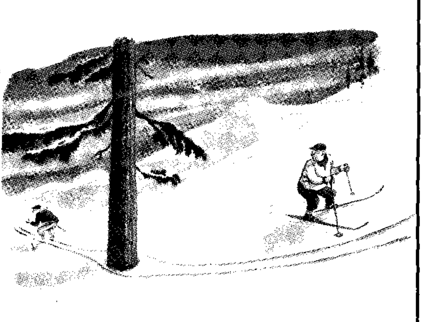

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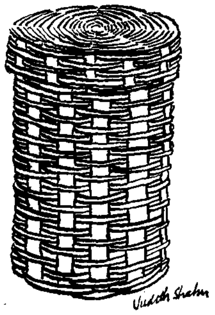
and design are all economical. For New York audiences, what's most striking is the inclusion of French dancers. In 1989, Tharp created "Rules of the Game" for the Paris Opéra, and she has restaged for it "As Time Goes By" and "Push Comes to Shove." Last fall, for an Opéra gala, she made a ballet pas de deux, "Grand Pas: Rhythm of the Saints," to Paul Simon music, which she showed here this season. It is, alas, an irritatingly slick joke about the standard grand pas de deux. The two stars stop abruptly when the audience isn't ready to applaud, they exchange shrugging looks, they knock off further strings of flashy steps, and then they throw in, on precious little excuse, an encore. The opening-night danseur was Patrick Dupond, the Opéra Ballet's artistic director, dancing in considerably worse form than even this choreography demanded. After his return to Paris, he was replaced by Lionel Delanoë, a more noble and elegant dancer, who appeared in other Tharp works during the season. The ballerina, Isabelle Guérin, is, step for step and pose for pose, more genuinely grand than other Paris étoiles, and Tharp has freed her from the Opéra's Lifarist pomposity. But her dancing is really just an inventory of handsome effects: the dance power is never harnessed into an interesting phrase. Opéra style is unconcerned with phrasing to a remarkable degree; one wishes that Tharp hadn't absorbed it with quite so much skill.



Another novelty, "Sextet," is an extended ballet-Latin frolic for three couples, mostly in fiesta spirit. Bob Telson's score is a suite of bubble-rock/Latin numbers that keep up a somewhat relentless pulse and have little fluctuation of tone. Mixing ballet and Latin dance styles keeps Tharp busy, and she applies as much variety to the music as possible. Solos, duets, and larger ensembles succeed each other with merry pointlessness. Now and then, a fleeting encounter adds a spark of drama—as when two couples enter, and the men start to dance more at each other than for their partners—but the ballet never catches fire. Again, there are no rewarding phrases. I don't think the four Parisians in the cast are to blame; this just isn't the music for a substantial composition. Probably no other choreographer today could bring off this kind of carnival with half this abundance of dance material, but the piece creates its own clichés. The dancers flash smiles as much at us as at one another, and there's much mock eroticism, with yearning backbends and sexy embraces and slides. More than once, Moussin (smiling at us) flutters her feet in the air as Élizabé whooshes her off into the wings in a high lift; Guérin, for her part, likes to froth the skirts of her wraparound dress at us or at her partner, Robert La Fosse, who promptly mimes excited amazement. In fact, the whole piece feels like froth. And it's an oddly anonymous work.

Tharp's other première, "Octet," is highly tentative. Set to taped music by Edgar Meyer that veers between a kind of honky-tonk rock and a more classical idiom (ending in an almost flight-of-the-bumblebee presto), this study for eight dancers keeps changing, and that's what gives it interest. Straightaway, Tharp shows us that she has combined ballet and rock: the first women we see swing their pelvises while on point. Parts of "Octet" display a cynical modishness: the men occasionally look narcissistic and posey, while the women sometimes adopt an aggressive air (flourishing fists at the ends of their ports de bras in one passage). Elsewhere, La Fosse grabs Shawn Stevens's parted thighs from behind and shoves his knee up between them. Yes, it looks like William Forsythe choreography—but, mercifully, it's just one look among several, and it *is* only a look. The rhythm of "Octet" can be mechanical, but it's lively. La Fosse alters the mood of that duet by clapping his hands around Stevens's waist, and in a trice other dancers enter and we're off into the next section. When a noise like distant thunder passes through the score, Tharp nods to Jerome Robbins; the dancers all stand and look up as if watching a cloud, the way the ten dancers do in "Dances at a Gathering." But the choreographer she clearly has on her mind in "Octet" is—natch—Balanchine. Ideas from his Stravinsky-Hindemith ballets, particularly "The Four Temperaments," keep cropping up. Still, though the House of Balanchine has many chambers, and Tharp can work well in several of them when she chooses, the shape and climate of "Octet" come, eventually, from someplace else. At her best, Tharp is not a sub-Balanchine but a post-Balanchine choreographer. That's why, when she came to New York City Ballet in 1984 to create "Brahms/Handel" with Robbins, she gave that company the only sign it has had that it could have a great choreographic future as well as a past—that there is hope. And hope is the main response I have to "Octet." Despite the fact that it has a defined beginning, middle, and end, it feels like a clever sketch for some deeper work.

THE music for "Octet" is new; the score for "Sextet" is commissioned, as was David Byrne's for "The Golden Section" (also in repertory); and the "Grand Pas" accompaniment consists of outtakes that Tharp and Simon selected together from his album "Rhythm of the Saints." That's four collaborations with current American composers. What with the Sinatra songs, the Beach Boys, and Chuck Berry ("Ocean's Motion"), this season would have added up as Tharp's own American Music Festival had it not been for the Glazunov pieces used in "The Little Ballet" and three of the twelve tracks used in "Men's Piece." Tharp has always been at home in American popular song. But it's a shame that the repertory included none of her jazz pieces. In the seventies, she made a series of beloved dances to classic jazz, and she has also connected ragtime and jazz to Baroque music with brilliant results. How come she has stopped mining this richest (for her) of veins? Jazz has remained at the heart of her musicality, just as ballet was always the secret core of her dance technique. I think it was this fusion which made the Tharp experience in some ways like the Balanchine experience, even—or, rather, especially—while she was making dances that looked nothing like Mr. B.'s. Jazz was to her what Stravinsky was to him. During the eighties, she began to play down the jazz element and to make more of the Balanchine-ballet model. Her accomplishment and resourcefulness kept growing, but the most appealing ingredient of her work—dancing to music—didn't.

Both seventies revivals shown at the City Center were conceived as period pieces—"Deuce Coupe" about the sixties of the Beach Boys and "Ocean's Motion" about the fifties of Chuck Berry. The dancers have to act, as well as dance, in period; today's performers have to simulate the old spontaneity. When I first saw "Ocean's Motion," in 1981, it affected me with an intensity that surprises me. Now it just seems harmless—like the bubble gum its characters chew—and we're aware that sometimes it's an act, sly where it used to be explosive. I'm still fond of it, though, especially the "Too Pooped to Pop" solo and the "School Days" quintet, where the dancers idly rock around the perimeters of the stage; at the rear, with their backs to us, they form a chain, with arms on each other's shoulders, and do adorable tiny sideways sissonnes.

One of the lessons of the twist is that it gave men and women personal space, so that they could address each other and still preserve their independence. In that sense, Tharp was a twist choreographer right up till the second half of "Brahms' Paganini" (1980), a rapid quartet densely knotted with partnering; since then, her men and women have been grappling with one another. This change corresponds to a difference between sixties and eighties feminism: where emphasis used to be on women's freedom, now it's on issues of women's handling, and (more often) being handled by, men. Tharp has dealt with all this triumphantly before—for example, in "The Catherine Wheel" and "Nine Sinatra Songs." In "The Golden Section," the all-dance finale of "The Catherine Wheel," which Tharp continues to revive as an independent item, partnering is just one aspect of the dance's point—the transcendent and uninhibited release of human energy. A pity that this season's revival was under-rehearsed: the volcanic lava no longer flows red-hot. The Sinatra work, however, is in excellent shape. Its seven couples, each given a big duet, show us seven different kinds of dancing and of male-female collaboration. It is also a bravura demonstration of Tharp's ability to provide such variety. And, finally, it is about male support or manipulation and female reaction (relish, surrender, and/or resist). Whether it gives a fair portrait of how things are between men and women doesn't bother me; I imagine that most people in the audience respond, as I do, more to the

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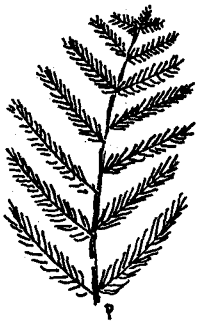
female roles than to the male. Anyway, I let it sweep me away.

On one program, "Sinatra Songs" was preceded by "The Little Ballet." This is Tharp's version of the vision scene that occurs in several nineteenth-century ballets, and it's seen from the male point of view. The central solo—the role was made on Baryshnikov—corresponds to the moody adagio solos that choreographers in the sixties began adding to the classics (Princes' lib); and, finer than any of those, it enters the man's mind and reveals the complexity of his temperament. It's really an allegro solo given an adagio stress. And it's contemporary, with its extraordinary technical feats cloaked in supremely casual elegance; this hero is more like Fred Astaire than like any ballet prince. He has space and time to show how much the woman occupies his mind.



Robert La Fosse was dancing "The Little Ballet" this season. No stranger to Baryshnikov roles, he danced it with his own boyish sweetness. I've never seen him look better; and he kept improving from one performance to the next. He seemed galvanized. The same goes for most of the company. Stacy Caddell, who is girlish and bouncy, was his partner in "The Little Ballet." Though she sometimes works too forcefully, you could feel her gratitude to this repertory. Two other women who, like her, have left N.Y.C.B. and joined Tharp's troupe were revelations: Allison Brown was a rose in bloom in all she did; Shawn Stevens, who looked freer than ever before in her kid roles in "Deuce Coupe" and "Ocean's Motion," came on in the "All the Way" duet of "Nine Sinatra Songs" and danced with utter absorption and commanding calm—a movingly adult performance. Just as good were some of the more experienced Tharpians, especially the excellent Jamie Bishton. (My only reservation is about Kevin O'Day, who doesn't dance with the scale his height and breadth lead you to expect, or as legibly and colorfully as most of the company's other dancers.) Jodi Melnick looked as if she had been dancing Tharp all her life. The two Frenchmen, Delanoë and Élizabé, danced all season freshly and with sumptuous texture. Guérin, I'm afraid, has the edge of condescension that marks the stage behavior of almost every Opéra étoile; even so, you could tell that Tharp is tonic to her. Moussin, with her delicacy and stretch, was ravishing. On one program, she danced the "Deuce Coupe" ballerina, one of the "Octet" soloists, and then the first Sinatra song, "Softly As I Leave You." She was different in each of them and exemplary in all.

I have to smile when I think of these Parisians taking leave from the Opéra to dance with Tharp, for it was in Paris that I first saw the Tharp company in live performance. It was 1980, and the two works that made the greatest impact on me were the oldest, "The Fugue" (1970), and the newest, "Short Stories" (which was put on at short notice, when an injury to one dancer necessitated a change of program). As I remember, in both cases the applause was somewhat muted for the first thirty-odd seconds. Then a small portion of the audience made up its mind to boo, whereupon another sector decided to cheer. Suddenly, there was one of those delicious Paris scandals. (This was in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, where "Le Sacre du Printemps" had its riotous première, in 1913.) What amused me was the audience's lack of spontaneity. It seemed to collect itself, take thought—and then make a scene. American audiences, in my experience, are just the opposite: they can't wait to show their reactions. (I heard a boo or two amid the cheers this season.) In "Men's Piece" Tharp sets herself up for adverse response. After the deft Astaire-like duet to "He Loves and She Loves"—a number I found witty, because it shows not only school-of-Astaire romance but also Tharp's half-reluctance to commit herself to that—she welcomed, when the applause had died down, critical reaction. The first two times I saw it, some eager voices called out "Derivative!" and "Schmaltz!," which Tharp accepted with good grace. But the next time the only call was "Dreamlike!" Nobody else had a harsh word. So Tharp supplied one herself—"Boring"—and carried right on.

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY

EDITORS' NOTE: Mr. Macaulay will be our guest critic while Arlene Croce is on leave.

POPULAR MUSIC

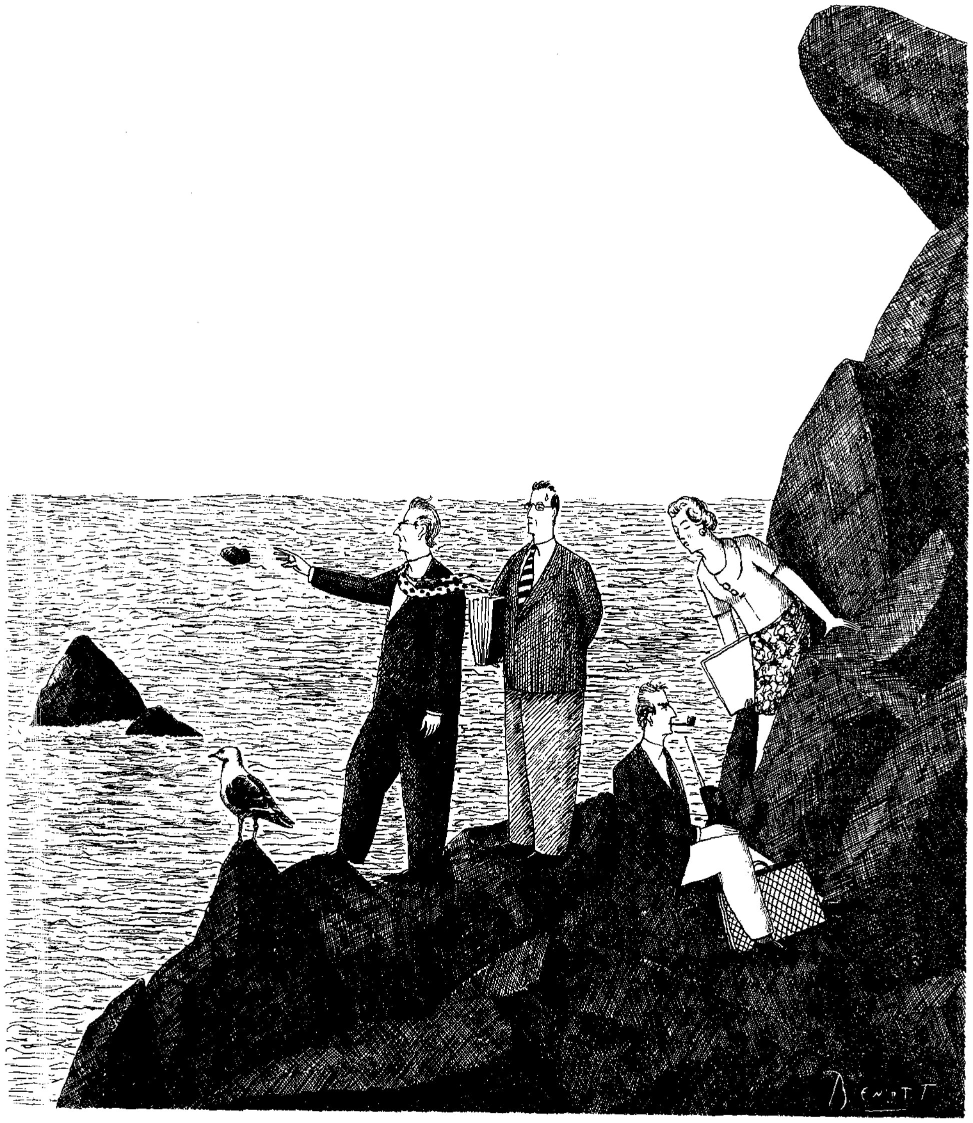
Me2

IN recent years, some of the most exciting and vital—as well as contradictory and irritating—popular music has come from Ireland: spirited doses of drunken jigs and Hibernian rhythm and blues combined with a glum, deadly serious outlook conditioned by potato famines, civil war, the I.R.A., hunger strikes, Bobby Sands, Bloody Sunday. It's no wonder that the Irish James Brown wannabes in the film "The Commitments" claim to be "the blacks of Europe," living as they do in a country so weighed down by poverty and despair. Some twenty-five years ago, Van Morrison brought his Belfast rock and roll across the Atlantic, and introduced Americans to his version of soul music and soul-searching—a hybrid of Irish folk traditions and contemporary rock. Morrison was the Irish Invasion's maiden voyager, but neither his sound nor his pudgy, untelegenic presence bears much resemblance to the biggest Irish phenomenon of the last decade: U2. In fact, the only thing these artists have in common is a deeply Irish outlook—a striking mixture of bleakness and joy, which can sometimes seem maudlin but never fails to fascinate and confound an American sensibility accustomed to rock stars who prefer to keep an ironic distance from the fray. As Brian Eno wrote recently in *Rolling Stone,* "Cool, the definitive eighties compliment, sums up just about everything that U2 isn't. The band is positive where cool is cynical, involved where it is detached, open where it is evasive. When you think about it, in fact, cool isn't a notion that you'd often want to apply to the Irish."

The first that most Americans heard of U2 was in 1982, when the clangy, adolescent-angst single "I Will Follow" landed on the soundtrack of the teen exploitation flick "The Last American Virgin." That song helped introduce U2's début album, "Boy," to a collegiate audience that, after the fast burn of the angry young men of British punk, was mired in the intellectual pretensions of New Wavers like Talking Heads or in the attitude dancing of haircut-synthesizer bands like ABC and A Flock of Seagulls. The shock of U2 in Reagan's America was that we suddenly had among us a new band that mattered, at a time when nothing much seemed to matter—certainly not in pop music.

Lately, the focus has tended to be on U2's lyrics and on the messianic posing of its lead singer, Bono (who is classic black Irish—tall, with long dark hair, a sharp nose, and a stately, religious bearing), but in the beginning the band's most noticeable feature was its sound. U2 was a noise band—a beautiful noise band. Its most distinctive trait was the innovative use of string harmonics by the band's guitarist, who is aptly called The Edge; he could create a ringing sound that was like steely bells and chimes and then soberly retreat into what sounded like a rake scratching across the strings. The use of harmonics wasn't new in rock music—the classic example is the guitar introduction to the Yes song "Roundabout"—but The Edge pushed it the farthest, splitting octaves, plucking out chords, and repeatedly banging on single notes at machine-gun speed. The best U2 songs unfold with a signature rhythm that is sensual and sexual: a strong, steady buildup followed by a powerful, jolting release.

Urgency and yearning were apparent in everything U2 did, but they were expressed more in The Edge's metallic guitar, in Larry Mullen's battle-cry drums, in Adam Clayton's porten-



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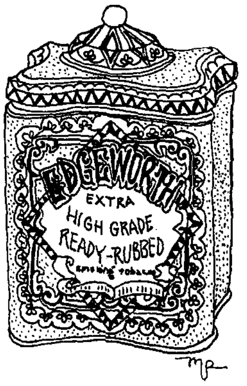
tous bass, and in Bono's unadorned wail than in anything particular the band was saying. The musical assault was so total that you could hardly decipher, much less analyze, the lyrics. What Bono and the boys were all hot and bothered about may have had something to do with Ireland, or with sex and love, but mostly it seemed to be a venting of free-flowing anger which any alienated, rebellious youth could relate to. The FM-radio hit "Gloria" (possibly an homage to Van Morrison), from "October," U2's second album, seemed to be about a girl, but it also seemed to be about every frustration you could think of. U2 was a political band in that no love song it played wasn't also about how hard it is to love in a loveless society.



That a band as apparently uncompromising as U2 achieved such popularity proves that from time to time critics and consumers come out on the same side. U2 repeatedly topped the *Rolling Stone* polls, was named Band of the Eighties by that magazine as early as 1985, and, in 1987, made it to the cover of *Time* as "Rock's Hottest Ticket." Its work was so huge commercially that industry people were only half joking when they said that U2 bankrolled Island Records. Given all this adulation, a backlash may have been inevitable, but somewhere along the way—perhaps after the breakthrough success of the third album, "War," with its sloganeering antiwar messages "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "New Year's Day"—U2's public persona became as annoying as its music was riveting. Suddenly, U2 was not just a band, not even just an Irish band, but *the* Irish band, the emissary to the world of a broken nation. The band in general, and Bono in particular, began to take on an air of martyrdom which usually came across as pompous. And pomposity is a cardinal—though perhaps unavoidable—sin of rock and roll; while almost all rock stars seem to suffer from it at one time or another (it's hard not to be pompous with millions of people adoring you and hanging on your every word and thought), its universality does not make it any less tedious. U2's tendency in interviews to make self-important pronouncements about missions and quests was bound to alienate those in the audience who thought rock and roll should above all be fun, even when it was delivering a message.

U2's image, more than that of any other band I can think of, always seems at odds with its work. For instance, "The Unforgettable Fire," the band's fourth studio album, scored a hit with a tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr., called "Pride (In the Name of Love)," which achieved a rock-and-roll ideal in that it was not only lyrically stirring and provocative but also ridiculously catchy. If a song can inspire you to think *and* make you want to dance (or jump or shout or tear down the walls), then the artist must be doing something right. The trouble was that the sense of emergency never seemed to let up. In concert, night after night, Bono would get onstage, sing as if the fate of the planet depended on it, and fill the space between tunes with speeches about Amnesty International, revolution in Ireland, apartheid in South Africa, politics in America. His expertise and his passion seemed to know no bounds. Even the band's champions admit that Bono tended to undermine the self-contained brilliance of the music with his inarticulate spiels about, say, the Irish republican movement, which he would deliver to arena audiences and to reporters backstage. Eamon Dunphy, in his generally fawning U2 biography, "The Unforgettable Fire," says of one of Bono's discursive discourses on "Sunday Bloody Sunday," "In all of this the real richness and diversity of a marvelous song is lost in the proselytizing which is little more than well-meaning rhetoric, devoid of intellectual rigour."

This is not to say that audiences don't expect or don't approve of social protest in rock stars and the music they make; at this point, it's practically de rigueur. But U2's rage has a relentless, monolithic quality that can become frightening in its lack of humor. What finally redeems most "serious" artists of popular music—people like Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Bruce Springsteen, and the Beatles—is that their bodies of work also contain plenty of songs that are funny and lighthearted, that kick back and relax. Even the angriest British punks, like the Clash and the Sex Pistols, had a sense of humor; in “Anarchy in the U.K.,” Johnny Rotten can be heard laughing in a sinister, devilish cackle that's scary but also indicates that there is humor to match the hatred. Humor, after all, is not just about finding a situation funny—it's also about admitting doubts, showing confusion or embarrassment, offsetting sanctimony with human fallibility, and having perspective. In fact, part of rock music's ethos is that at times it's better to laugh at a hopeless situation than to cry about it. Laughter is a universal language not because we all laugh at the same things but because we all laugh, period. But not U2.

THE band hit its nadir in terms of public reception with the release of “Rattle and Hum,” a black-and-white documentary film in which U2 promised to teach us Americans a thing or two about our musical history. The presumptuousness of this effort—who do these guys think they are, telling *us* about Elvis Presley?—may have helped to make the movie the band's first encounter with flat-out rejection from its audience. Just as Sting was able to recruit an all-star lineup of black jazz musicians to back him up for his film “Bring on the Night,” U2 used its money and fame to add B. B. King and Bob Dylan to its bill and to do some recording at the legendary Sun Studios, in Memphis. The result felt like purchased credibility and overstrained integrity. U2 sang about Billie Holiday in “Angel of Harlem,” did a gospel choir reworking of “I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For,” and flaunted this newfound connection with black music like a pair of torn-up stone-washed jeans that a teen-ager buys in a shopping mall hoping to achieve, ready-made, a look of wear and tear.

And yet, despite my qualms about that project, I found myself listening to the soundtrack album over and over again, and in particular to “Desire,” “Hawkmoon 269,” and “All I Want Is You,” three love songs of such bewildering intensity that they seem proof, at last, of the feminist adage that the personal is political. On “Hawkmoon 269” (a song not included in the film itself), Bob Dylan plays a Hammond organ while Bono can be heard bellowing, “Like thunder needs rain / Like the preacher needs pain / Like tongues of flame / Like a blindman's cane / Like a needle needs a vein / Like someone to blame / Like a thought unchained / Like a runaway train / I need your love.” On paper, this may seem overwrought, but U2 and all its hyperbole make perfect sense when The Edge Orchestra begins to play and Bono spills out his guts—and the result is gorgeous music. Given the quality of U2's talent, I always thought that if the band ever got away from topics like God and war and bloodshed and got in touch with the everydayness of everyday life it would make a great album, one that successfully combined the effervescent and effortless with the sententious and sedulous—good vibes with a heavy heart.

The musical and lyrical principles behind the most winning songs on “Rattle and Hum” were applied to all the material on “Achtung Baby” (Island), U2's latest album, which is not only the best work they have ever done but quite possibly the best album of 1991. Partially recorded in Berlin—the most hyperactive of European cities at the moment—the album is elegant and guttural, a far cry from the band's last studio effort, “The Joshua Tree,” which won a Grammy for Album of the Year but took the band about as far away as it could possibly get from the Anglo-Irish punk roots that invigorated its early work. Many of “Joshua”'s problems (and triumphs) could be attributed to the involvement of Brian Eno, the former keyboardist of Roxy Music, who is an extremely atmospheric producer; he is often credited as the inventor of New Wave “ambient” music, which merges the peaceful easy feeling of the Windham Hill sound with a more compelling artistic vision. Until “The Unforgettable Fire,” U2's studio albums had been produced by Steve Lillywhite, who helped the band develop a rollicking, thunderclap effect that was haunting without losing its hardness. From “Fire” on, the primary producers have been Eno and Daniel Lanois, a French-Canadian musician who has worked magic for the Neville Brothers, Bob Dylan, Robbie Robertson, and others in his New Orleans studio. Lanois is also an atmospheric producer, but the

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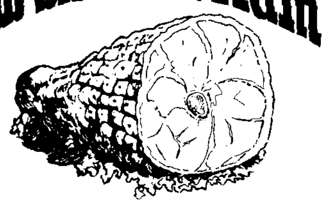

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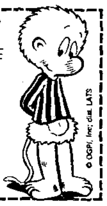

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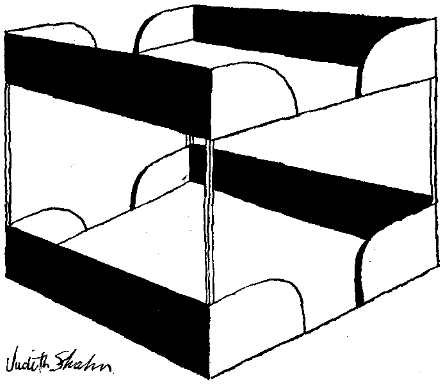
full force of this pair's influence was not felt until "The Joshua Tree," on which every song seems bathed in a moody mist, with a keyboard haze in the distance, while the once pronounced drum sound has been thoroughly suppressed. Because of scheduling conflicts, Eno's role on "Achtung Baby" was more peripheral; left alone in the studio with Lanois and an engineer called Flood, the boys in the band were able to unleash their less polished instincts once again.

And not a moment too soon. Last year, when the Pet Shop Boys recorded a campy medley that mixed the fluffy "Can't Take My Eyes Off You" with U2's high-minded "Where the Streets Have No Name," it was clear that U2 needed a new direction. And since 1987, when "The Joshua Tree" was released, musical sensibilities have gone through some changes. With the popularity of rap, hip-hop, and other dance music at one end of the mainstream spectrum, and heavy metal and hard rock at the other, the new emphasis in today's pop is on grooves, grunge, noise, and nastiness. While U2 always manages to sound as if it means it, many of the bands that have risen to the top recently, from PM Dawn to Nirvana, sound as if they *dig* it. U2 had to get the riff and the rip back into its sound. So on "Achtung Baby" there are no more high horses—just wild horses; no more running for your life—just running to you.

This is an album unashamedly about relationships, but it's not merely a relationships record—it is, above all, an album of rock and roll. Its opening track, "Zoo Station," begins with discordant guitars, muffled vocals, and industrial wah-wah drones, and sets the tone for the rest of the album, balancing between funk and heavy metal, garage feedback and glam-rock. This is the first U2 album that appears to have taken inspiration from current chart trends—the blaring noisemaking of My Bloody Valentine, the druggy euphoria of Happy Mondays, the alternative-dance sounds of the KLF, and even, occasionally, the guitar assault of Sonic Youth. Just as love songs in the hands of their usual practitioners can be tedious and trite, heavy-metal effects—screechy guitars and a speedy, jarring backbeat—are pretty boring when performed by heavy-metal bands. But when U2 applies the principles of dissonance to its usually seductive studio sound, the band regains its early rawness and adds some novelty to tired tricks. Brian Eno wrote in *Rolling Stone*, "Buzzwords on this record were *trashy*, *throwaway*, *dark*, *sexy* and *industrial* (all good) and *earnest*, *polite*, *sweet*, *righteous*, *rockist* and *linear* (all bad). It was good if a song took you on a journey or made you think your hi-fi was broken, bad if it reminded you of recording studios or U2."

U2 is not the only band to consciously put hard and heavy sounds into its normally gentler music. This was a year that gave heavy metal a new cachet in the music scene. The Pixies, a Boston-based band that has been enjoying plenty of alternative-radio airplay, recently released the best album of their career (and another of the best albums of 1991) with "Trompe le Monde" (4 AD/Elektra), an amalgam of their cute, eccentric melodies and the Metallica-like speed metal that the band members had come to like so much. The result is as raucous as anything you might hear on an Anthrax album, but it retains a quirky coolness, an intellectual edge that signals from the start that this isn't the usual arena rock that most people can write off as big, loud, and dumb. And now Neil Young, whose "Rust Never Sleeps" has been acknowledged as a seminal metal masterpiece, has come up with "Arc" (Reprise), a thirty-five-minute sonic manifesto that he calls "New Age metal."

Considering "Achtung Baby" 's periodic harshness, it might seem odd that this is U2's "love" album, but it is precisely the harsh sound that keeps the romantic urges expressed here from degenerating into sappiness. And the love that is sung about on "Achtung Baby" is tough, coarse, and complex. On "Who's Gonna Ride Your Wild Horses," a dazed and confused song of heartbreak recalled sombrely against an icy guitar line, Bono offers a litany of abuses that his lover has subjected him to—"You're an accident / Waiting to happen / You're a piece of glass / Left there on the beach"—but then, despite all this misery, shyly begs, "Baby . . . can we still be friends?" And "So Cruel," with its lovely string arrangements, winding keyboards, and frothy, hypnotic melodies, is reminiscent of Tommy James's "Crimson and Clover," except that every lovingly sweet line is contrasted with a bitterly ironic counterline: "I disappeared in you / You disappeared from me / I gave you everything you ever wanted / It wasn't what you wanted." And so it goes, not all of it quite so sad and sorry, but all of it complicated and musically varied, from the psychedelic warble of the hit single "Mysterious Ways" to the more typically U2-ish aggression of "Until the End of the World." Even the foreboding thud of "Acrobat," which sounds as though it might be political, with martyr-complex lines like "Don't let the bastards grind you down," unfurls as a song about love facing the long run. It comes as a relief to discover, after all this time, that the guys in U2 are as hormonally charged and concerned with love as the rest of us.



AFTER "Born in the U.S.A." rolled its anthemic, larger-than-life juggernaut across the country and sent Bruce Springsteen up the caste system from mere rock star to multi-platinum supernova, he decided to make a record that was smaller in scale and softer in subject matter. For the first time in a career that had relied heavily on the capacity to tell sagas of working-class heroes and of the lives of ordinary people, Springsteen delivered a body of material that studied the vicissitudes of love, commitment, and marriage. The result, the brilliant "Tunnel of Love," appeared in late 1987, and proved that not all love songs had to be silly. With the popularity of this album, Springsteen made it possible for other serious artists to express their maturity of thought not just through political awareness and astute social commentary but also through writing about love and relationships with an emotional depth that requires some semblance of adulthood. While it was once left to girl-with-guitar types like Joni Mitchell and Carly Simon to ponder romance endlessly in song (Mitchell's "Court and

Spark" actually turned love into a concept album), Bruce Springsteen now made it perfectly proper for men—*real* men, and not just California crooners like Jackson Browne—to do the same thing.

Similarly, "Achtung Baby" is U2's effort to bring its unwieldy public image down to size, to make the political more personal. While "Joshua" is large enough to cast light and shadows over miles and continents, "Achtung Baby" is small and private, a homey antidote to political activism and burnout. It's as if the band had finally learned, as Bono sings on "Mysterious Ways," that "If you want to kiss the sky / Better learn how to kneel . . . (on your knees, boy!)." Bono seems to be saying that it's not just the big issues that matter—that the life you live in the hours when you're not trying to save the world is important, too. In her new book, "Revolution from Within," Gloria Steinem attempts to give feminism a more personal, internalized interpretation, transcending party politics; it seems appropriate that on the new U2 album one of the sweeter ballads, "Tryin' to Throw Your Arms Around the World," recycles an old catchphrase of Steinem's to illustrate the dangers of becoming a loner with a cause: "A woman needs a man / Like a fish needs a bicycle / When you're tryin' to throw your arms around the world." Ultimately, the public embrace is retracted and turned homeward, as Bono promises in the chorus: "I'm gonna run to you . . . run to you . . . woman be still / I'm gonna run to you . . . run to you . . . woman I will."

On the whole, this was a year marked by an increasingly intelligent approach to love songs from several surprising sources: Chris Stamey, formerly of the dBs, sang of breaking up and falling in love again on "Fireworks" (RNA); Matthew Sweet contemplated his divorce on "Girlfriend" (Zoo); and R.E.M., that staple of college radio and musical polemicism, turned their attention to politics of the human variety on "Out of Time" (Warner Brothers), an album that was recently nominated for seven Grammy awards. What it means that both U2 and R.E.M., the two most popular bands to come out of the alternative-music scene of the early eighties, chose to make a similar departure in the same year is hard to say. Most bands start out singing about girls (or boys) and mature into serious social commentary, but these two groups have followed the program in reverse order. Not that "Achtung Baby" and "Out of Time" sound at all alike; the comparison holds up only if you consider them both thematically—"Out of Time" 's antecedents are strictly of the folky, funky American variety. But both albums mark an emotional breakthrough in which arrogance gives way to doubt and confusion—both bear witness as mountains of rock-solid superego dissolve into buckets of messy id. Perhaps this means that the nineties have truly arrived, perhaps it means that the men's movement is actually having an effect in unexpected places—among rock stars, who suddenly need to express their most intimate feelings with more ardor than ever. Or perhaps all it proves is that the generation *after* the baby boom is also getting old. Whatever is going on, though, I only hope that it doesn't become a trend. After all, a mind is a terrible thing in the hands of the wrong person, and while the talents of U2 and R.E.M.—not to mention their experience—enable them to handle this type of interpersonal, mixed-genre ambitiousness with the requisite grace and ease, I'd rather see new bands on the rise try to compete with the garage-rock ethic of sudden stars like Nirvana than end up with weepy, sloppy, second- and third-rate versions of either of these masterworks.

—ELIZABETH WURTZEL

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Guardian*]

The RSPCA protested yesterday after a trawlerman ate a bucket of live worms to raise money for a hospital charity.

Llewellyn Diamond, aged 53, downed 50 worms from the compost heap in his garden at St Thomas, Swansea, and followed them up with a handful of lugworms. He hopes to raise £600.

"It's just like spaghetti," he said. "A quick chomp soon stops them wriggling too much."

An RSPCA spokeswoman, Noeline Tamplin, said: "Eating live worms shows a total disregard for living things.

"We take a very dim view and just wish people could think of other ways to raise money."

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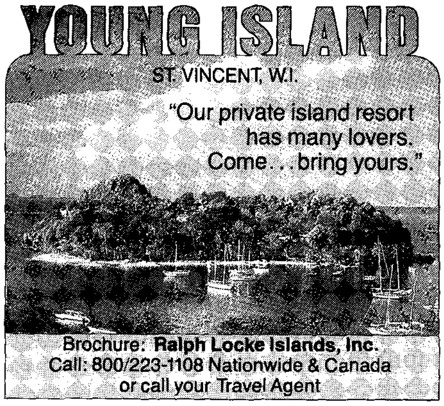

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

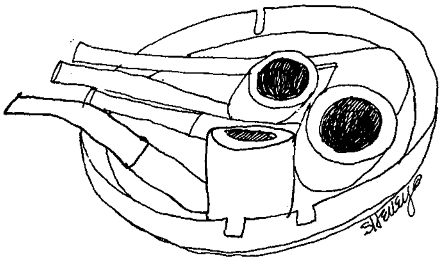
FEBRUARY 6

AGAINST the backdrop of a serious and new kind of recession, an unhappy electorate, new challenges posed by a collapsed Soviet Union, a floundering President, and an until recently obscure field of Democratic candidates, the race for the highest office this country has to bestow is now well under way, and has already taken some odd turns. The race began late this time, because Democrats were slow to realize that President Bush might be vulnerable (therefore, several established Democrats opted to not run), and the President—who had never actually stopped campaigning—was slow to realize that the economy was in worse shape than he was admitting publicly and that he might be challenged within his own party. Almost no one seriously believes that Bush can be defeated for renomination, but his political advisers are worried about the toll that the primary challenges by Patrick Buchanan, and even David Duke, might take on his reëlection prospects in November.

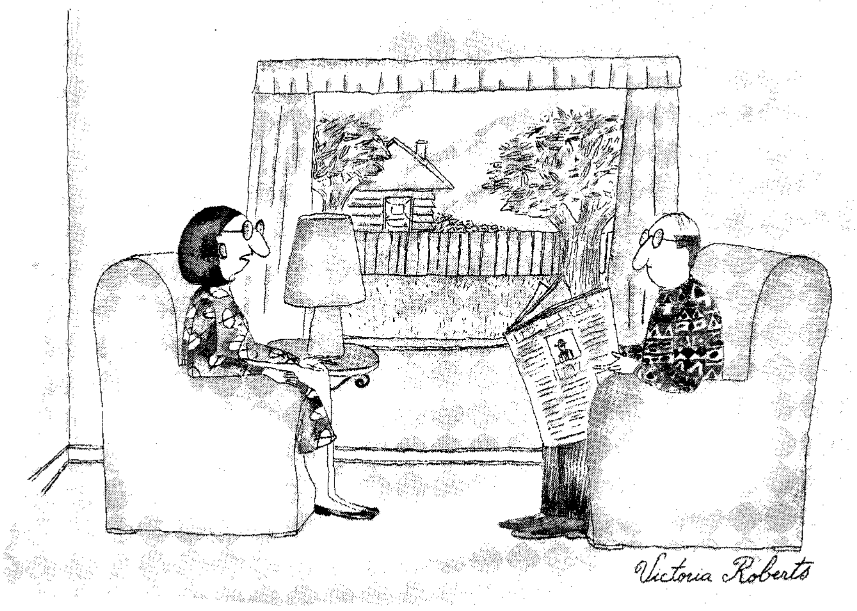
Unless the economy is in terrible shape next fall, the odds favor the President: he has the tools of incumbency, the larger megaphone, the Republicans' initial advantage in the electoral college, an experienced campaign staff, and a powerful will to win. Bush's much quoted statement to David Frost in late December—"I will do what I have to do to be reëlected"—has been much quoted because it is such an accurate piece of autobiography. He did virtually anything that he could to win in 1988, and no one doubts that he would do so again. We just didn't expect him to say it. In contrast, the Democratic candidates are inexperienced in national campaigns, don't have at hand as seasoned a team, and have to prove that they are capable of governing and ready to conduct foreign policy. Foreign policy may not be in vogue these days, and Bush's credentials as a master at conducting international affairs are somewhat tarnished just now, but the voters will still want to have confidence that the person they are electing has some minimal ability to handle it—and there could be a foreign-policy crisis at any moment. There might even be a politically beneficial one before the election.

Bush's year didn't start splendidly. His calamitous trip to Japan put his judgment—as well as his foreign-policy credentials—into question. The anniversary, six days later, of the start of the Gulf War wasn't as celebratory as Bush had undoubtedly once hoped. Bush's political advisers had anticipated that the trip to Japan would be the first of two important events—the other being his State of the Union address—that would get his reëlection drive off to a smashing start. But by saying before he left that he would win concessions from the Japanese, Bush violated one of the most obvious rules of diplomacy, and set himself up. Taking the heads of the Big Three auto companies was such a dumb idea that it gives one pause. (The fact that he became ill at a state dinner was minor by comparison.) One factor in the debacle may have been that the Bush Administration has no Japan experts in high-level positions; the top positions for dealing with Asia are held by China hands—with the President considering himself the premier expert. Some Bush political advisers think the trip to Japan could have been even worse. "Let me tell you," a senior adviser said to me recently. "That trip was converted from a hundred per cent negative to seventy-thirty negative by making it about trade and jobs. If he'd been seen there just playing tennis with the Emperor and discussing the islands Japan wants Russia to return and discussing military bases, people would have really been pissed."

Bush the politician can be both shrewd and tone-deaf in his use of symbols. His aides were more than a little distressed at the sight last fall of the President, on a golf course, saying that the economy wasn't so bad. His buying socks at a shopping mall as a way of encouraging consumers became a joke. Shortly after the arrival of Sam Skinner, the former Transportation Secretary, as the President's new chief of staff, Marlin Fitzwater, the President's press secretary, finally acknowledged that we're in a recession. Skinner's replacing the egregious John Sununu (a walking example of the fact that someone can have a high I.Q. and be a fool) came as a relief to many people within the Administration and on Capitol Hill, as well as to many of the President's friends and political allies, but it hasn't been problem-free. No sooner had Skinner hung up his coat than complaints about him came from the White House and from others around town, and Washington, which loves rivalries, delightedly took note of the struggle between Skinner and budget director Richard Darman—a struggle that Skinner publicized. Skinner made a little too much public noise about taking a broom to the White House staff, and announced that henceforth White House aides would be expected to work on Saturdays (many of them already did), causing morale problems and heightening the paranoia level among people already made paranoid by Sununu's reign of terror. Skinner has gone to some lengths to be more accessible and reasonable than Sununu was, and to not try to preside over domestic policy, as well as to see to it that the White House staff serves the President well. (Under Sununu, there was no sensible process for bringing domestic issues to the President.) Leaks to the press indicated that Skinner believed that the President's main problem on domestic policy was in the White House Communications Office, rather than in the policy itself, or in the President.



EVEN if Buchanan were to win New Hampshire, which the President's advisers say they consider highly unlikely, it is hard to see how he could continue the fight for very long after that, given the imbalance in his and the President's resources. And Buchanan may not hold up well over time: he is more literate than the President and gets off some good lines, and is a potential vehicle for a protest vote on the part of New Hampshirites angry about the near-depression level of their state's economy and upset that Bush broke his pledge (taken in New Hampshire) to not raise taxes. But Buchanan's message of "America first" seems curiously out of date. In taking a protectionist and neo-isolationist stance, he has divided conservatives. The whiffs of anti-Semitism, racism,



"The boondocks R us, I guess."

• •

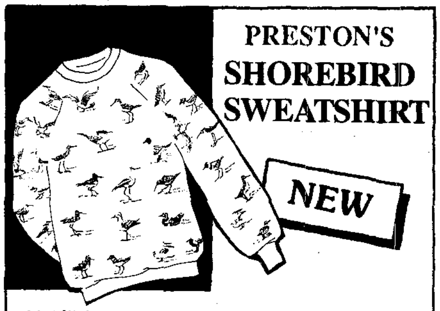
homophobia, and nativism that emanate from his career as a commentator are disturbing, and his pugilistic approach to life would make him a worrisome national figure. The Bush people are concerned that Buchanan might "soften" Bush's base, and that this could cause conservatives to stay home in November. Before Bill Clinton ran into the issue of his extramarital sex life, the Bush people seemed to fear him the most, because he was a Southerner running as a moderate and could appeal to the swing vote in November. Now they are at great pains to not publicly gloat, or even be caught talking to outsiders about the subject. A Bush adviser says, "There's a big swing vote that we've been able to hold on to." If nominated, Clinton would, in the words of one Bush political adviser earlier this year, "compete with us for the Bubba vote." ("Bubba" is the Southern white male who's not too sophisticated and drinks a lot of beer and isn't overly fond of blacks and is a bit of a sexist and inspires George Bush to eat pork rinds.)

According to a Bush campaign official, Buchanan's presence in the nomination contest has forced Bush further to the right than he might otherwise have been and has forced the Bush people to spend more time and resources on New Hampshire than they had planned, and it also forced them to get cracking in states further down the line. Surrogates for the President have been scheduled to be in New Hampshire every day. Charles Black, a senior adviser to the campaign, says, "The basic thing is to contain Pat. He's a distraction: every day he's out there banging on the President and so are the Democrats, and the President's getting sandwiched. Partly, they're raising some of the same issues, such as protectionism." He adds, "We're running as strong a campaign as we can in order to get Buchanan's challenge over with and make it irrelevant as soon as possible." In 1976, Gerald Ford, having been strongly challenged by Ronald Reagan, lost a very close general election. James Pinkerton, counsellor to the reëlection campaign, says, "Believe me, the Ford example is very much on our minds."

David Duke presents a different problem. Duke has a proven ability to raise money through direct mail. (Duke owns his direct-mail business and therefore profits from it.) Despite official denials, a high political adviser to the President says that the Bush campaign has been working to get Duke knocked off the ballot in various states, in order to force him to use up much of his financial resources in efforts to get on the ballot (one has to collect signatures, and may need lawyers), leaving him less money for a third-party challenge in November. If Duke runs a real third-party campaign, Bush officials worry, he could make the difference in whether Bush carries some of the industrial states and California. Also, when Duke is playing a prominent role the President is asked to comment on him, and this gives Duke more publicity and requires the President to speak very carefully, since he seeks the support of Duke's constituency.

THE struggle for George Bush's soul—or, at least, his political identity—has been going on for quite some time, but in recent months it has caused some bruising fights between the Administration and conservatives on Capitol Hill and within the Administration—even within the White House, where Vice-President Dan Quayle and some of his staff take a more conservative position than some of the President's other advisers. The fights have ostensibly been over what sort of "growth package" or health-care reform the President would propose, but the real fight, according to a White House aide, is over what sort of second term Bush would have. There was also a big fight last November over whether the President should sign the civil-rights bill—conservatives were opposed—and this led to the White House's trying to have it both ways when the President signed the bill, by also making a short-lived effort to rewrite long-standing government policies on affirmative action. The reason there are so many fights over Bush's ideology is that he doesn't have one—not even a firm set of beliefs. Bush is a former moderate Republican who lost his moorings to his ambition for high office. (Former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh is another example.)

Bush's first trip to New Hampshire, in mid-January, was an undignified embarrassment of mangled syntax, manic behavior—with a dash Bush's occasional self-pity—and questionable taste (Bush told vomit jokes), but his aides say that it accomplished its purpose of reassuring New Hampshirites that he was aware of their plight. This took on a slight aura of grovelling, as in his saying, "I don't know what I have to do to convince people here that I really care about this." (He also invoked Operation Desert Storm at every stop.) His advisers say that New Hampshire had to be taken in stages—the first one being the President's reassuring New Hampshirites that "I care." Pinkerton said to me recently, "The big worry for a while was, Will the people of New Hampshire knock



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the block off an imperial candidate? History tells us that that can happen. So George Bush is no longer an imperial candidate." The second stage, an adviser said to me in January, would be the State of the Union address.

Bush and his advisers did such a good job of building up the importance of the speech that there were some last-minute attempts to pin the buildup on the Democrats. Saying "Stay tuned," and otherwise promoting the speech, had been Bush's device for postponing any action on the economy for a couple of months. Bush is said to believe that there are no short-term solutions, and a lot of serious economists agree, but political exigencies prevent him—and most of the Democrats—from acting on that belief. Bush is also said by a friend to believe that if the government tries to do something about the economy it is likely to make matters worse. And a number of economists predict an upturn this year—thanks in large part to the Federal Reserve Board's actions that cut interest rates.

The internal chaos that preceded the delivery of the speech (the talented Peggy Noonan, who had written Bush's 1988 acceptance speech, was brought in at the last minute) suggested that the ship of state was still awry. By the time Bush gave the speech, his approval ratings in the polls were at an all-time low—lower than Jimmy Carter's at the same point in his Presidency. The speech had become such an important part of the President's reëlection campaign that Robert Teeter, a pollster and strategist who played a role in earlier State of the Union speeches and is now the chairman of Bush's reëlection campaign, played an even larger one this time, and there arose a sense of crisis as the President's political advisers and White House staff struggled to cobble together a document that would achieve several things at once: establish Bush as ready to lead the nation out of its economic woes; co-opt the Democrats on some of their key issues—a tax cut for the middle class, health-care reforms, sped-up federal spending on the highway program to get people to work (Clinton had been proposing this); keep the right wing of his party satisfied and on board. A number of the President's proposals were altered in order to satisfy conservatives—or, as one Bush campaign official put it, "consolidate our base." The capital gains tax cut that Bush proposed—to a top rate of fifteen per cent—was closer to what Republican conservatives, who had been negotiating by complaining publicly and loudly, wanted than what Darman and Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady wanted.

The view of some Bush advisers that the buildup of the State of the Union was a mistake was well founded. Thanks essentially to Noonan, the rhetoric was good, sometimes eloquent (though Bush couldn't resist another vomit joke); but the substance was pale, and, as White House officials now concede, the speech wasn't all that well received. (Bush's already low approval ratings barely moved.) Bush's laundry list of short- and long-term (mostly short-term) proposals to improve the economy and revitalize the nation lacked "the vision thing." As even Jack Kemp, his own Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, pointed out, some of Bush's economic proposals were "gimmicks." He of course proposed a tax cut for the middle class; and the numerous tax breaks, many of them undoing the Tax Reform Act of 1986, and others repealing some of the luxury taxes enacted last year, have little to do with restructuring and revitalizing the economy or raising standards.

Since the working assumption for this year's elections is that the people are fed up with politics as usual, that there could be a powerful anti-incumbency tide, and that the thing to be is an "outsider," Bush (an unlikely outsider), talking as if he hadn't been part of the Reagan Administration, or even his own, called for a moratorium on new federal regulations and a "top to bottom review" of existing ones, and also complained that "this government is too big and spends too much." He explained his apparent disengagement from some of history's most breathtaking events by saying, "There were times when I was so busy managing progress and helping to lead change that I didn't always show the joy that was in my heart." No doubt with Clinton's problems in mind, he made some sly references to the importance of the family. (Last week, Robert Mosbacher, the former Secretary of Commerce and now the general chairman of the Bush reëlection campaign, appearing on CNN, talked about the importance of "fidelity in marriage." This could be a very unpleasant year.)

Bush's proposals to reduce the size of our military forces and eliminate whole weapons systems were important, and his proposal to eliminate MIRVs, our most destabilizing nuclear weapons system (provided the Russians reciprocate), was historic, but the cuts in the defense budget by ten billion dollars more than those already planned last year, before the Soviet Union disintegrated, probably weren't enough to satisfy Congress. Bush didn't address at all what the post-Communist "new world order" should look like. (To keep conservatives appeased, he called for an increase in funds for S.D.I.) The operating assumption of the Bush campaign, one of its high officials told me recently, is that the economy will turn up this year, but not enough for the voters to feel it by November. Therefore, the campaign is appliquéing on to the economic issue the image of Bush as the man who put together an international coalition, and persuaded the Congress, and led the nation to a victory against Iraq. In his speech, Bush referred to Operation Desert Storm frequently, and was so enamored of his battle cry of August, 1990—"This will not stand"—that in talking about the economy he used it twice.

WHEN the sex scandal involving Bill Clinton broke a couple of weeks ago, he seemed poised to pull away from the pack in New Hampshire, and it was hard for most observers to see how, given the political calendar and the presumed weakness of his opponents, he could be stopped. If someone else wins New Hampshire, all bets are off. Thus, New Hampshire is even more important in this year's contest than it has been in the past. (The Iowa caucuses have been conceded to Tom Harkin, the Democratic senator from that state.) However, New Hampshire is notoriously unpredictable. Eight days before the 1984 primary, Gary Hart stood at six per cent in the polls while Walter Mondale was at forty-two per cent; Hart beat Mondale by nearly ten points. On the Friday before the 1988 primary, Robert Dole was ahead of Bush. Also before the sex scandal broke, the Democratic candidates had been conducting the most substantive campaign in a long time, with the candidates seriously addressing the big issues that face this country. They were discussing the economy and education and competitiveness and health care. Yet even without the sex scandal this has been an unusual Democratic primary season. Not only had several candidates who it is widely (however validly) believed would have been stronger than the current field begged off (with what degree of regret now only they know) but, before a single vote had been cast, what is loosely and somewhat disconcertingly referred to as "the political community"—reporters, consultants, and assorted junkies—had dubbed Clinton "the front-runner." This had a circular effect: Clinton was anointed in part because he had raised the most money and collected the most endorsements—which enabled him to raise more money and collect more endorsements, while his opponents had increasing difficulty doing so. The title was also given to Clinton because he seemed to have collected his thoughts better than his rivals, and, particularly, because he gave a better speech than the others to a meeting of Democratic state chairmen in Chicago in November. The "front-runner" title brought greater turnouts to his events in New Hampshire than to those of his opponents.

Before the campaign began, Clinton and his wife, Hillary, already had a wide network of friends and allies here, and subsequently a number of Democrats who have long yearned for a President (and/or First Lady) who knew their name and might give them a job or invite them to dinner sensed an opportunity, and climbed aboard. (Some had been waiting for Mario Cuomo.) Clinton, it was thought, had the best shot at breaking the Republicans' lock on the electoral college. Some of the liberals would ordinarily object to certain positions Clinton has taken on the issues, but, seeing what they thought was a winner, they became pragmatic—as did other Democrats across the country. (The sex scandal came as a jolt to many of these people.)

As early as last September, the tomtoms sent the message through Washington, "Clinton has thought it through." That meant that Clinton had thought through what had caused the defeat of every Democratic candidate since 1976: they were seen as too liberal, espousing or reflecting values that were outside the mainstream, too tied to blacks and the poor, as opposed to the middle class. Actually, a lot of Democrats figured that out, and all the candidates pledge their troth to the middle class, much of which was hurt during the Reagan years, while the after-tax income of the wealthiest citizens grew considerably. (The income of the poor declined, and their programs were also cut.) Though Clinton and others deny it, "middle class" is also in part code for non-black and non-poor. In an interview in December, Clinton told me, "I don't want us to walk away from our base, but I want the Democrats to win again." Three of the Democratic candidates (Clinton, Paul Tsongas, Bob Kerrey) favor the death penalty. (In late January, Clinton allowed to proceed the execution of a mentally damaged man who had been convicted of murder.) Clinton, who is a very smart man, had in fact figured all the angles. Whether it is good or bad that he had figured all the angles is really a matter of taste.

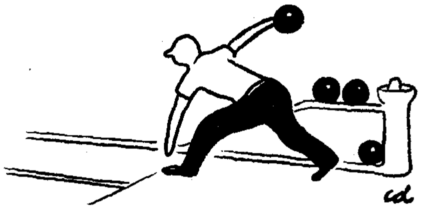
Clinton based his campaign on the themes of revitalizing America's future and reëstablishing individual responsibility. To lay the foundation that he was a substantive man with a lot of specific ideas, last fall he gave a series of speeches at Georgetown University, setting forth his proposals in various areas and placing them within the context of his "New Covenant," by which he means that there must be a new relationship between the government and the individual it is helping which places more responsibility on the individual. This enables him to propose that all able-bodied people on welfare must be given adequate education, training, and child care but also require that they get a job and go off welfare within two years, and that anyone can borrow from the government for a college education but must repay the government either with money or with national service. By these and other examples, Clinton drapes himself across the left, center, and right within the Democratic Party, and might be able to attract independents. Clinton told me, "I'm trying to redefine the politics of the Democratic Party and put it on the offense rather than the defense. The Party doesn't need another failed Presidency or another

President who doesn't know what he wants to do." Clinton's speeches were full of proposals (there were forty-one in his foreign-policy speech), and he takes an expansive view of government. Clinton proposes that the government require businesses to maintain certain kinds of training programs (rather than ones that just train those close to the top), and that tax breaks be eliminated for "excessive" executive salaries. Clinton's head is jam-packed with proposals, examples, studies, and anecdotal evidence, and he seems to have some compulsion to demonstrate to people how much he knows. (This accounts in part for his disastrous nominating speech at the 1988 Democratic Convention.) In talking with him, one gets the sense that he would push the government in a progressive and humane direction but that he hasn't sorted out his priorities.

When I pressed him on this, Clinton said that his priorities would be health care, a sweeping new education program, a training program, and an increase in public and private investment—doubling the amount of investment in the future, and taking more out of the defense budget. He also listed other things he would do, and said he would push to "reinvent the way the government operates," by changing its culture and its "top-down bureaucracy." (This comes from the New Paradigm crowd, a small, bipartisan group—of which, as it happens, Pinkerton is a leader—that believes that the bureaucracy is ineffective in this day and age, and, for the sake of "empowerment," that the individual should have more responsibility. This leads to some very controversial proposals.)

It isn't clear what Clinton believes in deeply. (If he were to be elected, he would be far from the first of whom this could be said.) One factor that is crucial to gauging the potential for success of a Presidential candidate, or a President, is to assess how well he would wear over time. For example, in the case of Michael Dukakis it was clear to me well before the primaries began that he wouldn't wear well. The Clinton case is harder to gauge. The question is whether Clinton could lead, and the answer isn't yet clear. He is an affable man and a highly skilled politician, but one senses that one is in the presence of skills. Clinton is a very polished performer, but he might be too polished for some people's taste. Some politicians come across as human beings who happen to be in politics; others have you thinking, There must be a human being in there somewhere. Clinton is in that category. (That puts him ahead of politicians who seem so devoid of humanness that one doesn't bother.) His intellect is impressive, but his slight know-it-all/brightest-boy-in-the-class style could end up irritating people. Most politicians are driven (or they wouldn't be in politics), but Clinton seems unusually driven—a boy-wonder governor of Arkansas at the age of thirty-two, who still acts like something of a boy wonder.

Clinton's quite extensive knowledge comes from serving eleven years as governor (the voters threw him out after his first term, but he fought his way back); from involving himself in national issues through the National Governors' Association; from purposefully networking with policy wonks; and from his major role in founding the Democratic Leadership Conference, a group Clinton and other moderates formed in 1985 to try to steer the Party to a more centrist position so that it might someday reclaim the White House. Clinton has had at hand the D.L.C.'s think tank, the Progressive Policy Institute, an idea factory. (The D.L.C. isn't universally popular in the Democratic Party, and Clinton campaign aides play down its role in his campaign.) David Broder, of the Washington *Post*, described the D.L.C.'s gathering last May as quite different from the usual Democratic gathering: "You . . . saw few teachers or union members, few blacks and even fewer Hispanics. In their place, you had dozens of corporate lobbyists who pay the D.L.C.'s bills in return for access to its influential congressional members and governors." Clinton has in fact sought the support of the Democratic Party's various interest groups, and of its influential politicians. One way to look at that is that he is building a coalition that would help him to win and to govern; another way is that, if elected, he would be so bound to the special interests that he couldn't effect real change. His Democratic opponents—in particular, Bob Kerrey—are increasingly charging him with trying to be all things to all people. Kerrey argues that, unlike himself, Clinton has no specific health-care plan because he is afraid to offend certain interests. On the resolution to authorize the President to go to war in the Gulf, as opposed to giving sanctions more time, Clinton said, "I guess I would have voted with the majority if it was a close vote. But I agree with the arguments the minority made." In Arkansas, he is known to many as Slick Willie—a man who is slippery on certain issues and tries to please everyone—and even his friends concede that he does tend to agree with the last person he's talked to. Clinton worked on education reform and prenatal care in Arkansas, with some real results, but Arkansas still ranks very low in various national standards (environmental policy and workplace conditions among them)—which his Democratic opponents are now pointing out, and which, if he's nominated, the Republicans aren't likely to ignore.



That some sex scandal would blow up around Clinton was not surprising—many Democrats expected it, and Clinton's friends worried about it. There had been so many rumors about Clinton's alleged womanizing, and the womanizing was rumored to be so extensive, and some of the stories seemed sufficiently credible, that something was bound to break. Though the Clinton people and a number of journalists express shock that the story began in a supermarket tabloid and then made its way into the "respectable" media, many people expected that this was exactly what would happen. People can deplore this phenomenon all they want, and maybe things will be different after this year, but it was bound to happen. Clinton had tried to head the problem off by first saying, last July, that he wouldn't answer "Have you ever . . ." questions. And then, in September, with his wife at his side, he told a breakfast meeting of reporters here that their marriage has not been "perfect or free from problems, but we are committed to each other and that ought to be enough." As far as Clinton was concerned, he had as much as admitted that he had had affairs, and that ought to be the end of it. Clinton and his top advisers went a bit further in private conversations with prospective contributors and senior aides, saying that there had been "indiscretions." They assured Party leaders that there was no reason to think that the matter would become an issue. When, in the course of a New Hampshire debate on January 19th, Clinton, answering a question about the concern of some Democrats that a scandal might erupt, said that it was "highly unlikely," a lot of Democrats shifted uneasily in their chairs. The story in the mainstream press was about *an* alleged affair, but it was there because Clinton was widely believed to have had a number of them—enough to raise questions about his judgment and maturity. After all, he has wanted to be President for a long time.

A number of people think that Clinton made a mistake when he denied that he had had a long-term affair—or an affair of any kind—with Gennifer Flowers, and think that he should have declined to make any comment about any specific charge, and stuck with his September formulation. If it turns out that he was lying, the theory goes, that could be the end of his candidacy; and now he might have to answer other specific charges. (According to the polling that immediately and inevitably followed this scandal, a majority of those polled say they would forgive Clinton for having an affair but not for lying.) Clinton is reliably said to have questioned afterward whether he should have replied to the specific allegation rather than leave things where they stood but to have decided to deny it lest he appear to be confirming a twelve-year affair, ending as recently as 1989. So he was faced with a difficult choice. If they are authentic, the transcripts of telephone conversations between them released by Flowers suggest something more than a "friendly acquaintance," and could be interpreted as an effort at coverup. Clinton's semi-apology to Mario Cuomo for having agreed with Flowers that Cuomo "acts like" a member of the Mafia (thus infuriating Cuomo) served to authenticate at least part of the tapes.

The sex issue has caused a lot of agonized discussion here over where to draw the line. A Party leader says that one issue is pattern, and another is what he calls "recency." Clinton and his advisers had suggested to various people that whatever happened was at some time in the not-near past; one told me that the troubles had occurred around the time of Clinton's loss of the governorship, in 1980. If he couldn't control himself as he neared a Presidential race, that, too, raises questions about his judgment. The Flowers case also injects what might be termed the bimbo factor, and gives us yet another possible example of the fact that some politicians can't get enough ego fulfillment. Some Party people question whether it was wise for Clinton to go for a super bowl of his own by appearing with his wife on "60 Minutes" just after the Super Bowl, thus introducing himself to the American people in a very strange way, and seeming to be hemming and hawing over whether he had had affairs. Clinton again in effect said that he had had affairs ("Anybody who is listening gets the drift"), but he wanted to avoid a next-day headline saying "Clinton Admits Affairs."

At the moment, Clinton appears to have fought his way out of the problem by winning people's sympathy and encouraging a strong backlash against the press, and by campaigning hard and well; and if he wins in New Hampshire, where he still leads, he and his advisers will be able to claim that the people have spoken. (Just yesterday, an issue arose over whether Clinton had told the truth in an effort to avoid the draft—he ultimately submitted himself to the lottery system, but had such a high number that he never was called.) But Party leaders worry that the sex issue will never disappear—even if there are no further credible stories (everyone, including the Clinton people, expects more stories)—and that if Clinton is the nominee, his opponents can be counted on to keep the subject alive. So even if only five per cent of the electorate ends up caring about the issue (as opposed to the current twenty per cent, according to one poll), that's a big handicap to take into the closely fought states with big electoral votes. One of the strongest things Clinton had had going for him, after all, was his "electability."

BOB KERREY has been a puzzlement to many observers, but it had always seemed that if he got in the race he would either take off like a rocket or sputter out. The rocket would occur through a combination of his good looks, potential charisma, and his figuring out what he wanted to say. The

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sputtering would occur, it seemed, if he didn't collect his thoughts. Kerrey's unconventionality would be either his attraction or his undoing. In real life, he is a very pleasant, and even charming, man, with what many see as undeniable sex appeal and, it seems, an awareness of the effect of his eye contact. He's somewhat offbeat, and sometimes sounds like a bit of a mystic. He can be quite interesting, but he sometimes has trouble finishing his thoughts. And he is still in the process of figuring out what he wants to say. Recently, Kerrey has been in the sputter mode in New Hampshire, but he could ignite at any time. His frustrated supporters and advisers have been waiting for this to happen for some time.

Kerrey is something of an unfinished man—he seems to have the capacity for growth, and it's not clear where he will end up. He seems to have the capacity for leadership because of the potential charisma and because of that part of his unconventionality which leads him to be blunter and less fettered by the constraints of interest groups than many, if not most, Democratic politicians. (He can be unusually candid. Recently, on "Meet the Press," he said that in his campaign for Governor of Nebraska, his first try for public office, "I was all over the map on abortion.") Of late, he has stressed his independence—saying that he would have no compunction about taking on the National Education Association or the A.F.L.-C.I.O. on certain issues, and he now even brings up and defends the pay raise the Senate voted itself last year, which Clinton had attacked in an ad. There is a certain impulsiveness about Kerrey, which can make him more refreshing than a great many other politicians—whose every move and utterance have been staffed out and approved by consultants. But immediately acting on instincts isn't always such a good thing, and it may have led him to enter the race before he was ready. (He decided to enter last August, after some of the seeming heavyweights decided not to run, and had to be dissuaded from announcing his candidacy right away. One of his advisers said to me last fall, "He saw his opening and took it—just as he did in Vietnam.")

From the time that Kerrey was elected to the Senate, in 1988, there was talk of his Presidential potential—a handsome war hero from the heartland who was also a businessman—and the subject didn't seem anathema to him. Kerrey's campaign staff was overhauled last December, and his stump speech has gone through several evolutions. His plan for national health insurance became a centerpiece of his campaign, which was supposed to be—and on occasion is—about something larger. But the health issue is a big one this year (something it took Bush a while to figure out), and is widely credited for helping Harris Wofford upset Dick Thornburgh in the Senate race in Pennsylvania last November. Kerrey's frequent references to his loss of a leg in the Vietnam War are inspired by his advisers, since he doesn't talk about it in real life. He favors an industrial policy (as do Clinton and Paul Tsongas), and he has presented himself as more of a protectionist than he used to be. His campaign began with a lot of mood music about generational change, and then, because he was seen as not having enough specific ideas, he gave a speech at the National Press Club here last November, in which he proposed a number of things, including the rather silly idea of cutting the number of Cabinet departments in half. (While it is true that, as Kerrey says, the current allocations of programs among the Cabinet departments is somewhat irrational, his solution would add layers of bureaucracy and would not, as he suggests, save a great deal of money.) On Tuesday, Kerrey gave a speech calling for an overhaul of our urban policy, and making specific proposals, and tomorrow he will give one on foreign policy. Kerrey told me this week, "The dominant feeling I have is that we're not discussing the implications of the end of the Cold War." He added, "It's a colossal, precipitous end in many ways to our former way of life. Our intelligence-gathering, our defense policy, our economy need to change."

Kerrey has challenged Clinton on a variety of issues—both to show where he differs from him and to get more attention. In its latest metamorphosis, the theme of Kerrey's campaign is that he will "fight" to get certain things done. He has become more combative in the candidate debates. Some of Kerrey's problems as a candidate could come from inexperience. He has fought only two elections, and has spent little time on the national scene. (Jimmy Carter spent almost a year travelling around and practicing his routines with hardly anyone in the press taking notice.) Kerrey told me that he thinks his not starting his campaign until September 30th has been costly: "My delivery to the audience is better than it was on the thirtieth. It takes a while to get up to speed, whereas, with respect, Bill has been campaigning for a long time—going before audiences and saying, 'This is what we should do.' He's very good, and people go away and say, 'What a performance,' without examining what he is saying." Kerrey says, "I feel the need to improve, and the capacity to improve." Unlike many politicians, if Kerrey fails he won't be done in by it. He has a detachment, which is healthy (and makes him more objective about himself than many people in public life), but which, he recognizes, "is sometimes perceived as a lack of desire." The mental meandering raises qualms, but when Kerrey conveys that he feels strongly about something, he comes across as informed and forceful, and he can be riveting.

TOM HARKIN at least has the temerity to present himself as an unreconstructed liberal, and this has given him some support from the liberal wing and from the unions—but not as much as he might have expected. Clinton has peeled off some labor support, and numerous liberals have gone elsewhere. The widespread assumption within the Party is that Harkin would do disastrously against Bush. Harkin is a vigorous campaigner, but until recently his campaign consisted largely of one-liners—clever zingers aimed at Bush. But there's something tiresome about zingers, and they sometimes border on the nasty. Harkin seems to have a lot of anger in him. Truth be told, Harkin isn't popular among his Senate colleagues (even the good guys). They find him arrogant and obstinate—and too willing to tie the Senate in knots for his own purposes. We may admire the lone ranger at times, but without a little collegiality one can't be effective.

Though Harkin comes from a background of poverty and hardship, some of his colleagues are suspicious of his populism—he now owns a vacation home in the Bahamas, and his wife works as an attorney with one of this city's most powerful law firms—but a well-off person can also be a populist. Along with Tsongas, Harkin has differed with his rivals who espouse a middle-class tax cut; he would put the "peace dividend" (like all his rivals, he would make it larger than what Bush thinks it should be) into rebuilding this nation's infrastructure, and spending more on domestic programs. Under criticism that he wasn't being substantive enough, Harkin recently released his own campaign booklet (that makes three: first Tsongas and then Clinton came up with booklets), in which he spells out his plans for rebuilding the economy and his approach to other issues. He calls for a "new New Deal." A number of people here think that Harkin is being underestimated: that he is a strong campaigner—one who has taken his opponents by surprise before.

PAUL TSONGAS is this election's John Anderson, or Bruce Babbitt—the candidate who is widely considered thoughtful, honorable, and unelectable. This gives these candidates a certain freedom from scrutiny as they are patronizingly praised and written off. If anyone thought they could win, their proposals would be looked at more closely. Tsongas, who is indeed a smart and thoughtful and honorable man—and one with a wonderful dry wit—does bring a lot of disadvantages to his campaign. Unfair though it might be, the country may not be ready just yet for another Greek-American from Massachusetts. (Tsongas is surprised that Greek-Americans aren't contributing as much to his campaign as they did to Dukakis's.) Because he left the Senate in 1984 to battle cancer he was even more obscure to the nation than some of his rivals. Also, as he freely admits, and even jokes about, he doesn't come across as a compelling public figure: his slight frame, sad eyes, somewhat high-pitched voice, and slight lisp make him seem to lack the commandingness we expect in a President. One needs to be careful about this, though, because a reverse charisma has the potential to become very popular. And Tsongas, who entered the race in April—long before anyone else—when Bush's approval ratings were in the seventies, and who has done "quixotic" things before (he

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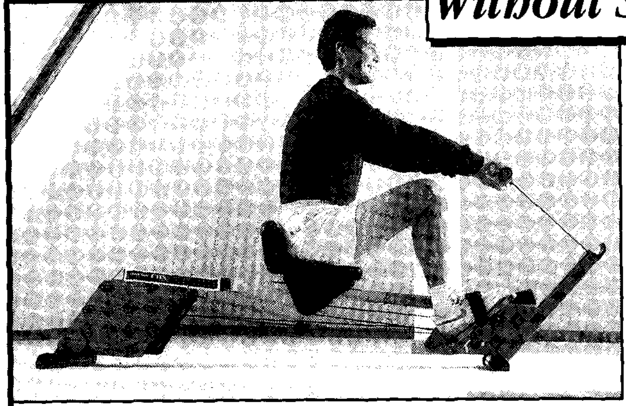

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wanted to run for President a decade ago), was underestimated throughout his earlier political career. He's tougher than he looks. Tsongas says that it's an advantage that he spent the last seven years in the private sector. He told me, "If economic survival is the issue, no one else has the experience. I lived among business, saw it. People in high-tech companies were saying, 'We've lost the will.' " His blueprint for action puts him to the right of his rivals in some respects—he would offer more help for business in order to rejuvenate the nation's industrial base. He rejects a middle-class tax cut as "Twinkie economics"—something that gives immediate pleasure and is of no lasting value. He told me, "Everyone's saying we have to compete, but a middle-class tax cut doesn't get you one inch closer to Japan." Tsongas doesn't believe that there are short-term solutions to our economic problems: "It was a long haul down; it's going to be a long haul back up." But recently in New Hampshire he said he would declare an economic emergency in his first days as President, and take several specific actions. Even if he does win in New Hampshire—for what it's worth, he has been running second to Clinton, with Kerrey running third—most observers can't see how he could garner the resources in money and organization to carry the fight throughout the primaries.

JERRY BROWN is this campaign's oddity. He has always been an unconventional and interesting politician, but this time he seems to be making himself an oddity deliberately. His analysis that much of what is wrong with our politics can be traced to the role of money, that dependence on contributors makes many politicians avoid doing the right thing and explains many of our problems, is correct—even if he only arrived at it very recently—but he makes his point in such a screechy and repetitive way that he undermines it. His railing at "the Washington establishment" has some validity, but it can sometimes seem like incoherent rage. Also, Brown comes across as unsmiling and cold—and not the kind of person the electorate would like to hang around with a great deal.

WASHINGTON being Washington, the very day the story about the alleged affair between Clinton and Gennifer Flowers broke, the speculation began about who else might still enter the race. Calls went out from people associated with potential candidates (with or without their blessing) to learn the filing deadlines for various states and ascertain when it might be too late to enter the contest. The filing dates in twenty states, with just under half the delegates, have passed. But a late entry would have to be an unconventional one, which didn't rely on having enough delegates on the first ballot, or moved into a vacuum. We've heard about these possibilities in years past, but they've had a way of never coming about. The rumor mill had it that Dick Gephardt, Bill Bradley, Lloyd Bentsen, Al Gore, and Jay Rockefeller were considering the race, but the most seriously interested camps appear to be those of Bentsen, Gephardt, and Cuomo. (A write-in effort for Cuomo is being made in New Hampshire. Cuomo hasn't endorsed it, but neither has he tried to turn it off.) A friend of Cuomo's says that if he gets a state budget agreement by this spring, he might well enter the race, in part because he is so angry with Clinton, with whom he has been on cool terms for some time. When the speculation mounted, Kerrey's campaign headquarters put out a memorandum spelling out the difficulty of a late entry. The corridor talk of a possible new candidate subsided a bit when it appeared that Clinton might have won the first round with the public and was again leading in New Hampshire. But Party leaders remained worried. It would probably take a weird or inconclusive result in New Hampshire, another scandal, and/or a Clinton withdrawal to lure other candidates in (with the exception, perhaps, of Cuomo). There may be no kingmakers left in the Democratic Party, and the smoke-filled rooms are gone, but it is within the power of certain Party officials and financiers and big shots to encourage and boost a candidacy. (Nearly eight hundred Party officials will be delegates to the Convention, and if they reached a consensus they could be influential.) Yet when Party leaders looked at the field of possible entrants, they saw either people who had run for the nomination and been defeated or people who were entirely untested in a national campaign. The speculation will probably continue for some time.

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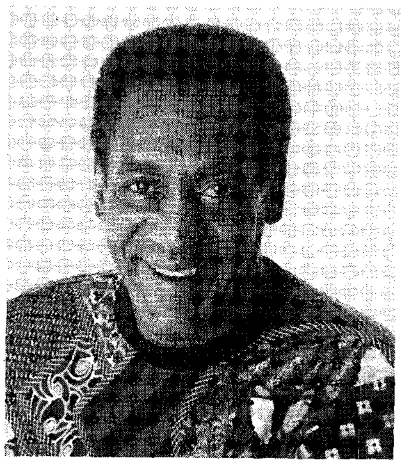

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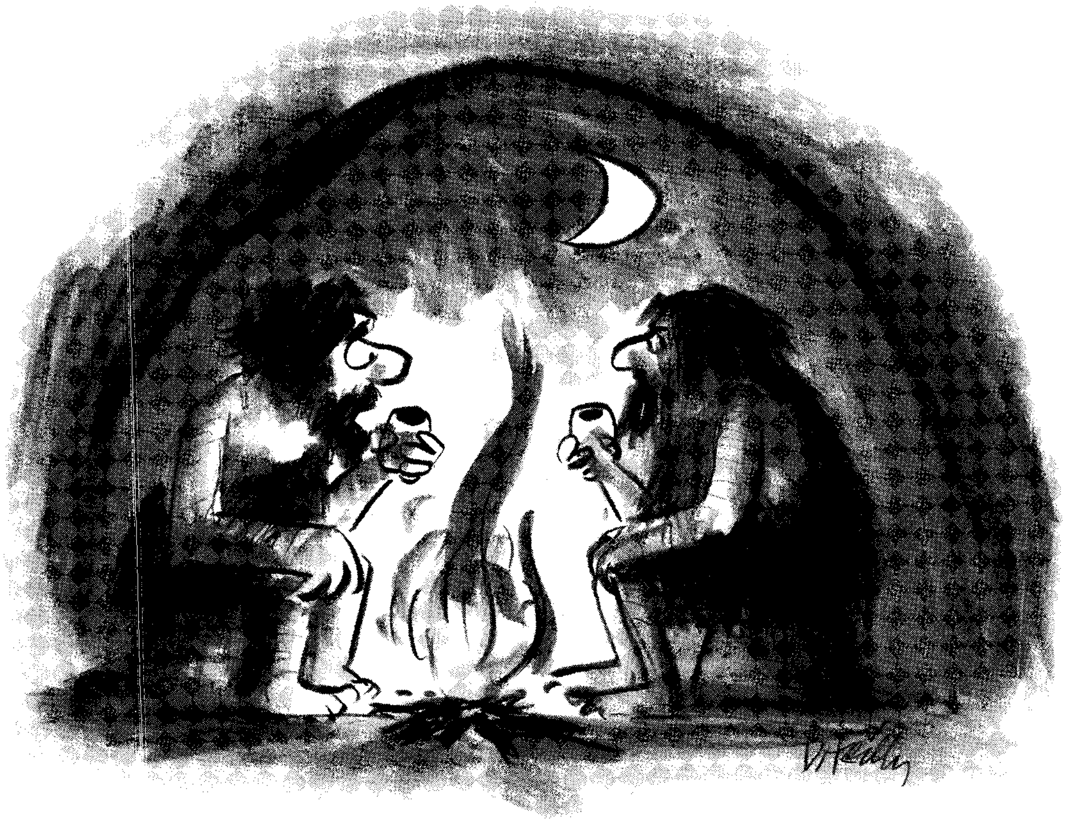
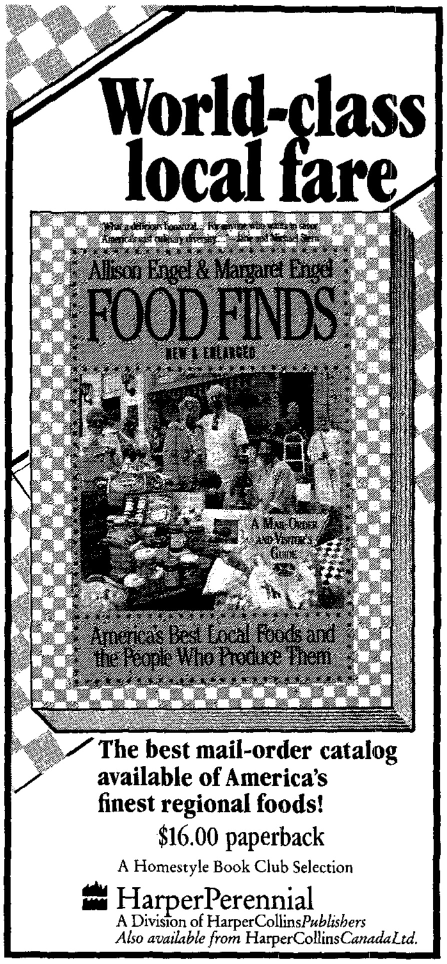
Some families, like the Goodyears of Grand Falls, Newfoundland, are lucky enough to have an archivist born among them—someone whose task is not only to collect what can be collected but to mourn what has been lost and to make sense of the lacunae. The Goodyear archivist is David Macfarlane, a Canadian writer and editor, whose mother was a Goodyear. His book, published in Canada as "The Danger Tree," is called in this country "Come from Away: Memory, War, and the Search for a Family's Past" (Poseidon; $21). In Newfoundland, a "come from away" is a stranger. You gather from the expression that Newfoundlanders make a sharper distinction between "here" and "away" than most of us do. The phrase—cumbersome, as if from little use—suggests that in a world full of strangers very few ever get as far as Newfoundland, an island of "dark cliffs and muscled capes, like a rugged jigsaw piece of peninsulas and bays between Labrador, Cape Breton, and the cold gray seas of the North Atlantic."

The Goodyears of the generation in which Macfarlane is mainly interested were the kind of people who were able, as a family, to counter the oppressive isolation of Newfoundland. They were numerous, hardy, and talkative. The children of Josiah and Louisa Goodyear numbered seven: a girl, Kate, and six boys—Ray, Stan, Hedley, Ken, Roland, and Josiah, the author's maternal grandfather. Born "at the very end of the earth, on a barren, bouldered coast that in Newfoundland is called the Straight Shore," they moved in 1908, with their parents, to Grand Falls, a timber town "abruptly established in 1906" in the center of the island by fiat of Lord Northcliffe, the British press baron, who wanted Newfoundland pulp for his paper mills and a European war for his headlines. When the family lived on the Straight Shore, the older Goodyear boys, like their father, had gone sealing on the ice sheets to the north and west. After the family moved inland, those boys and their father ran a stable and a transport business and cut pulpwood for the mills. Together, they were just the kind of enterprising combination that Newfoundland needed. But they weren't together long. Ray, Stan, and Hedley Goodyear were killed in the First World War—one by shrapnel during an afternoon assault, one by artillery fire during a night transport mission, and one by a sniper's bullet during the final days of the war. "Somehow the wrong combination [of brothers] survived," Macfarlane writes. "A balance was never regained."

One reason that Newfoundland sent off its troops to war in 1914 was to confirm its identity as a part of the British empire. Americans are notoriously ignorant of Canadian history, so it will doubtless surprise many readers of "Come from Away" to learn that until 1949 Newfoundland wasn't a Canadian province at all, but was under the direct authority of Great Britain. In the years between 1918 and the 1948 referendum that resulted in confederation with Canada, Newfound-



"All of a sudden, she tells me I'm not vulnerable enough for her."



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land suffered alone in its dogged poverty, with a brief respite during the Second World War, when American forces swarmed over the island. Unable even to govern itself, Newfoundland went into political bankruptcy in 1934, and for fifteen years, Macfarlane tells us, was without elected officials. Britain couldn't afford to keep the island; the United States didn't really want it. Canada acquired it by default. This made almost half of Newfoundland's voters unhappy. The anti-confederates had campaigned with a nationalistic gall that proved hard to swallow when union came. To people like Macfarlane's grandfather, a man with dark quarter-moon eyes and lips toughened from holding a pipe, Canada "was a vast and incomprehensible place, an ocean of concerns away," Macfarlane explains. "It was made up of people who lacked the spirit to be American and the good sense to be true subjects of the British Crown. . . . To the anti-confederates, Canadians had the imaginations of bankers and the instincts of accountants. They were as romantic and as adventurous as pursers."

Macfarlane is heir to the men and women who warranted these accusations as well as to the men and women who made them. Growing up in Hamilton, Ontario, a city on the populous southern border of Canada, halfway between Toronto and Buffalo, he discovered that "when Newfoundlanders resent the rest of Canada, they zero their resentment on exactly the part of Canada from which I come. Up-Along, they call it." His father's family were dour Scots, known for their "legendary" silences. There was purpose in these people, but there was also a kind of God-sent verbal primness, the terseness of the elect. When they left Scotland for America, "they sailed from the noun they'd left to the noun where they were going without digression, without anecdote, and without idle chatter in between." They made no detour for romance or adventure. They were the backbone of Canada.

But while the Ontario Macfarlanes spoke, when they spoke at all, "in straight lines, darting from subject to subject like foxes looking for winter cover," the Newfoundland Goodyears "talked in great, looping circles"—about the fires that ravaged Newfoundland forests when the railroad came, about the roads and stores the Goodyears built, about men who went mad while hunting seals in sailing vessels. Macfarlane echoes the manner of these tales throughout "Come from Away." His stories run one into another in almost indiscernible currents, just as they did when the Goodyears were talking and he, as a child, was listening: "My Newfoundland relatives set their stories going and then let them roll from one tale to the next until I . . . was certain they had no idea where they had begun. . . . Yet somehow, without so much as a where-were-we, the stories found their way back, hours later, to where they had started."

That child's fascination—horror, almost—at the way the Goodyear stories spun past each other may reflect only the jolt you would feel when you walked from a silent Ontario parlor into a Newfoundland kitchen full of smoke and loud conversation. But it also suggests a native suspicion about these stories, a child's sense that narrative is supposed to corral experience a little more efficiently than it did in the hands of the Goodyears—though perhaps not as neatly as among the Macfarlanes, whose narratives were so concise that they could barely be uttered. The way the Goodyears told stories—in those great, looping circles—means the stories were still alive when the author first heard them, still subject to embroidery, not yet reducible to print. Macfarlane has the literary narrator's gift, which is a different thing from the garrulousness of his mother's family. He balances sentences containing a single pearl of fact against sentences that are full of promise—the kind that keep a story pointed forward. One of my favorites is this one, which occurs merely in passing but might as easily have begun the book: "There was at that time, on the island of Fogo, a man named Scott who ran a steamship called the *Mathilde*." You could unpack almost any story you wanted from a line like that. And yet its familiarity—which is what arouses such pleasant expectations—is really a sign of what is lost in any family to passing time, to dimming memory, to antiseptic relations between old and young. Much of the freshness of family history must have faded before you are apt to put down, in a memoir, a sentence as steadied by the conventions of literature as that one is.

THE deaths of Ray, Stan, and Hedley Goodyear are the most important gaps that David Macfarlane sets out to fill in "Come from Away." War is the way many families suddenly veer into real history. No one expects the young to die, but death in war carries with it this additional loss: that the family is supposed, by everyone, not to want to know the details of how their soldiers perished—where the bullet struck, what damage the mine did. In Newfoundland in the early twentieth century, the death of a young person was not extraordinary; fishing villages like Ladle Cove, on the Straight Shore, where the Goodyears had first lived, were rife with tuberculosis. This, though, was death gathered into the family, made dreadfully domestic. The kind of dying that real history offered was more violent—physically obliterating—yet it came home, to the families who bore it, as a blank.

Macfarlane has chosen to narrate in detail the gruesome death of each of his great-uncles who died in the First World War. It was, I am sure, a difficult decision, even though their generation, in his family, is gone, and it is now possible to re-create these scenes without giving direct distress. The difficulty is this: how to recount the deaths of soldiers—even "pointless" deaths, as Macfarlane calls these—without in some way subscribing to the myths about war. Macfarlane clearly feels strong affection for his great-uncles, even in their lifelong absence. He can't just dismiss the sense of duty that sent them off to war or the courage that sustained them there. He can't just bury them under analogies that convey his disgust with the costly, stationary campaigns that were fought in their war. When his great-uncles fall in "Come from Away," they fall sometimes at a distance and sometimes nearby, but the power of Macfarlane's narration leaves the senselessness, even the casualness, of their deaths implicit. We feel their weight in the family, even after three-quarters of a century.

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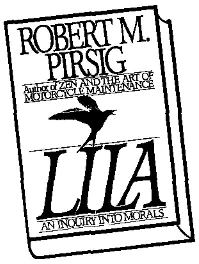

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but these have now become literary deaths. He writes:

> [Stan] was riding at the front of the column, and the strain of his stirrups and the weight of his boots were creaking against his horse's flanks. The mules clanked along behind him, crossing a rough bed of timber on the road. He heard the rising screech. Christ, he thought. He turned to his left, behind a low rise of mud and just beyond the dead stub of a tree. His shoulders were square and his expression seemed untroubled. He was thinking Christ, the bugger's coming in close. He was thinking about leave and shepherd's pie and a music hall near Piccadilly. He had his posh from Berkeley's on and the only girl in the world on his arm and he was thinking Jesus Christ . . .

The ellipsis is Macfarlane's.

Hedley Goodyear's death is more shockingly rendered, as though by describing in slow motion the full physical toll of a bullet to the brain Macfarlane might expose the debacle of war and at the same time fill the void of memory. It takes three pages. Here is the end:

> The compression of brain, bone, blood, and skin that preceded the bullet's path was swelling the left side of the soldier's head. This bulge appeared while the spinning point of copper and lead was cutting through the midline of the brain. This was death. Pulse and respiration ceased as abruptly as if a vital strand of wires had been cut. Then the exit wound erupted. The fragments of brain and skull were drawn through the red, stellated wound. The soldier's hazel eyes began to roll back in their sockets and his lanky body began its collapse, just as the widening cavity behind the bullet's path broke out of its confines and blew his skull to pieces.

As a thousand other writers have discovered, the pace of even the most sudden prose is still too ceremonial to describe the instantaneous shock of death in battle. The rhythm of Macfarlane's gracious sentences is an unmeant balm, a respectful measure of his distance from an event that no family tells in its home stories. Macfarlane realizes that it belonged to Hedley's contemporaries, not to himself, to describe the war with "stupefying irony." "It was a magnificent display of trained and disciplined valor," one officer wrote to the Prime Minister of Newfoundland about the battle of Beaumont Hamel, "and its assault only failed of success because dead men can advance no farther."

Dying as they do—sternly, catastrophically—in "Come from Away," the lost Goodyear brothers acquire an emblematic character that illuminates what went wrong not only with the family fortunes but with Newfoundland itself. After visiting his great-aunt Kate, whose tears for her brothers still came freely after fifty years, Macfarlane began to understand the meaning of the portraits of Ray, Stan, and Hedley which he saw again and again in the homes of his relatives, and which he reproduces in "Come from Away." As so often happens in photographs of soldiers from an earlier generation, their youth goes almost unnoticed. You cannot escape the feeling that each of them looks past the reader, past the photographer, and that the cause of this peculiar gaze is the uniform each wears. Whatever personal warmth they might have imparted has been slightly withdrawn by some inner, almost invisible caution, though nothing as grave as foreknowledge. "They were the pictures of our failures," Macfarlane explains.

This was truer, perhaps, in Newfoundland than anywhere else except in the countries of the European combatants, for Newfoundland suffered the most casualties, proportionately, of any part of the overseas empire. The Goodyears who survived that war wandered off into the less dignified decades of the twentieth century, where their personal crotchets and their ambitions for their country created the kind of self-caricature that comes with age and the frequent repetition of family stories. Newfoundland—the country, not the province—was a stage small enough to make all their doings, and the doings of their friends and enemies, look larger than life, historical. It seems ironic now that such a stubborn, independent people could not continue to go their own way politically. But self-reliance is not always just a matter of will, nor is political self-determination. Perhaps it might have made no difference at all if the Goodyear boys and the rest of the Newfoundland Regiment had lived. But Macfarlane makes us believe that it would have. "The century that carried on past the moments of their deaths was not what it might have been. It was largely a makeshift arrangement, cobbled around their constant and disastrous absence."

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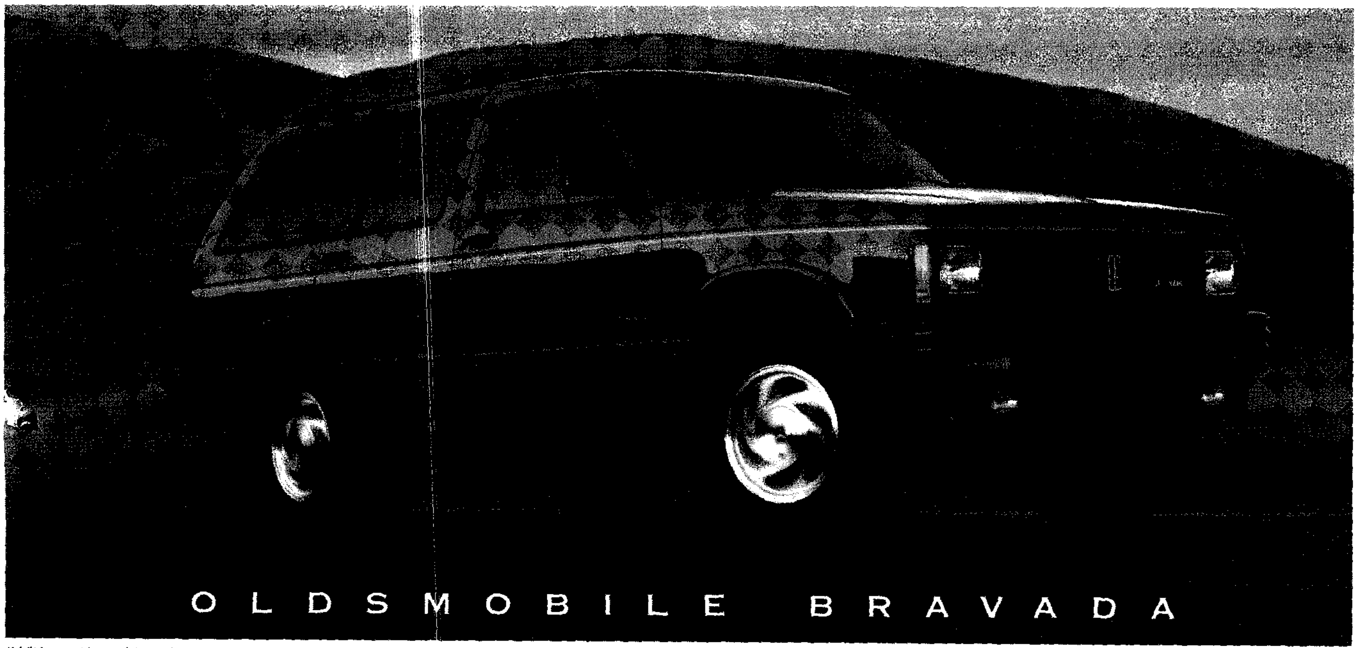

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